

Can a Mawl



Song and Praise


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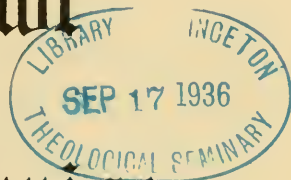


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Cân a Mawl

Song and Praise



LLYFR HYMNAU A THONAU
METHODISTIAID CALFINAIDD
UNOL DALAETHAU YR AMERICA

Cyhoeddedig gan
Y GYMANFA GYFFREDINOL

THE HYMNAL OF THE
CALVINISTIC METHODIST CHURCH
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Compiled and Edited
by
DANIEL PROTHEROE, Mus. Doc.

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CHICAGO

RHAGYMADRODD

Yn wyneb y ffaith fod mwyafrif ein heglwysi yn gorfod trefnu rhyw gymaint o wasanaeth yn yr iaith Seisnig, a bod yr angen am hyn yn cynhyddu, penderfynwyd yn unfrydol yn y Gymanfa Gyffredinol a gynhaliwyd yn Lake Crystal, Minn., Awst 29 i Medi 3, 1916, fod mesurau yn cael eu cymeryd yn ddioedi i baratoi Llyfr Hymnau a Thonau i gyfarfod y gofyn.

Ymddiriedwyd y gwaith i Bwyllgor o bump, sef y Parchn John C. Jones, Chicago, Ill.; Edward Roberts, Oshkosh, Wis.; S. W. Griffiths, Cleveland, Ohio; R. R. Davies, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; a Mr. W. R. Thomas, Utica, N. Y.

Y mae y Cyfundeb i'w longyfarch fod ganddo, ymhlith ei aelodau ei hun, un sydd yn awdurdod ar Gerddoriaeth Eglwysig, ac yn meddu ar safle anrhydeddus ymhlith cerddorion blaenaf y wlad. Wedi derbyn y gwahoddiad i weithredu fel Golygydd Cerddorol, nid arbedodd Dr. Daniel Protheroe, Chicago, amser nac yni gyda pharatoi y gwaith. Y mae ei gydymdeimlad dwfn a thraddodiadau ein pobl, ynghyd a'i ddelfrydau uchel o berthynas i safon caniadaeth y Cyssegr, yn ein llanw a hyder y bydd i'r llyfr dderbyn cymeradwyaeth gyffredinol.

Y mae y Pwyllgor yn ddyledus i'r brodyr canlynol am eu cydweithrediad a'u gwasanaeth gwerthfawr: y Parchn John O. Parry, Cambria, Wis.; D. M. Richards, Utica, N. Y.; E. Edwin Jones, Columbus, Ohio; ac F. Tegfryn Roberts, Randolph, Wis.

Dymuna y Pwyllgor, ar ran y Gymanfa Gyffredinol, gydnabod yn ddiolchgar ei rwymedigaeth i'r Cyfundeb yn Nghymru, a chyflwynir diolchgarwch gwresog i bawb am ganiatad parod i ddefnyddio eu Hymnau a'u Tonau.

Anfonir y llyfr allan gyda gweddi ddwys ar i Dduw ei fendithio yn helaeth i fod yn ogoniant i'w Enw, ac yn adeiladaeth ysbrydol i'w bobl. Bydded hefyd i'w seiniau peraidd gyrhaedd clustiau y plant sydd wedi crwydro ymhell o'u cartref, a deffro ynddynt awydd dychwelyd i dy eu Tad.

“Molianned y bobl di, O Dduw;
Molianned yr holl bobl dydi.”

PREFACE

In view of the growing need for more English in the services of our Church, it was unanimously resolved by the General Assembly held in Lake Crystal, Minn., August 29 to September 3, 1916, that steps should immediately be taken to prepare a new Hymnal to meet the demand.

The work was entrusted to a Committee of five, viz.: the Revs. John C. Jones, Chicago, Ill.; Edward Roberts, Oshkosh, Wis.; S. W. Griffiths, Cleveland, Ohio; R. R. Davies, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; and Mr. W. R. Thomas, Utica, N. Y.

The Connexion is to be congratulated that among its own members was to be found a musician who is an authority on Church Music, and one who holds an honorable place among the leading musicians of the country. Having accepted the position of Musical Editor, Dr. Daniel Protheroe of Chicago did not spare any time or energy in the preparation of the work. His deep sympathy with the traditions of our people, and his high ideals regarding the standard of Church music, inspire us with confidence that the new Hymnal will meet the approval of both young and old.

Valuable assistance was rendered by the Revs. John O. Parry, Cambria, Wis.; D. Morgan Richards, Utica, N. Y.; E. Edwin Jones, Columbus, Ohio; and F. Tegfryn Roberts, Randolph, Wis.

It is the desire of the Committee, on behalf of the General Assembly, to acknowledge gratefully its indebtedness to the Mother Church in Wales, and to offer sincere thanks to all those who have so generously granted permission to use their Hymns and Tunes.

The Hymnal is now sent forth with the earnest prayer that it may be abundantly blessed of God to the glory of His name, and the edification of His people. May the strains of its music also reach the ears of those erring children who have wandered far away from home, and awaken within them a desire to return.

“Let the people praise Thee, O God;
Let all the people praise Thee.”

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Nicaea. M. 11.12.12.10.

Rev. John B. Dykes.

- 1 *mf* Sanctaidd, sanctaidd, sanctaidd, Dduw Hollalluog!
cres Gyda gwawr y boreu dyrchafwn fawl i Ti;
mf Sanctaidd, sanctaidd, sanctaidd, cadarn a thrugarog!
f Trindod fendigaidd yw ein Harglwydd ni!
- 2 *mf* Sanctaidd, sanctaidd, sanctaidd!—nef waredigion
cres Fwriant eu coronau yn wylaidd wrth Dy droed;
f Plygu mae seraffiaid, mewn addoliad ffyddlon,
 O flaen eu Crêwr sydd yr un erioed.
- 3 *mf* Sanctaidd, sanctaidd, sanctaidd, Dduw Hollalluog!
 Dyrcha nef a daear fawl i Dy enw Di,
f Sanctaidd, sanctaidd, sanctaidd, cadarn a thrugarog!
 Trindod fendigaidd yw ein Harglwydd ni!

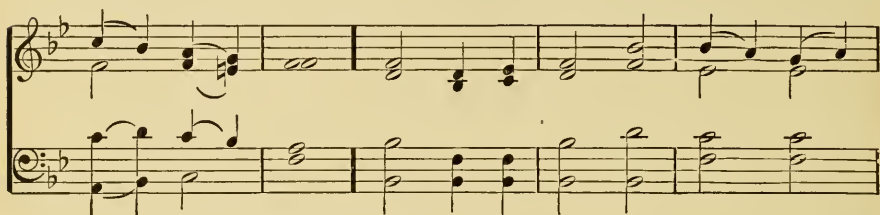
(Cyf.) Dyfed.

- 1 *mf* Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
cres Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
mf Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty!
f God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!
- 2 *mf* Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
cres Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
f Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
 Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 *mf* Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea:
f Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Bishop Reginald Heber.

Ernan. M. H.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



A - men.

1

mf Mor rhyfedd yw Dy gariad, Ior!
Dy ddoniau sydd ddiderfyn stôr;
A'th drugareddau yn ddilyth
Ddyferant fel y bore' wllith.

2

mf Pan, ar Dy air, y torodd gwawr,
Gan loni'r greadigaeth fawr,
cres O'i chwsig dihunaist natur wael,
A'i llwytho wnêst â'th roddion hael.

3

mf Pob bendith ddêl o'th law bob pryd
A eilw am ein mawl o hyd;
cres O! dyro nerth i'n henaid gwan
f Dy felus foli yn mhob man.

1

mf God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
f And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2

mf O like the sun may I fulfill
The appointed duties of the day;
cres With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep my heavenly way.

3

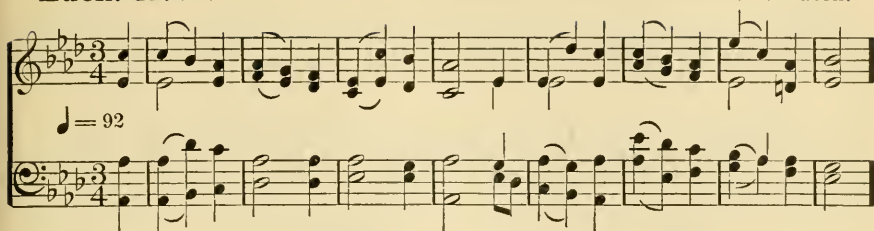
mf Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

An.

Isaac Watts.

Eden. M. H.

T. B. Mason.



1

p Blinedig gan ofidiau'r llawr,
Lluddedig a methodig bron,
cres O! mor gysurol ydyw gwawr,
Hyfrydol wawr y Sabbath llon.

2

mf Rhyw lewyrch trwy'r cymylau du,
Rhyw seibiant bach rhag llid y dôn,
A golwg ar fynyddau cu
Y Ganaan draw, yw'r Sabbath llôn.

3

cres Câf orphwys heddyw oddiwrth fy nghur,
A gwledda ar ddanteithion nen,
Fel ernes o'r dedwyddwch pur
A gaiff y llu tu draw i'r llen.

4

f Câf dd'od i gynulleidfa 'r saint,
Ar Seion fryn—rhyfeddod fri!
Nes sŷnu bron uwch ben fy mraint,
Pa le y daeth fath råd i mi.

Glan Alun.

1

f Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness!
On this day risen to set no more;
cres Shine on us now, to heal, to bless,
With brighter beams than e'er before.

2

f Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

3

f Shine on Thy pure, eternal Word,
Its mysteries to our souls reveal,
And when it's read, remembered, heard,
Oh, let it quicken, strengthen, heal.

4

f Shine on, shine on, Eternal Sun!
Pour richer floods of life and light,
cres Till that bright Sabbath be begun—
ff That glorious day which knows no night.

C. Elliott.

Lime Springs. M. 8.3.3.6.

Daniel Protheroe.



1

mf Deffro, f'enaïd! deffro'n ufudd,
cres Cod yn awr
 Gyda'r wawr,
f Seinia ganiad newydd.

2

f Dyrrha foliant hyd yr wybren—
mf Cysgod da,
 Rhag pob plâ,
 Gefaist dan Ei aden.

3

mf Pwysa arno dros dy ddyddiau,
 Nes daw dydd,
cres Myn'd yn rhydd,
f I dy fythol gartre.

4

mf Uwch peryglon, Iesu, cadw
 F'enaïd llon
 Ger Dy fron
dim Dirion, nes fy marw.

Pantycelyn. 1, 4: An. 2, 3.

1

mf O my Lord, what shall I render
 To Thy Name,
 Still the same,
 Gracious, good and tender?

2

mf Thou hast ordered all my goings
 In Thy way,
 Heard me pray,
 Sanctified my doings.

3

mf Leave me not, but ever love me;
 Let Thy peace
cres Be my bliss,
 Till Thou hence remove me.

4

p So, whene'er in death I slumber,
cres Let me rise
 With the wise,
f Counted in their number.

J. Cennick.

Gounod. M. 8.7.3. (7.7.7.7.7.7.)

Charles Gounod.

♩ = 100

A - men.

mf Hwn yw'r dydd i gofio'r Iesu
 Yn dod i fyny o'i fedd yn fyw:
 Dydd i'r ddaear i ddychafu
 Moliant ei Gwaredwyr yw;
cres Nefol ddydd, sanctaidd ddydd,—
f Canaf am y nefol ddydd.

mf Dydd i nerthu pererinion
 Ar eu taith i'r nefoedd, yw;
 Dydd a'i oriau yn fendithion,
 Dydd i'w dreulio gyda Duw;
cres Nefol ddydd, sanctaidd ddydd,
f Canaf am y nefol ddydd.

f Dydd a bery yn dragywydd,
 Wedi dyddiau'r ddaear, yw;
 Dydd i ganu'r gân na dderfydd
 Yn y nefoedd gyda Duw:
 Nefol ddydd, sanctaidd ddydd,—
 Canaf am y nefol ddydd.

Walcyn Wyn.

mf Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only Light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night:
cres Dayspring from on high, be near;
f Day-star, in my heart appear.

mf Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by Thee;
cres Joyless is the day's return
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
 Till they inward light impart,
f Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

mf Visit, then, this soul of mine;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
cres Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
 Scatter all my unbelief;
f More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

St. Thomas. M. B.

Aaron Williams.



A-men.

1

mf Daeth bore'r Sabbath cu,
Ordeiniwyd gan ein Tad
cres Yn ernes o'r orphwysfa fry,
f O fewn i'r nefol wlad.

1

mf Welcome sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
cres Welcome to this reviving breast,
f And those rejoicing eyes.

2

f I fynydd Seion wiw'
Esgynwn gyda chân,
I offrrwm gweddus fawl i Dduw,
Gerbron Ei orsedd lân.

2

mf The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3

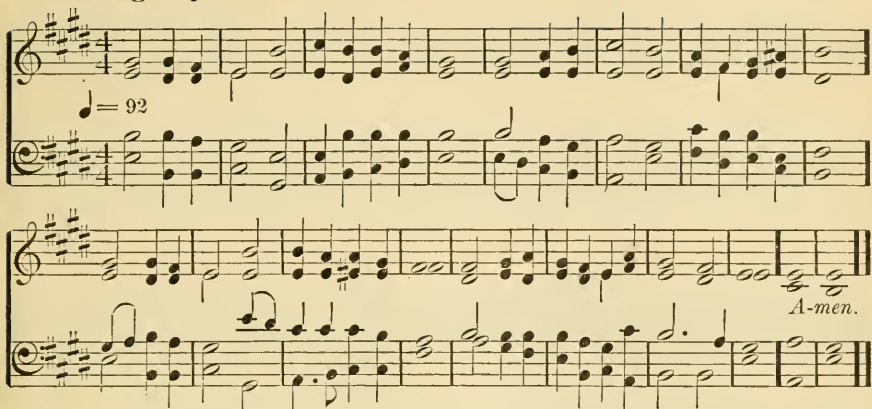
mf Gadawn ofidiau'r byd
Ar ol i gyd yn awr,
cres Fel gallom bawb â llawen fryd,
f Ddyrchafu 'n Ceidwad mawr.

3

mf My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
cres And wait to hail the brighter day
f Of everlasting bliss.

Evening Hymn. M. 10.10.10.10.

Wm. H. Monk.



- 1 *mp* Trig gyda mi, fy Nuw, mae'r dydd yn ffoi,
Cysgodau'r hwyr o'm hamgylch sy'n crynhôï;
dim Diflana nerth y ddaear hon, a'i bri,
cres Cynorthwy'r gwan, (*p*) O! aros gyda mi.
- 2 *mp* Yn brysio at ei derfyn mae fy nydd,
Mwynhâd y byd a'i barch yn cilio sydd;
Yn wyw a gwael try pob peth; (*cr.*) ond Tydi,
Y Digyfnewid, (*p*) aros gyda mi.
- 3 *p* Rhaid im' gael gwel'd Dy wedd bob awr heb ball,
cres 'Beth ond Dy räs a faedda rym y fall?
Pwy'm deil i'r lân, a'm harwain, fel Tydi?
p Yn mhob rhyw dywydd aros gyda mi.
- 4 *pp* Rho wel'd Dy groes yn yr Iorddonen gref,
Trwy'r niwl, cyfeiria'm golwg tua'r nef;
cres Tŷr gwawr y nef, cysgodau'r hwyr a ffŷ,
p Wrth fyw, wrth farw, (*pp*) aros gyda mi.

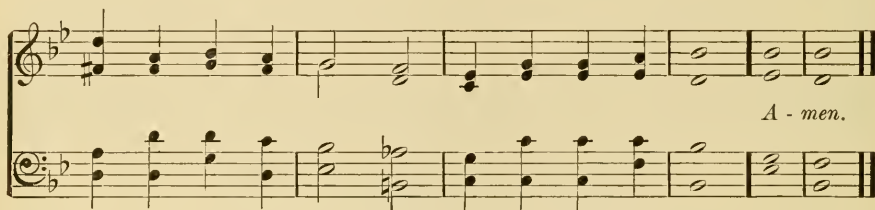
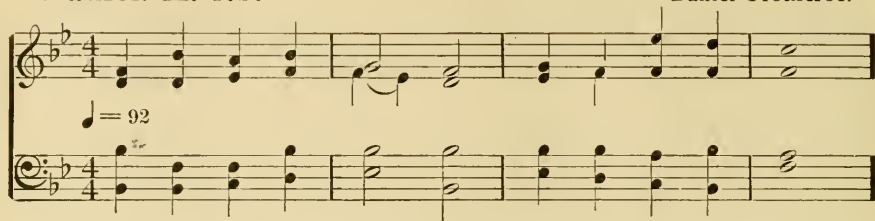
(Cyf.) Ieuan Gwyllt.

- 1 *mp* Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
dim When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
cres Help of the helpless, (*p*) oh, abide with me!
- 2 *mf* Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, (*p*) abide with me.
- 3 *mf* I need Thy presence every passing hour,
cres What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
f Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, (*p*) oh, abide with me!
- 4 *pp* Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
cres Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
f Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, (*pp*) abide with me!

Rev. H. F. Lytle

Daniel. M. 6.5.

Daniel Protheroe.



A - men.

1

mf 'Nawr mae'r dydd yn darfod,
Nos yn nesu sydd;
Cwmwl du ymdaena,
Tros yr wybren brudd.

2

mf Iesu, dyro heno,
I'r blinedig, hun;
A dy fendith dirion,
p Cau eu hemrynt cun.

3

p Gwylid engyl trosom,
Drwy holl oriau'r nos;
A'u hadnnydd gwynion,
Ini'n noddfa dlos.

4

cres A phan ddelo'r boreu,
Dyro ini'n wiw;
f Ddeffro i folianu,
Nawdd a gras ein Duw.

(Efel.) Tegfryn.

1

mf Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2

mf Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
p May mine eyelids close.

3

p Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

4

cres When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
f Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould.

Abends. M. H.

Sir Herbert S. Oakeley.



1

mf Yn hwyr y dydd, ein Harglwydd da,
 Bu'r cleifion gynt o'th gylch yn cwrdd;
 A deuwent, O! mor drwm eu plâ,
cres Ond O! mor llawen aent i ffwrdd.

2

mf Daeth eto hwyr, a dyma ni
 Dan faich o flinder, pryder, braw;
cres Pa waeth na wêl ein llygaid Di,
 A ninau'n teimlo'th fod gerllaw.

3

mf Gwasgara'n gwae â'th ddwyfol ddawn;
 Rhai'n glwyfus, rhai'n alarus fânt;
 Rhai heb erioed Dy garu'n iawn,
p Rhai wedi colli eu cariad gynt.

4

mf Yr un o hyd yw'th allu mawr;
 Ac nid â gair o'th eiddo ar goll:
cres Ar hon, ddifrifol hwyrol awr,
 Clyw, Arglwydd, ac iachâ ni oll.

(Cyf) R. Morris Lewis.

1

mf At even, ere the sun was set,
 The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
 Oh, in what divers pains they met!
cres Oh, with what joy they went away!

2

p Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
 Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
cres What if Thy form we cannot see;
 We know and feel that Thou art here.

3

mf O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
 For some are sick, and some are sad,
 And some have never loved Thee well,
p And some have lost the love they had;

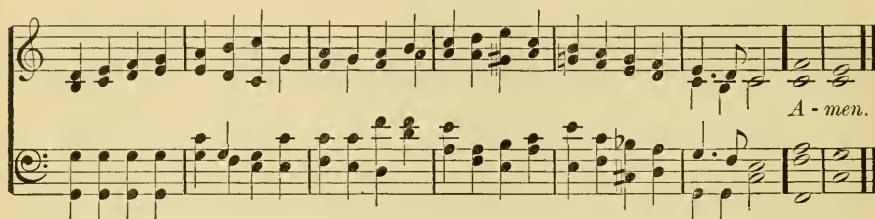
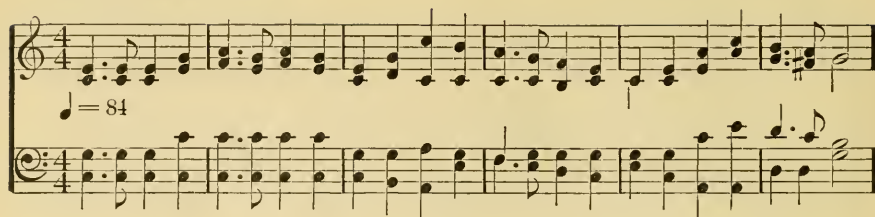
4

mf Thy touch has still its ancient power;
 No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
cres Hear in this solemn evening hour,
 And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Rev. Henry Twells

Emlyn. M. S.S. 7.

Daniel Protheroe.



1

mf Nefol Dad, mae eto 'n nosi,
Gwrando lef ein hwyrrol weddi—
Nid yw 'r nŏs yn nŏs i Ti:
cres Rhag ein blino gan ein hofnau,
Rhag pob niwed i'n heneidiau,
p Yn Dy hedd, O! cadw ni.

2

mf Cyn i'r caddug gau am danom,
Taena'th aden dyner drosom—
Gyda Thi tawelwch sydd;
mf Yn Dy gariad mae ymgeledd,
Yn Dy fynwes mae tangnefedd,
p Wedi holl flinderau 'r dydd.

3

p Fel defnynau 'r gwllith ar flodau,
O! disgyned arnom ninau,
Fendith dawel nefol fydd:
cres Caua Di ein llygaid heno,
Wedi maddeu ac anghofio
mf Anwireddau 'n hoes i gyd.

1

mf Heavenly Father, night is falling,
Hear us in the twilight calling,
Night is never night to Thee;
cres Lest our hearts be faint with fearing,
p Lest our souls with ills be wearing,
In Thy peace, O! let us be.

2

mf Ere the darkness close around us,
Spread Thy loving wing above us,
For with Thee is calm for aye;
mf In Thy love is consolation,
dim In Thy bosom sweet affection,
p After all the cares of day.

3

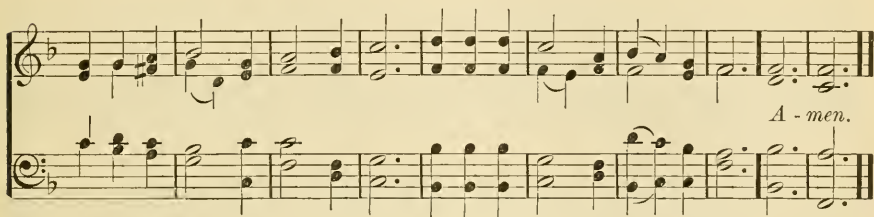
p As the dew drops on the flowers,
Pour on us, in gentle showers,
Blessed peace from heavenly shore;
cres Close to-night our eyes in slumber,
Pardon and forget the number
Of our sins forevermore.

Elfed.

Trans.

Hursley. M. L.

"Katholisches Gesangbuch," Vienna.



1

mf O Arglwydd Dduw! a gaf fi ddod
 I gynyg i Ti'm hwyrol glôd?
 Er nad wyf fi yn haeddu dim,
cres Ti roddaist heddyw bobpeth im'.

2

mf O! maddeu'r beiau, fân a mawr,
 Gyflawnais heddyw ar bob awr;
cres Os caf fwynhau cydwybod rydd,
mf Fy nghwsg i mi'n adfywiol fydd.

3

mf Rho imi rās i deimlo'n ddwys
 Uwchben y pethau mwya'u pwys:
 Rwy'n gweld fy nhymor yn byrhau,
dim A'r dydd diweddaſ yn nesau.

4

mf Pan bwyf ar huno'n llawn o hedd,
 Dysg imi feddwl am fy medd;
cres Ac am y tranoeth teg ei wawr
f A'm cwyd yn llon o lwch y llawr.

Emrys.

1

mf Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near;
cres O may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2

p When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3

cres Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

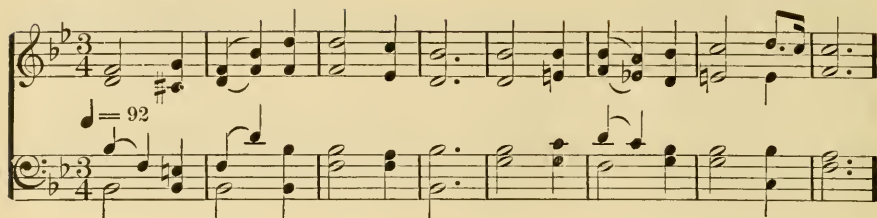
4

mf Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take,
f Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Rev. John Keble.

Mercy. M. 7.7.7.7.

Louis M. Gottschalk.



1

p Tyner oleu'r dydd yn awr
 Dderfydd nes y cwyd y wawr;
cres Gofal ffî, a llafwr blin,
mf Rho'th gymdeithas, Ddwyfol Un.

2

mf Ti, yr Hollwybodol Un,
 Welî'r oll, o fewn, o faes;
 Maddeu fy ngwendidau ffîl,
 Beiau fyrdd, a phechod cas.

3

p Goleu dydd ein heinioes frau
 Gilia byth o'u golwg wyw;
cres Yna'n rhydd o boen a bai,
f Gyda Thi cawn fythol fyw.

(Cyf.) Parch J. C. Jones

1

p Softly now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
cres Free from care, from labor free,
mf Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2

mf Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Naught escapes, without, within,
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault, and secret sin.

3

p Soon for me the light of day
 Shall forever pass away;
cres Then, from sin and sorrow free,
f Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Bishop George W. Doane.

Rutherford. M. 7.6.7.6. D.

Lausanne Psalter.

$\text{♩} = 108$

A - men.

1

mf Gwel'd tyrfa yn addoli
 Yr Arglwydd yn Eî dŷ,
 Yw 'r olwg fwyaf hyfryd
 O dân y nefoedd sy;
cres Cydganu wnant yn gyson,
 A chyd-weddio Duw,
 A dysgu rhodio 'r llwybr
 I fyned ato i fyw.

2

mf Ac yno bûm yn fynych,
 Ac eto âf yn llon;
 Can's yno, yn fy ngolwg,
 Mae nefoedd fechan, bron:
cres 'D oes fwyntian dân yr wybren,
 Nac un difyrwch, fydd
 Yn ddigon i fy atal
 'Fwynhau y sanctaidd ddydd.

(Cyf.) Parch David Charles.

1

mf O day of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright;
cres On Thee, the high and lowly,
 Bending before the throne,
f Sing Holy, holy, holy, .
 To the Great Three in One.

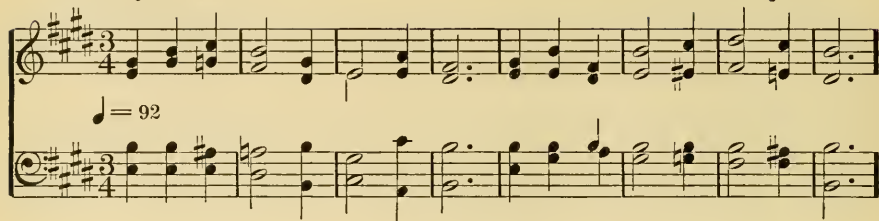
2

mf New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
f To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth.

Merthyr. M. H.

T. J. Price.



1

mf Melus yw dydd y Sabbath llon
Na fined gofal byd fy mron:
cres Ond boed fy nghalon i mewn hwy!
Fel telyn Dafydd ar yr ŵyl.

2

mf Gwaith hyfryd iawn a melus yw
Moliannu D' Enw Di, O Dduw!
f Son am dy gariad, foreu glas,
A'r nos, am wirioneddau'th ras.

3

f Yn Nuw, fy nghalon lawenhâ;
Bendithio 'i Air a'i waith a wna':
Mor hardd yw gwaith Dy ras, O Dduw!
dim A'th gynghor, pa mor ddyfyned yw!

4

f Caf wel'd a chlywed yno 'nghyd
Yr oll ddymunais yn y byd;
A'm henaid gwiw gaiff felus waith,
Yn ngwynfyd pur y bywyd maith.

(Cyf.) David Jones, Caio.

1

mf Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
cres O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

2

mf Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
f To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

3

f My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word!
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
dim How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

4

f Then shall I see and hear and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Dr. Isaac Watts.

Navarre. M. 10.10.10.10.

The Geneva Psalter.

♩ = 100

A-men.

1

1

mf Fy Nuw, fy Nuw, fy Mhriod, a fy Nhad,
Fy ngobaith oll, a'm hiachawdwriaeth rád,
Ti fuost noddfa gadarn i myfi,
Gād imi eto wel'd Dy wyneb cu.

mf Father, again in Jesus' name we meet
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet;
cres Again to Thee our feeble voices raise
f To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

2

2

mf Nac aed o'th gôf Dy fyddlon amod drud,
Yn sicr wnawd cyn rho'i sylfeini'r byd;
Ti ro'ist im' yno drysor maith, di-drai;
Gād imi heddyw gael Dy wir fwynhau.

mf O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare;
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

3

3

mp O! cofia'th hedd rai prydiau ro'ist i lawr
I'm henaidd trist mewn cyfyngderau mawr;
O! edrych eto, mae fy enaid gwân
Gan syched mawr ar drengu yn y fân.

mf Alas, unworthy of Thy boundless love
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
cres But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

4

4

mf 'Raid i Ti ddim ond d'weyd un gair o hedd,
Fy syched dry yn dawel nefol wledd;
cres Fe dderfydd gofid, derfydd pob rhyw wae,
Fy nhristwch lyncir yn Dy wir fwynhau.

f O by that Name in Whom all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in.

Pantycelyn.

Lucy E. G. Whitmore.

Bevan. M. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Sir John Goss.

$\text{♩} = 88$

A-men.

1

mf Arglwydd y bydoedd fry,
 Mor deg a hawddgar yw
 Trigfanau'th gariad cu,
 Daearol demlau'm Duw:
cres Boed tynfa f'enaid tua'th dŷ,
 Fy Nuw, i wel'd Dy wyneb cu.

2

mf Hoff gan aderyn tô
 Gael yno i'w gywion le;
 A'r wenol ar ei thro,
 Hiraethu am ei thre';
cres Mae hiraeth f'enaid i'r un faint
 Am gael preswyllo 'mhlith y saint.

3

mf Cael treulio sanctaidd ddydd
 Lle byddo Duw a'i saint,
 Llawenydd gwell a rŷdd
 Na mil mewn bydol frain:
cres Gwell yw cael cadw'r drws o hyd
 Lle dël fy Nuw na ph'lasau'r byd.

(Evel) David Jones, Caio.

1

mf Lord of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thine earthly temples, are!
cres To Thine abode my heart aspires,
 With warm desires to see my God.

2

mf O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there!
cres They praise Thee still; and happy they
 That love the way to Zion's hill.

3

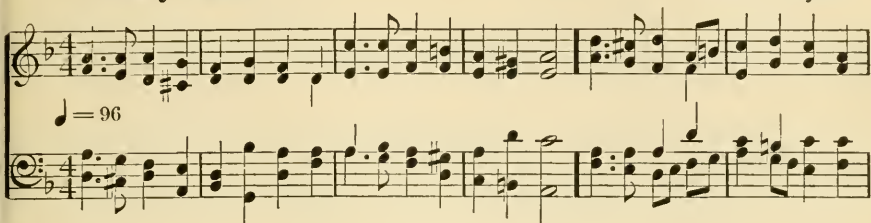
cres They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
f Till each in heaven appears:
f O glorious seat, when God, our King,
 Shall thither bring our willing feet!

Rev. Isaac Watts.

Opening of Service.

Ardudwy. M. 8.7.4.

Ieuan Gwyllt.



A-men.

1

mf Disgyn, Iesu, o'th gynteddoedd,
 Lle mae moroedd mawr o heddd;
p Gwêl bechadur sydd yn gorwedd
 Ar ymylon oer y bedd;
cres Rho i mi brofi
 Pethau nad adnabu'r byd.

2

mf Rho oleuni, rho ddoethineb,
 Rho dangnefedd f'o'n parhau,
 Rho lawenydd heb ddim diwedd,
 Rho faddenant am bob bai;
cres Triged D'Ysbryd
 Yn Ei deml dân fy mron.

3

mf Yn y ffynon hon agorwyd
 Yn Dy ystlys ar y pren,
cres 'R wyi fi'n d'od, â'm gwisg yn aflan,
 Idd ei chànu'n awr yn wên:
f Mi ddôf allan,
 Fel yr eira ar y bryn.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf God Almighty, in Thy temple
 Low before Thy throne we bow;
p From Thy dwelling-place in glory
 Hear our supplications now:
cres While we offer
 Earnest prayer and solemn vow.

2

mf Christ our Saviour, Thou who carest
 For the youngest of Thy fold,
cres Give us now Thy heavenly blessing,
 As Thou didst in days of old;
f Priceless treasure,
 Richer far than gems or gold.

3

mf Holy Trinity, defend us
 In a world with evil rife;
cres Let Thine angel-guards surround us
 In each sore and bitter strife;
f O preserve us
 Unto everlasting life!

R. H. Baynes.

Trinity. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Felice de Giardini.

$\text{♩} = 96$

A - men.

1

f Cyduned nef a llaw
 I foli'n Harglwydd mawr
 Mewn hyfryd hoen;
 Clodforwn tra fo chwŷth,
 Ei räs a'i hedd dilyth,
cres Ac uchel ganwn byth—
ff rit "Teilwng yw'r Oen."

2

f Tra dyrcha'r saint eu cân
 O gylch yr orsedd lân,
 Uwch braw a phoen;
 O boed i ninau nawr,
 Drigolion daear lawr,
cres Ddyrchafu Ei enw mawr—
ff rit "Teilwng yw'r Oen."

3

mf Er goddef cur a loes,
dim Tra yma'n cario'r groes,
 Mewn byd o boen;
cres Rhown deyrnged hyd y nef
 O foliant iddo Ef;
f Dadseiniwn âg un llef—
ff rit "Teilwng yw'r Oen."

1

f Come, Thou Almighty King,
 Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise:
 Father, all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days.

2

f Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword,
 Our prayer attend:
cres Come, and Thy people bless,
 And give Thy word success;
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.

3

f To the great One in Three
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence evermore.
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
rit Love and adore.

Hendon. M. 7.7.7.7.

Rev. H. A. C. Malan.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass, in 4/4 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked with a quarter note equal to 80 beats. The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, with the Bass staff providing harmonic support. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The word 'A-men.' is written below the final measure of the Bass staff.

1

f Deuwch, canwn fawl i Dduw,
 Graslaw'n a thrugarog yw;
 Mae Ei gariad yn ddidrai,
 A'i ffyddlondeb yn parhau.

2

f Deuwch a dyrchafwn Ei,
 Gyda saint ac engyl nef;
 Mae Ei gariad yn ddidrai,
 A'i ffyddlondeb yn parhau.

3

p Offrwm wnaeth Ei Fab Ei hun,
cres Er cael ffordd i gadw dyn;
f Mae Ei gariad yn ddidrai,
 A'i ffyddlondeb yn parhau.

4

f Unwn oll mewn llawen floedd,
 Rhown Ei foliant Ei ar goedd;
ff Mae Ei gariad yn ddidrai,
 A'i ffyddlondeb yn parhau.

Parch Edward Roberts. *Pontypridd.*

1

mf Lord, we come before Thee now;
 At Thy feet we humbly bow;
cres O do not our suit disdain:
 Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2

Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
 In compassion now descend;
cres Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
f Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3

In Thine own appointed way,
 Now we seek Thee, here we stay:
cres Lord, we know not how to go,
f Till a blessing Thou bestow.

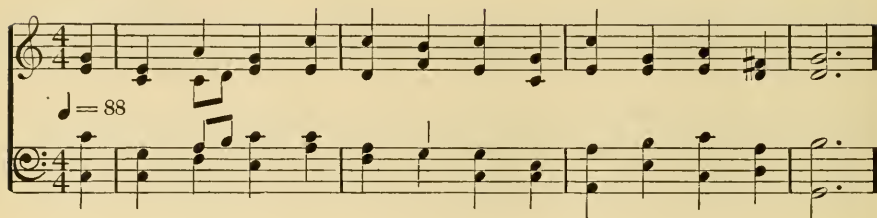
4

mf Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the time of joy return;
f Heal the sick, the captive free,
f Let us all rejoice in Thee.

Rev. William Hammond.

St. Ann. M. C.

Dr. William Croft.



1

mf Tydi wyt deilwng o fy nghân,
Fy Nghrêwr a fy Nuw;
Dy ddoniau o fy amgylch maent
Bob mynyd 'r wyf yn byw.

2

Mi glywa'r haul, a'r lloer, a'r sêr,
Yn dadgan dwyfol glôd;
Tywynu'n ddisglaer 'r wyt o hyd
Trwy bob peth sydd yn bôd.

3

f Diolchaf am Dy gariad eu
Yn estyn hyd fy oes;
Diolchaf fwy am Un a fu
dim Yn gwaedu ar y groes.

4

mf Diolchaf am gysuron gwiw
Wyf beunydd yn fwynhau:
f Diolchaf fwy am Brynwr trist
I mi gael llawenhau.

Parch David Charles

1

mf Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
f Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come.

2

mf Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3

f Come as the fire; and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

4

mf Spirit Divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
cres Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
f O come, great Spirit, come.

Rev. Andrew Reed.

Wakeley. M. 7.6. D.

Daniel Protheroe.

$\text{♩} = 92$

A - men.

1
mf Ar ddechreu ein haddoliad,
 O, Arglwydd, anfon Di
 Dy Ysbryd i dymheru
 'N calonau celyd ni;
cres Ireiddia ein hysbrydoedd,
 A sanctaidd wllth y nef;
f Rho fod y mud dafodau,
 Yn foliant iddo Ef.

2
mf Arddeler gweinidogaeth
 Dy weision, Arglwydd Ior;
 Wrth ddweyd am odidowgrwydd
 Y gras sydd ini'n stor:
mf Disgyned yr eneniad
 Yn esmwyth i'r i lawr;
cres Cyfrana i Dy bobl
 O'r dwfn lawenydd mawr.

3
mf Corona ddisgwyliadau
 Dy eglwys, Arglwydd mawr;
 Cyflawna ei gobeithion,
 Rho wel'd Dy wedd yn awr:
f Datguddia ini harddwch
 Yr iachawdwriaeth gaed;
 A chana ddu eneidiau
 Yn wynion yn y Gwaed.

Tegtryn.

1
mf O holy hour of vision,
 When kneeling near God's throne,
 Our life hath found its mission,
 Enwrought within His own!
cres O God, whose love concealing
 Within the cloudy wraith,
f Come Thou in love revealing,
 And fill the skies of faith.

2
mf O hour of consecration,
 Whose preciousness was set,
 As jewel bright foundation
 Where past and future met;
cres Up-built on these, and gleaming
 Our city we behold,
f O Grace of God redeeming,
 We hail the gates of gold.

3
f Vision and consecration—
 Dear gifts, not ours, but Thine!
 We ask no other station,
 Give us but love divine.
ff And here or elsewhere biding,
 And now or then we stand
 Within Thy light, or hiding,
 Awaiting Love's command.

Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, D. D.

Maidstone. M. 77.77.

W. B. Gilbert.

92

A - men.

1
mf Hyfryd lais efengyl hedd
 Sydd yn galw pawb i'r wled;—
cres Mae gwahoddiad llawn at Grist—
 Oes i'r tlawd, newynog, trist:
f Pob cyflawnder ynddo cewch;
 De'wch a chroesaw, dlodion, de'wch!

2
mf Talodd Crist anfeidrol iawn
 Ar y croesbren un prydawn;
 Llifodd ar Galfaria fryn
 Ddwr a gwaed, i'n golchi'n wyn;
cres Iachawdwriaeth sydd heb drai;
 De'wch i'r ffynon, aflan rai.

3
f Iesu gaiff y clôd i gyd—
 Ymaith dug bechodau'r byd:
dim Rhoes Ei hunan yn ein lle—
cres Bellach, beth na rydd Efe?
ff Haleliwial llawenhewch!
 De'wch, molienwch, byth na thewch.

Pedr Farad.

1
mf God of mercy, God of grace,
 Show the brightness of Thy face;
cres Shine upon us, Saviour shine,
 Fill Thy Church with light Divine;
 And Thy saving health extend
 Unto earth's remotest end.

2
f Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
 Be by all that live adored:
 Let the nations shout and sing,
 Glory to their Saviour King;
 At Thy feet their tributes pay,
 And Thy holy will obey.

3
f Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
 Earth shall then her fruits afford;
 God to man His blessing give,
 Man to God devoted live;
 All below, and all above,
 One in joy, and light, and love,

Rev. Henry F. Lyte.

Ellers. M. 10.10.10.10.

E. J. Hopkins.

J = 104

A-men.

- 1 *mf* O Arglwydd! aros—aros gyda ni!
 Pa beth a wnawn heb Dy gymdeithas Di?
cres Pwy leinw'th le? Nid cyfoeth, dawn, na dysg:
 Am hyny, Arglwydd, aros yn ein mysg.
- 2 *mp* Nid addurniadau gwych o ddynol waith,
 Na dyddiol gylchoedd o ddefodau, chwaith,
 Ond llewyrch hoff Dy bresenoldeb byw,
 Wnai gynt y deml yn dŷ i Ti, O Dduw!
- 3 *mf* O Arglwydd! aros—aros yn ein plith!
 Ac yna bydd Dy fynydd dân y gwllth;
cres Daw 'n holl rasusau i hyfrydaf hwyl,
 f A bydd Dy saint fel tyrfa 'n cadw gwyl.

Emrys.

- 1 *mf* Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise,
 With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;
f We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
dim Then lowly kneeling, (*p*) wait Thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1866.

Sicilian Mariners. 8.7.4.

Anon.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. A tempo marking of $\text{♩} = 76$ is present. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplet figures. The accompaniment consists of steady eighth notes in the bass. The piece concludes with a final cadence marked 'A - men.' in the Treble staff.

1

mf Dan Dy fendith, wrth ymadael,
Y dymunem, Arglwydd, fod;
cres Llanw'n calon â Dy gariad,
A'n geneuau â Dy glôd:
mf Dy dangnefedd,
Dyro ini yn barhaus.

2

mf Melus fydd y fwyn gyfeillach,
Yn y pur ogoniant maith;
cres Melus fydd cydganu 'r anthem,
O un galon, ac un iaith!
f Melus meddwl,
Na bydd raid ymadael mwy!

W. Griffiths 1. David Saunders 2.

1

mf Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
cres Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2

mf So that when Thy love shall call us,
Saviour, from the world away,
cres Let no fear of death appall us,
Glad Thy summons to obey:
f May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.

Rev. G. Thring.

Leoni. 6.6.8.4. D.

Arranged from a Jewish Melody.

♩ = 92

A - men.

1

f Duw Abram, molwch Ef,
 Sydd fry yn Frenin byw;
cres Ein hoesol Graig, ein Noddfa gref—
 Duw cariad yw;
 Iehofa, mawr dilyth
 Yw Ef, medd nef a llawr;
dim Ymgrymwn, plygwn, molwn byth
cres Ei enw mawr!

2
f Duw Abram, molwch Ef:
 Ei holl ddigonol ddawn
 A'm cynal trwy bob dyrys le,
 Yn ddiogel iawn;
mf I eiddil fel myfi,
 Mae'n galw 'i hun yn Dduw—
cres Trwy waed Ei Fab ar Galfari,
f Fe'm ceidw 'n fyw.

3
mf Fe dyngodd iddo 'i hun,—
 Mi gredaf air fy Nuw—
cres Y cawn i, wael golledig ddyn,
 Ei wel 'd a byw;
 Yn mhell uwch daear lân,
 O fewn cynteddau'r nef,
f Caf sôn am ryfeddodau 'i râs
 Diderfyn Ef.

(Cyf) T. Williams.

f The God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthroned above;
cres Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love;
 Jehovah! Great I Am!
 By earth and heaven confessed;
dim I bow and bless the sacred Name,
cres Forever blest.

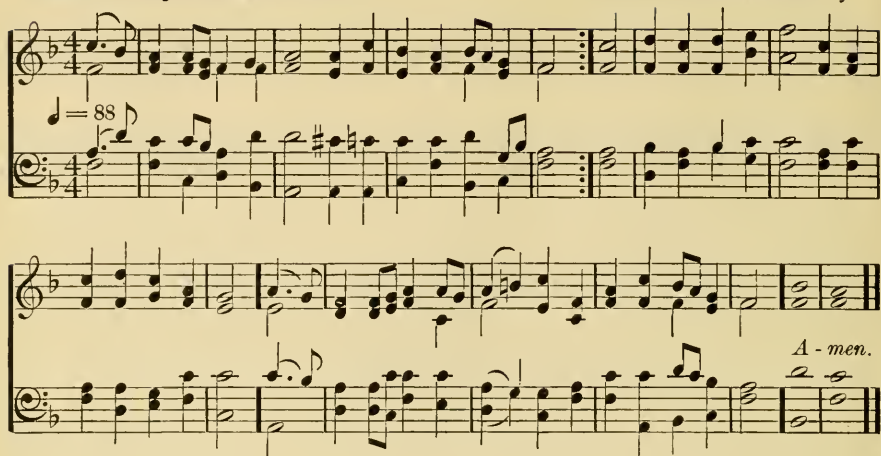
2
f The God of Abraham praise,
 At whose supreme command
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At His right hand:
mf I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame and power;
cres And Him my only portion make,
f My Shield and Tower.

3
mf He by Himself hath sworn,
 I on His oath depend;
cres I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend:
 I shall behold His face,
 I shall His power adore,
f And sing the wonders of His grace
 Forevermore.

Rev. Thomas Olivers.

Meirionydd. M. 7.6. D.

Welsh Melody.



mf Pa le dechreuaf rifo
 Dy drugareddau maith?
 'R wy'n soddi wrth fyfyrion
 Ar Dy ryfeddol waith;
 Mor hawdd yw rhifo'r tywod,
 Neu'r gwallt sydd ar fy mhen,
 A rhifo holl fendithion
 Tywsog Mawr y Nen!

2

f Achosion wyf bob boreu
 O newydd yn eu cael,
 I ganu i'th ffyddlondeb,
 A'th drugareddau hael;
 Can's beunydd 'r wyt yn selio
 Dy addewidion rhâd—
 A chwblhau'r gwirionedd
 A roddwyd yn Dy waed.

3

f Byth D' enw gaffo 'i foli,
 Byth bythoedd byddo 'th glôd,
 Gân' mil o weithiau 'n lletach
 Na'r nefoedd faith ei rhôd;
cres Boed holl blant Adda ar unwaith,
 Mewn cydsain hyfryd lân,
 I'th enw gogoneddus
 Yn gwneyd soniarus gân!

Pantycelyn.

f The heavens declare Thy glory,
 The firmament Thy power;
 Day unto day the story
 Repeats from hour to hour;
 Night unto night replying,
 Proclaims in every land,
 O Lord, with voice undying,
 The wonders of Thy hand.

2

mf How perfect, just and holy,
 The precepts Thou hast given;
 Still making wise the lowly,
 They lift the thoughts to heaven:
 How pure, how soul-restoring,
 The gospel's heavenly ray,
cres A brighter radiance pouring,
f Than noon of brightest day.

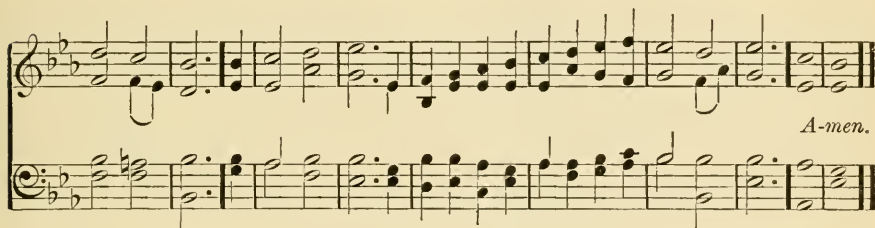
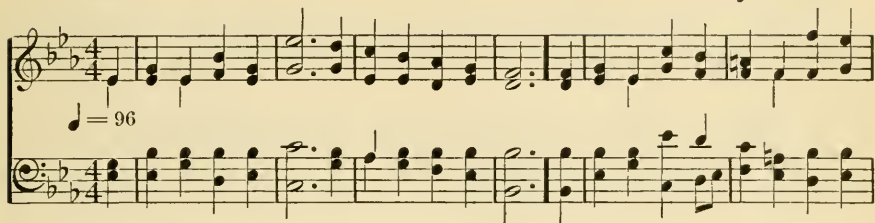
3

f All heaven on high rejoices
 To do its Maker's will;
 The stars with solemn voices
 Resound Thy praises still:
cres So let my whole behavior,
 Thoughts, words and actions be,
f O Lord, my strength, my Saviour,
 One ceaseless song to Thee.

Thomas R Birks.

Darwell. M. 66.66.88.

Parch J. Darwell.



1

f Cyffelyb i fy Nuw
Ni welodd dae'r na nef;
'D oes un creadur byw
Gymherir iddo Ei;
Cyflawnder mawr o rās di-drai
Sydd ynddo fythol yn parhau.

2

mf Yn nyfnder t'w'llwch nôs
Mi bwysaf ar Ei rās;
O'r t'w'llwch mwyaf du
Fe ddwg oleuni i maes:
cres Os gŵg, os llid, mi âf i'w gôl,
Mae'r wawr yn cerdded ar Ei ôl.

3

cres Ymfrostiaf ynddo Ei
Pe ymderfysgai'r byd,
A diluw eilwaith dd'od
I guddio'r ddaei'r i gyd;
Rhyw noddia lawn a lloches sy
Uwch tymhestl yn f' Anwylyd cu.

Pantycelyn.

1

f Around the throne of God
The host angelic throngs;
They spread their palms abroad,
And shout perpetual songs:
Him first they own, Him last and best;
God ever blest, and God alone.

2

f O Holy, Holy Lord,
Creation's sovereign King!
Thy majesty adored
Let all creation sing;
Who wast, and art, and art to be;
Nor time shall see Thy sway depart.

3

f While thus the powers on high
Their swelling chorus raise,
Let earth and man reply,
And echo back the praise:
ff His glory own, first, last, and best;
God ever blest, and God alone.

Rev. Henry Ware, Jr.

Swn-y-Don. M. 10.10.10.10.

Tom Price.

♩ = 108

A - men.

1 *mf* Molwn Di, molwn Di, Arglwydd ein Duw!
 Ofnwn Dy enw tra fyddom ni byw;
 Dyro, O Arglwydd, wrandawid i ni,
 Telyn y galon gysegrwyd i Ti.

2 *f* Chwydded yr anthem ar dir ac ar fôr,
 Purer y byd gan Efengyl yr Iôr;
 Seion fo'r mynydd gan holl ddynol-ryw;
 Molwn Di, molwn Di, Arglwydd ein Duw.

3 *f* Deued Dy deyrnas dragwyddol yn awr,
 Deued goleuni gogoniant i lawr;
mf Iesu fu farw, (*cres*) ninau sydd fyw,
ff Molwn Di, molwn Di, Arglwydd ein Duw.

Ceiriog.

1 *f* Honor and glory, thanksgiving and praise,
 Maker of all things, to Thee we upraise;
 God the Almighty, the Father, the Lord;
 God by the angels obeyed and adored.

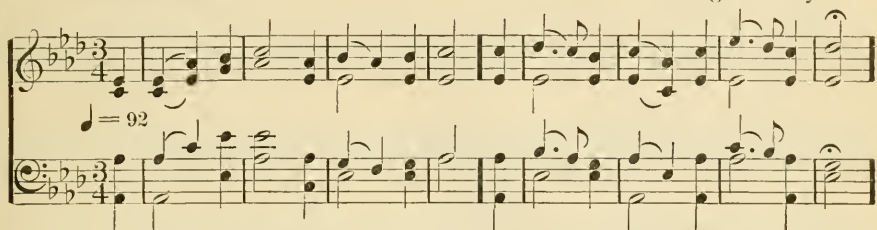
2 *mf* Thou art the Father of heaven and earth;
 Worlds uncreated to Thee owe their birth;
cres All the creation, Thy voice when it heard,
f Started to light and to life at Thy word.

3 *f* God in three Persons! give ear to our prayer;
 Thought, word and deed in Thine image repair;
 Guide us in life, and protect to the last;
 And, at Thine advent, Lord, pardon the past.

Edward A. Dayman.

Louvan. M. H.

Virgil C. Taylor.



1

f Cydlaenhawn wrth gofio Duw—
 Ef, ein daioni penaf yw!
 Ei wyrthiau leinw'r nef a'r llawr—
 Efe sy'n gwneuthur pethau mawr.

1

f Lord of all being, throned afar,
 Thy glory flames from sun and star;
 Centre and soul of every sphere,
 Yet to each loving heart how near!

2

mf Mae'n maddeu 'n rhad, heb feddwl llai
 O ddynion wedi maddeu 'r bai.
cres Ei gariad fel y nef barhâ—
f Ni flina byth ar wneuthur da.

2

mf Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
 Sheds on our path the glow of day;
cres Star of our hope, Thy softened light
 Cheers the long watches of the night.

3

mf Rhodet i'ni galon i'w fwynhau,
 A meddwl iach i lawenhau;
cres Ac aed pryderon enaid oll
f Yn môr Ei gariad byth ar goll!

3

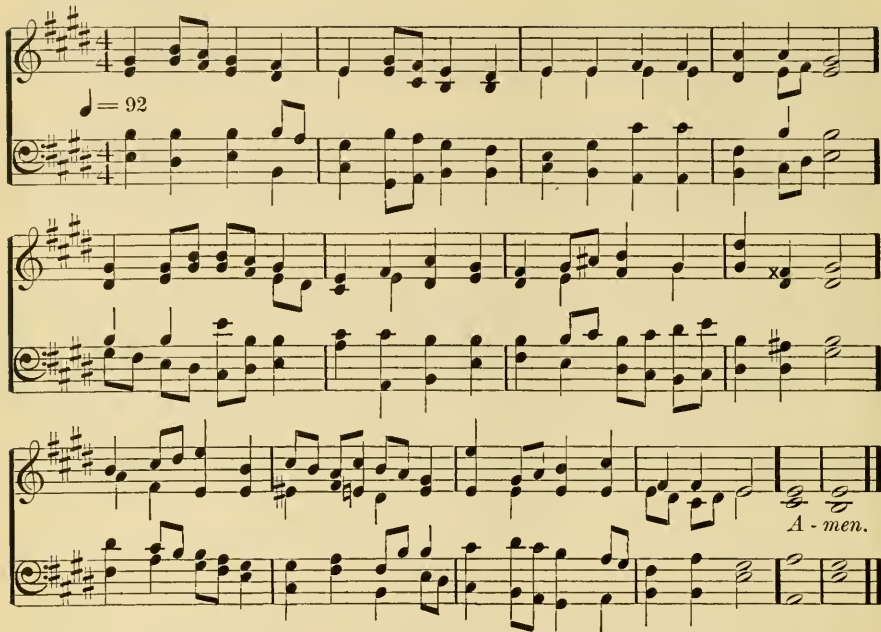
mf Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
 And kindling hearts that burn for Thee;
f Till all Thy living altars claim
 One holy light, one heavenly flame.

(Efel.) Eلفed.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Plymouth. M. 8.7.4.

Robert Edwards.



mf Duw anfeidrol yw Dy enw,
 Llanw'r nefoedd, llanw'r byd;
mp F'enaid inau sy'n Dy olrhain
 Trwy'r greadigaeth faith i gyd:
 Ffaelw'th ffeindio
 I'r cyflawnder sy arnaf chwant.

mp D'wéd a ellir nesu atat,
 D'wéd a ellir Dy fwynhau,
 Heb un gorchudd ar Dy wyneb,
 Nac un gŵg i'm llwfrhau:
cres Dyma'r nefoedd
 Wyf am gael tu yma i'r bedd.

f Yn y mân b'ost Ti'n cartrefu
 Y cyweiraf finau'm nyth;
 Gwedd Dy wyneb fydd fy nefoedd
 Yma ac oddi yma byth:
cres. Nid oes bleser
 Dàn yr haul gyflawna'th le.

f Praise my soul, the King of heaven,
 To His feet thy tribute bring;
cres Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven;
 Who like me, His praise should sing,
f Praise Him, praise Him,
 Praise the everlasting King.

mf Praise Him for His grace and favor
 To our fathers in distress;
 Praise Him, still the same forever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
f Praise Him, praise Him,
 Glorious in His faithfulness.

f Angels, help us to adore Him;
 Ye behold Him face to face;
 Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
 Dwellers all in time and space,
cres Praise Him, praise Him,
ff Praise with us the God of grace.

Hyfrydol. M.S.7.D.

R. H. Pritchard.

Harmonized by Daniel Protheroe.

$\text{♩} = 96$

A-men.

mf Anweledig! 'r wy'n Dy garu,
 Rhyfedd ydyw nerth Dy räs,
 'Dynu f'enaïd i mor hyfryd
 O'i bleserau pena' i maes;
cres Ti wne'st fyw mewn un mynydyn
 Nag a wnaethai'r byd o'r bron—
 Enill it' eisteddfa dawel
 Yn y galon gareg hon.

mf Chlywodd clust, ni welodd llygad,
 Ac ni ddaeth i galon dyn,
 I ddychymyg, nac i ddeall,
 Natur D' hanfod Di Dy Hun;
cres Eto'r ydwyf yn Dy garu
 'N fyw na dim sydd i y rhôd,
 A thu hwnt i ddim a glywais,
 Neu a welais eto erioed.

mf Uchder nefoedd yw Dy drigfan,
 Llauer uwch na meddwl dyn,
mp Minau mewn iselder daear,
 Bechadurus, waelaf un;
cres Eto, agosach wyt i'm benaid,
 A'th gyfeillach bur sydd fyw,
f A chà'n gwell, pan fyddost bellaf,
 Na'n cyfeillach benaf hwy.

Pantycelyn.

mf Hide me, Lord, in Thy pavilion!
 From proud men Thy servant hide;
 In Thy tabernacle's secret
 Let my soul by grace abide.
 When my cords are strained to breaking,
 And my curtains riven far,
cres Be my tent and in Thy covert
 Keep me from the tempest's war.

mf Hide me, Lord, in Thy pavilion!
 From men's tongues Thy servant hide;
dim Still their strife and my confusion
p In love's calm and mighty tide.
 When across my hush of wonder
 Falls the terror of the flood,
cres Stretch Thy love—a tent with curtains
f Set for everlasting good.

mf Hide me, Lord, in Thy pavilion!
 From the glare of noonday hide;
 And from fear of cloud and darkness
 With Thine hand of mercy guide.
cres When I may not go in safety,
 Thou shalt hover where I stay;
f So at length, in Thee pavilioned,
 I shall tent on Love's Highway.

Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D. D.

A Mighty Fortress. 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.7.

Martin Luther.

♩ = 84

A - men.

1
f Ein nerth a'n cadarn Dŵr yw Duw,
 Ein tarian a'n harfogaeth;
 O ing a thrallod o bob rhyw
 Rhydd gyflawn waredigaeth.
mf Gelyn dyn a Duw,
 Llawn cynddaredd yw;
 Gallu a dichell gref
 Y'nt ei arfogaeth ef;
 Digymar yw'r anturiaeth.

2
mf Gwân lewyrch ddaw o allu dyn;
dim Mewn siomiant blin mae'n diffodd;
f Ond trosom ni mae'r addas Un;
 A Duw Ei Hun a'i trefnodd.
 Pwy? medd calon drist:
ff Neb ond Iesu Grist;
 Arglwydd lluoedd nef;
 Ac nid oes Duw ond Ef;
 Y maes erioed ni chollodd.

(Cyf) Dr. Lewis Edwards.

1
f A mighty Fortress is our God,
 A Bulwark never failing;
 Our Helper He amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing:
mf For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe;
 His craft and power are great,
 And, armed with cruel hate,
f On earth is not his equal.

2
mf Did we in our own strength confide,
dim Our striving would be losing,
f Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing:
ff Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is He;
 Lord Sabaoth His Name,
 From age to age the same,
 And He must win the battle.

Martin Luther.

Garthmor. M. 7.6. D.

J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac.

$\text{♩} = 96$

A - men.

1

mf O! Arglwydd Dduw rhagluniaeth,
 Ac iachawdwriaeth dyn,
 Tydi sy'n llywodraethu
 Y byd a'r nef Dy Hun;
 Yn wyneb pob caledi
 Y sydd, neu eto ddaw,
 Dôd gadarn gymorth imi
 I lechu yn Dy law.

2

mf Er cryfed ydyw'r gwyntoedd,
 A chedyrn dônau'r môr,
 Doethineb ydyw'r Llywydd,
 A'i enw'n gadarn Iôr;
cres Er gwaethaf diluw pechod
 A llygredd o bob rhyw,
f Dîangol byth heb soddi;
 Am fod yr arch yn Dduw.

Mrs. Ann Griffiths.

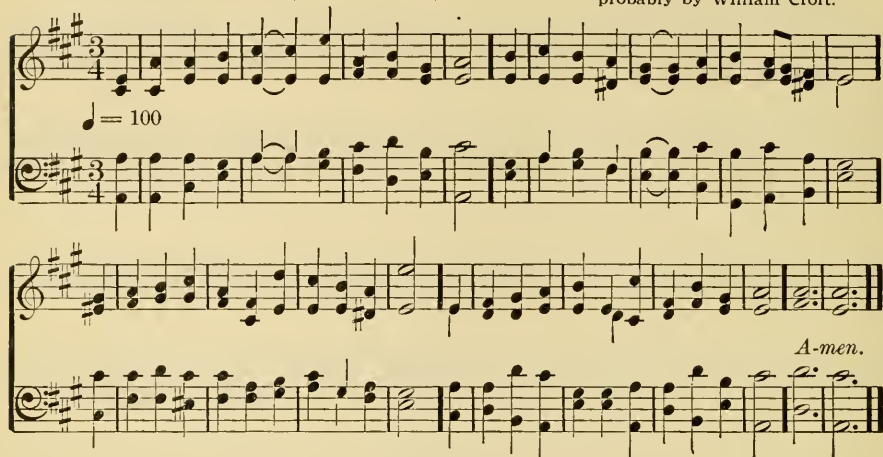
1

mf O God, the Rock of Ages,
 Who evermore hast been,
 What time the tempest rages,
 Our dwelling-place serene:
cres Before Thy first creation,
 O Lord, the same as now,
f To endless generations
 The Everlasting Thou.

2

mf Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
 With beauty and with grace,
 Till, clothed in light forever,
 We see Thee face to face:
cres A joy no language measures;
 A fountain brimming o'er;
f An endless flow of pleasures;
 An ocean without shore.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth.

Hanover. M. 10.(11.)10.(11.)11.11. "Supplement to the New Version,"
probably by William Croft.

- 1 *f* Gogoniant tragwyddol i'th enw, fy Nuw,
Mae'r byd yn Dy gysgod yn bôd ac yn byw;
Ni flinaist ddylamu dros feiau di-ri,
I gofio pechadur na chofia Dydi.
- 2 *f* Tydi sydd yn deilwng o'r bri a'r mawrhâd,
Tydi roddodd fywyd a chynydd i'r hâd;
Tydi, o Dy nefoedd addfedodd y grawn,
Tydi roddodd ddyddiau 'r cynhauf yn llawn.
- 3 *mf* Er maint y daioni a roddi mor hael,
Tu cefn i'th drugaredd mae digon i'w gael;
cres Llawenydd yw cofio er cymaint a ro'ed
f Fod golud y nefoedd mor fawr ag erioed.
Dyfed.
- 1 *f* O worship the King all-glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
cres Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
- 2 *mf* Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain;
dim And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 3 *mf* Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
cres Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
f Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend!

Sir Robert Grant.

Esther. M. 8.7. D.

Ieuan Gwyllt.

♩ = 84

A-men.

1
mf Pechadur aflan yw fy enw,
 O ba rai y pena'n fyw;
 Rhyfeddaf byth, fe drefnwyd pabell
 Im' gael yn dawel gwrdd â Duw:
cres Yno y mae yn llon'd Ei gyfraith
 I'r troseddwr i gael gwledd;
f Duw a dyn yn gwaeddi, Digon,
 Yn yr Iesu, yr aberth hedd.

2
mf Anturiaf ato yn hyderus,
 Teyrnwialen aur sydd yn Ei law;
 Estyniad hon sydd at bechadur,
 Ni wrthodir neb a ddaw;
cres Âf yn mlaen dan waeddi, Pechais;
 Âf, a chwmpaf wrth Ei draed,
f Am faddeuant, am fy ngolchi,
 Am fy nghân yu y gwaed.

3
mf Ffrydiau tawel, byw, rhedegog,
 O dân riniog tŷ fy Nuw,
 Sydd yn llanw, ac yn llifo
 O fendithion o bob rhyw:
cres Dyfroedd gloyw fel y grisial,
 I olchi'r euog, nerthu'r gwân,
f Ac a gâna'r Ethiop duaf
 Fel yr eira yu y mân.

Mrs. Ann Griffiths.

1
f There's a wideness in God's mercy,
 Like the wideness of the sea:
mf There's a kindness in His justice,
 Which is more than liberty.
cres There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good;
f There is mercy with the Saviour;
 There is healing in His blood.

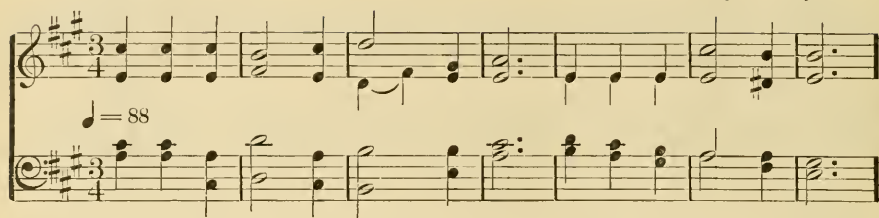
2
mf There is no place where earth's sorrows
 Are more felt than up in heaven;
 There is no place where earth's failings
cres Have such kindly judgment given.
cres There is plentiful redemption
 In the blood that has been shed;
f There is joy for all the members
 In the sorrows of the head.

3
f For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;
 And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.
 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take Him at His word;
 And our lives would all be sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

St. Agnes. M. C.

Dr. J. B. Dykes.



1

mf Mae addewidion, melus wledd,
Yn gyflawn ac yn rhâd,
Yn y cyfmod pur o hedd,
Tragwyddol ei barhâd.

2

cres 'R wyf finau yn dymuno d'od
I'r wledd ddanteithiol frâs;
Ac felly mi gâf seinio clôd
Am ryfedd rym Ei râs.

3

mp O! rhwyma fi wrth byst Dy byrth,
I aros tra f'wyf byw,
I edrych ar Dy wedd a'th wyrth,
A'th foli Di, fy Nuw.

4

cres Tydi f'o'm cymorth parod iawn,
I'm cynal ar fy nhaith;
A Thi Dy Hun i'o'm trysor llawn
I dragwyddoldeb maith.

Thomas Jones, Dinbych.

1

mf I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
cres I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

2

mf I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
cres Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

3

p And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
cres No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

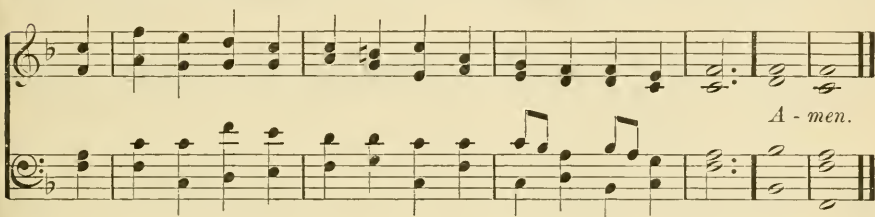
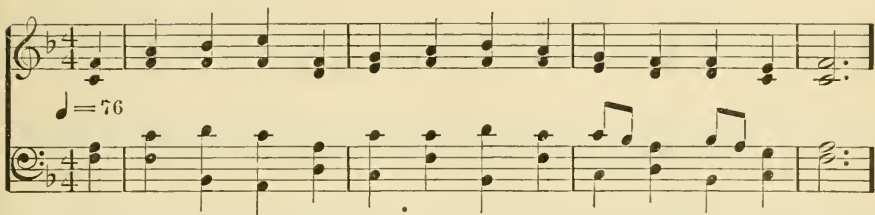
4

cres I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
f I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

John G. Whittier.

French. M. C.

G. Franc.



1

mf O! Dduw ein nerth drwy'r oesau gynt,
Ein gobaith am a ddaw,
cres Ein lloches rhag ystormus wynt,
A'n cartref bythol draw.

2

mf Cyn llunio brynau o un rhyw,
Na gosod seiliau byd,
f O dragwyddoldeb Ti wyt Dduw;
Parhei yr un o hyd.

3

mf Mil o flynyddau i Ti sydd
Fel doe pan ddelo 'i ben,
Neu wylidwriaeth nesa'r dydd
Cyn codi haul y nen.

4

mf Llfeiriant amser ddwg yn glau
O'i flaen holl oesau'r llawr,
Yn angof ant fel breuddwyd brau
dim Ddiflana gyda'r wawr.

5

f O! Dduw ein nerth drwy'r oesau gynt,
Ein gobaith am a ddaw,
Bydd ini'n nawdd tra pery'r hynt,
Yn fythol gartref draw.

(Cyf.) J. C. Davies, M. A.

1

mf O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
cres Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2

mf Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
f From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3

mf A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

4

mf Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
dim Dies at the opening day.

5

f O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

Sanctus. M. 87.87. D.

Isalaw.

$\text{♩} = 96$

A - men.

1
mf Glan gerubiaid a seraffiaid,
 Fyrrd o gylch yr orsedd fry, -
 Mewn olynol seiniau di-baid,
 Ganent fawl eu Harglwydd cu;—
cres “Llawn yw’r nefoedd o’th ogoniant,
 Llawn yw’r ddaear, dir, a môr;
f Rhodder i Ti fythol foliant,
 Sanctaidd, sanctaidd, sanctaidd Iôr!”

2
cres Fyth y nef a chwydda’r moliant;
 Uwch yr etyb daear fyth—
 “Sanctaidd, sanctaidd, sanctaidd!” meddant,
 “Dduw y lluoedd, Ner di-lŷth!—
f Llawn yw’r nefoedd o’th ogoniant,
 Llawn yw’r ddaear, dir, a môr;
 Rhodder i Ti fythol foliant,
 Sanctaidd, sanctaidd, sanctaidd Iôr!”

3
mf Gyda’r dyrfa lân i fyny,
 Gyda’r eglwys frwd i lawr,
 Uno wnawn fel hyn i ganu
 Anthem, clod ein Harglwydd mawr—
f “Llawn yw’r nefoedd o’th ogoniant,
 Llawn yw’r ddaear, dir, a môr;
 Rhodder i Ti fythol foliant,
 Sanctaidd, sanctaidd, sanctaidd Iôr!”

(Cyf.) Afaon.

1
mf Round the Lord in glory seated,
 Cherubim and seraphim
 Filled His temple, and repeated
 Each to each the alternate hymn:
cres “Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with Thy fullness stored;
f Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!”

2
mf Heaven is with Thy glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angel cry,
 “Holy, holy, holy,” singing,
f “Lord of Hosts, Thou Lord most High.”
f “Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with Thy fullness stored;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!”

3
mf With His seraph-train before Him,
 With His holy Church below,
 Thus unite we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow:—
 “Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with Thy fullness stored;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!”

R Mant.

Huddersfield. M. 8.

J. Newton.

♩ = 88

♩ = 116

A-men.

1
f Duw mawr y rhyfeddodau maith,
 Rhyfeddol yw pob rhan o'th waith;
mf Ond dwyfol ras, mwy rhyfedd yw
 ||: Na'th holl weithredoedd o bob rhyw :||
f Pa Dduw sy'n maddeu fel Tydi,
 ||: Yn rhad ein holl bechodau ni! :||

2
mf O! boed i'th ras anfeidrol gwiw,
 A gwyρθiau'th mariad mawr, O Dduw!
 Orlenwi'r ddaear faith a'th glod,
 ||: Hyd nfoedd fry tra'r byd yn bod! :||
f Pa Dduw sy'n maddeu fel tydi,
 ||: Yn rhad ein holl bechodau ni! :||

(Cyf.) Gomer.

1
f Great God of wonders! all Thy ways
 Are matchless, god-like, and divine;
mf But the fair glories of Thy grace
 ||: More god-like and unrivaled shine. :||
f Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
 ||: Or who has grace so rich and free? :||

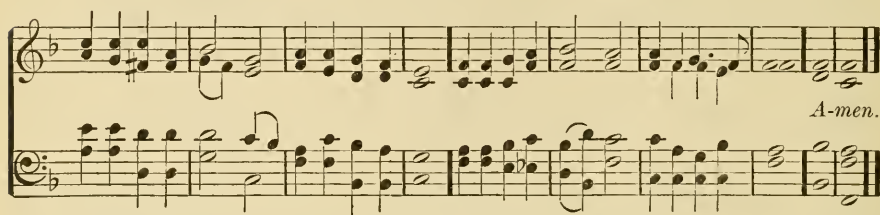
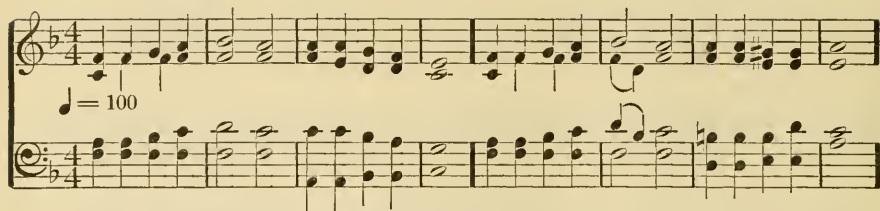
2
mf O may this strange, this matchless grace,
 This god-like miracle of love,
 Fill the whole earth with grateful praise,
 ||: And all the angelic choirs above. :||
f Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
 ||: Or who has grace so rich and free? :||

S. Davies.

40 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Ungnauddoliad.

St. Mary Magdalene. M. 6.5. D.

Dr. J. B. Dykes.



1
mf "Wele Fi yn dyfod,"—
Llefai'r Meichiau gwiw,
Adsain creigiau Salem,—
"Wele'n d'od mae Duw;
cres Gâd anfeidrol iawredd
Nef y nef yn awr;
Ar awelon cariad
Brysia i barthau'r llawr."

2
mf Pa ryw fwyn beroriaeth
Dreiddia drwy y nen!
Pa ryw waredigaeth
Heddyw ddaeth i ben!
cres Miloedd o angylion
Yno'n seinio sydd,
f "Ganwyd y Messiah,
Heddyw daeth y dydd."

3
mf Dyma'r Hollalluog
Heddyw ini'n Frawd!
Dyma holl drysorau
Duwdod yn y cnawd!
cres Moroedd rhâd drugaredd
Lanwodd dros y llawr;
f Perlau gwlad gogoniant
Ynddo ddaeth i lawr.

Ieuan Gwyllt.

1
mf At the Name of Jesus
Every knee should bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now.
f 'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

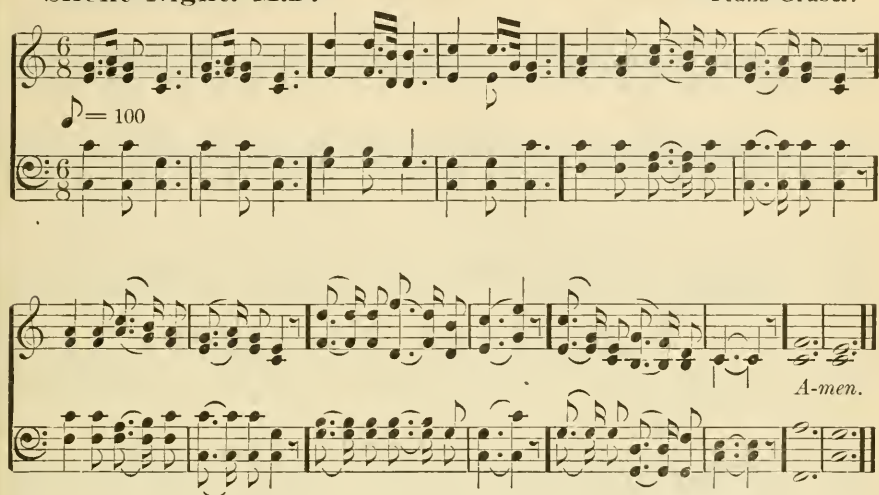
2
mf At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
f Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders
In their great array.

3
f In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour:
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

Caroline M. Noel.

Silent Night. M.P.

Franz Gruber.



1

p Dawel nos! Sanctaidd nos!
 Oll yn glir, nef yn dlos;
 Uwch y baban a'i forwyn fam,
cres Sanctaidd blentyn mor dyner, dinam,
f Cwsg mewn nefol hedd,
pp Cwsg mewn nefol hedd.

2

p Dawel nos! Sanctaidd nos!
 Cryna'r praidd ar y rhos!
cres Gwelid gwawl o'r nefoedd lân,
 Engyl ganent Aleliwia,
f Crist y Ceidwad a ddaeth!
 Crist y Ceidwad a ddaeth!

3

p Dawel hwyr! Sanctaidd hwyr!
 Gwir Fab Duw, cariad llwyr,
cres Ffrydia gwawl o dy sanctaidd wedd,
 Gyda gwawr Dy achubol hedd,
f Iesu mewn preseb a gaed,
 Iesu mewn preseb a gaed.

(Cyf.) Parch J. C. Jones.

1

p Silent night! Holy night!
 All is calm, all is bright;
cres Round yon virgin mother and child!
p Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
p Sleep in heavenly peace,
pp Sleep in heavenly peace.

2

p Silent night! Holy night!
 Shepherds quake at the sight!
cres Glories stream from heaven afar,
 Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,
f Christ, the Saviour, is born!
 Christ, the Saviour, is born!

3

p Silent night! Holy night!
 Son of God, love's pure light
mf Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
 With the dawn of redeeming grace,
 Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,
 Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

Joseph Mohr.

42 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Crist—Ei Ungnauddoliad.

Mendelssohn. M. 7.7.7.7. D. with Refrain.

Arr. from Mendelssohn,
by William H. Cummings.

1
f Clywch lu'r nef yn seinio'n un,
 Henffych eni Ceidwad dyn!
 Heddwach sydd rhwng nef a llawr,
 Duw a dyn sy'n un yn awr:
cres De'wch bob cenedl i'r rhod,
 Unwch a'r angylaid glod;
ff Bloeddiwch oll a llawen drem,
 Ganwyd Crist yn Bethlehem!
 Clywch lu'r nef yn seinio'n un,
 Henffych eni Ceidwad dyn.

2
mf Henffych! T'wysog heddwch yw;
cres Henffych! Haul Cyflawnder gwiw:
 Bywyd ddwg, a goleu ddydd,
 Iechyd yn Ei esgyll sydd:
 Rhoes i lawr ogoniant nef;
 Fel nas trengom, ganwyd Ef—
ff Ganwyd Ef, O! ryfedd drein,
 Fel y genid ni drachefn.
ff Clywch lu'r nef yn seinio'n un,
 Henffych eni Ceidwad dyn.

(Cyf) Ellis Wyn o Wyrfa.

1
f Hark! the herald angels sing
 "Glory to the new-born King,
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!"
cres Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
ff With the angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."
 Hark! the herald angels sing
 "Glory to the new-born King."

2
mf Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
cres Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings;
 Mild, He lays His glory by,
ff Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
ff Hark! the herald angels sing
 "Glory to the new-born King."

Rev. C. Wesley.

Gaerwen. M. 8.7.D.

Anon.

♩ = 96

A-men.

1

cym Rhyfedd, rhyfedd gan angylion,
 Syndod mawr yn ngolwg ffydd,
 Rhoddwr bôd, Cynhaliwr helaeth,
 A Rheolwr pob peth sydd,
 Yn y preseb mewn cadachau,
 Ac heb le i ro'i 'i ben i lawr,
 Eto disglair lu'r gogoniant
 Yn Ei addoli Ef yn awr.

2

cres Diolch byth, a chanmil diolch,
 Diolch tra b'o ynof chwÿth,
 Am fod gwrthrych i'w addoli,
 A thestyn cân, i bara byth,
 Yn fy natur wedi Ei demtio
 Fel y gwaela' o ddynolryw,
 Dyn wedi Ei amgylchu â gwendid,
 Ac anfeidrol fywiol Dduw.

Mrs. Ann Griffiths.

1

f Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set Thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us;
 Let us find our rest in Thee.
cres Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art;
f Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

2

mf Born Thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, and yet a King,
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
cres By Thine own eternal Spirit
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
f By Thine all-sufficient merit
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

Adeste Fideles. M. 66.10.5.6.7.7.3.

Anon.

1

f O! deuwch ffyddloniaid
Oll dan orfoleddu,
O! deuwch, O! deuwch i Fethlehem dref:
mf Wele fe anwyd
Brenin yr angylion:
cres ||: O! deuwch ac addolwn; ||
f O! deuwch ac addolwn,
Grist o'r nef.

2

O! henffych ein Ceidwad,
Henffych well it' heddyw,
Gogoniant i'th enw trwy'r ddaear a'r nef;
mf Gair y Tragwyddol
Yma'n ddyn ymddengys:
cres ||: O! deuwch ac addolwn; ||
f O! deuwch ac addolwn,
Grist o'r nef.

1

f O come all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
mf Come and behold Him
Born the King of angels:
||: O come, let us adore Him, :||
f O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

2

f Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning:
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father
Late in flesh appearing:
||: O come, let us adore Him, :||
f O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

An.

Anon.

Cwm Rhondda. M. 8.7.4.

John Hughes.

J = 88

Iesu a gaed;

A - men.

new-born King;

1

1

new-born King;

mf Peraidd ganodd sêr y boreu
 Pan y ganwyd Brenin nef;
 Doethion a bugellaidd hwythau
 Ddaethant i'w addoli ef:
cres Gwerthfawr drysor!
 Yn y preseb Iesu a gaed.

mf Angels, from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
 Ye, who sang creation's story,
cres Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
 Come and worship;
 Worship Christ the new-born King.

2

2

mf Rhosyn Saron yw Ei enw,
 Gwŷn a gwridog, hardd Ei bryd;
 Ar ddeng mil y mae'n rhagori
 O wrthrychau pena'r byd:
cres Ffrynd pechadur,
 Dyma'r llywydd ar y môr.

mf Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In His temple shall appear;
cres Come and worship;
f Worship Christ the new-born King.

3

3

f Dyma Geidwad i'r colledig,
 Meddyg i'r gwywedig rai:
 Dyma un sy'n caru maddeu
 I bechaduriaid mawr eu bai:
f Diolch iddo
ff Byth am gofio ilwch y llawr.

mf Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence,
cres Mercy calls you—break your chains;
f Come and worship;
 Worship Christ the new-born King;

46 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Crist—Ei Ungnawdoliad.

Carol.

Daniel Protheroe.



mf Gadewaist Dy orsedd
A'th goron hardd
Pan y daethost i'r ddaear i fyw,
Ond yn Methlehem dre',
Ni chafwyd lle
I Dy eni, Fy Ngheidwad gwiw;
cres O, tyred i mewn, fy Iesu,
Y mae lle yn fy nghalon it' fyw.

f Hyd entych y nef,
Gan angylaudd lēf
Cyhoeddwyd Dy freinol ryw,
mf Ond gwael oedd Dy gryd
Pan ddaethost i'r byd,
dim Yn isel, yn llwm a gwyw:
cres O tyred i mewn, fy Iesu,
Y mae lle yn fy nghalon it' fyw.

mf Ti ddeuaist fy Ner,
Gyda'r bywiol air,
dim I wella Dy bobl o'u briw;
Ond gwawd oedd y sain,
A'th goron oedd ddrair,
Pan y dringiaist Galfaria'n wyw:
f O tyred i mewn, fy Iesu,
Y mae lle yn fy nghalon it' fyw.

(Cyf.) Parch J. C. Jones.

mf Thou didst leave Thy throne,
And Thy Kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me,
But in Bethlehem's home
Was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
cres O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

mf Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
mf But of lowly birth
Didst Thou come to earth,
dim And in great humility:
cres O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
f Thy cross is my only plea.

Emily E. S. Elliott.

Nebraska. M. C.

A. R. Reinagle.



1

mf Yn mhlith holl ryfeddodau'r nef,
Hwn yw y mwyaf un,
Gwel'd yr anfeidrol Ddwyfol Fôd
Yn gwisgo natur dyn.

2

mf Ni chaiff fod eisieu byth, na thrai,
Tra seren yn y nef,
cres Ar neb o'r rhai a roddo 'u pwys
Ar Ei gyfiawnder Ef.

3

mf Doed y trueiniaid yma 'nghyd,
Finteioedd heb ddim rhi';
f Cânt eu diwallu oll yn llawn
O râs y nefoedd fry.

4

cres Fe ylch ein beiau i ffwrdd â'i waed,
Fe 'n câna oll yn wŷn;
Fe 'n dŵg o'r anial maith i maes,
I ganu ar Seion fryn

Pantycelyn.

1

f Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2

f He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3

mf He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

4

f Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
cres And heaven's eternal arches ring
ff With Thy beloved name.

P. Doddridge.

48 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Hywyd a'i Weinidogarth.

Belmont. M. C.

Arr. from William Gardiner.



1

mf Mor beraidd i'r credadyn gwàn
Yw hyfryd enw Crist:
Mae'n llaesu ei boen, yn gwella'i glwy',
Yn lladd ei ofnau trist.

2

mf I'r ysbryd clwyfus rhŷdd iachâd,
Hedd i'r drallodus iron;
cres Mae'n fanna i'r newynog ddyn,
dim I'r blin, gorphwysfa lôn.

3

cres Hoff enw! fy Ymguddfa mwy,
Fy Nghraig a'm Tarian yw;
f Trysorfa ddiball yw o râs
I mi y gwaela'n fyw.

4

mf Fy Iesu, 'Mhrophwyd, a fy Mhen,
F' Offeiriad mawr, a'm Brawd,
cres Fy mywyd i, fy ffordd, fy nôd,
f Derbyn fy moliant tlawd.

(Cyf.) Parch David Charles. Ieu.

1

mf How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2

mf It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
cres 'Tis Manna to the hungry soul,
dim And to the weary Rest.

3

f Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace;

4

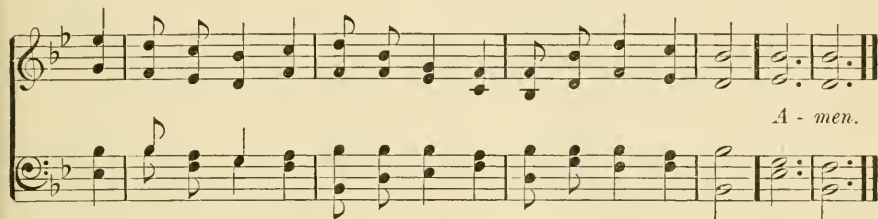
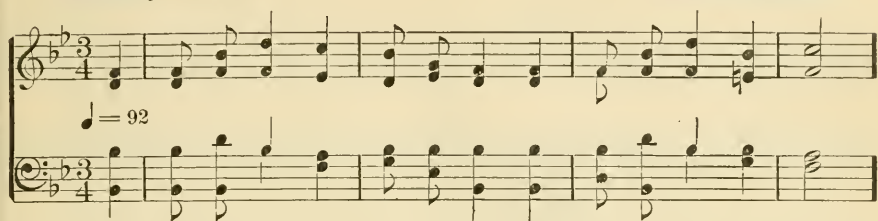
mf Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
cres My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
f Accept the praise I bring.

Rev. John Newton.

49 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Life and Ministry.

Brooklyn. M. C.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.



A - men.

1

mf Iesu, difyrwch i'enaïd drud
Yw edrych ar Dy wedd;
Ac mae llyth'renau D'enw pur
Yn fywyd ac yn hedd.

2

mf A than Dy aden dawl, bur,
'Rwyf yn dymuno byw,
cres Heb ymbleseru fyth mewn dim
Ond cariad at fy Nuw.

3

mf O! cau fy llygaid, rhag im wel'd
Pleserau gwag y byd,
Ac i mi ŵyro byth oddi ar
Dy lwybrau gwerthfawr drud.

4

mf 'Does genyf ond dy allu mawr
I'm nerthu i fyn'd yn mlaen;
cres Dy iachawdwriaeth yw fy ngrym,
f Fy nghongwest, a fy nghân.

Pantycelyn

1

mf Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
cres But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest.

2

mf Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
cres A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3

f O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4

f Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
cres Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
ff And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. E. Caswall

50 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Hywyd a'i Weinidogaeth.

Arabia. M. C.

Hen Alaw.

♩ = 88

A - men.

1

mf R'wy'n chwenych gwel'd Ei degwch Ef
Uwch pob peth is y rhôd,
cres Nas gwelodd lluoedd nefoedd bur
Gyffelyb iddo erioed.

2

mf Efe yw ffynon fawr pob dawn,
Gwraidd holl ogoniant dyn;
A rhyw drysorau fel y môr
A guddiwyd ynddo'i Hun.

3

mf Fe'm ganwyd i lawenydd uwch
Nag sy 'mhleserau'r llawr,
cres I gariad dwyfol gwleddoedd pur
Angylion nefoedd fawr.

4

cres O! p'am nas câf fi ddechreu'n awr
Fy nefoedd yn y byd;
f A threulio 'mywyd mewn mwynhâd
O'th gariad gwerthfawr drud?

Pantycelyn.

1

f O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2

cres My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy Name.

3

mf Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
dim 'Tis life, and health, and peace!

4

f He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

51 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Life and Ministry.

Maryton. M. H.

Rev. H. Percy Smith.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. A tempo marking '♩ = 88' is present. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'A - men.' written below the staff.

1

mf O Feistr! gad im' atat ddod
Hyd ffyrdd gwasanaeth rhydd dinôd;
cres Dysg imi 'r modd i oddef pwys
Y gwaith, a min y gofal dwys.

2

cres Rho imi 'r atdyniadol iaith
Enillo 'r glaiar fron i waith;
Dysg imi ddwyn yn ol y traed
p Yn crwydro o Dy lwybrau gaed.

3

mp Dysg im' D'amynedd. Gyda Thi
Mewn undeb dyfo 'n fŵy fwy cu;—
cres Mewn gwaith fo 'n adgyfnerthu ffydd;
f Mewn ffydd ar ddrwg fo 'n cario'r dydd.

4

f Mewn gobaith fyddo 'n taflu 'i wawr
Hyd y dyfodol pell i lawr;
Mewn heddwch nas adnabu'r byd—
O Feistr! gād i'm fyw o hyd.

(Cyf.) Ker.

1

mf O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
cres Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2

mf Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
cres Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3

p Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
cres In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
f In trust that triumphs over wrong,

4

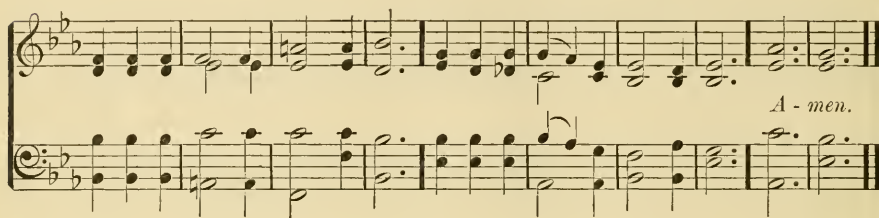
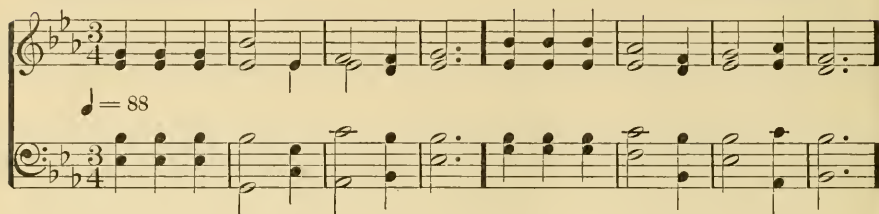
f In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

Rev. Washington Gladden.

52 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Fywyd a'i Weinidogaeth.

Whitburn. M. H.

Henry Baker.



1

mf O Iesu mawr! y Meddyg gwell,
Gobaith yr holl ynysoedd pell,
Dysg fi i seinio 'maes Dy glôd
Mai digyfnawid wyt erioed.

1

mf O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
cres On Thee we cast each earth-born care;
dim We smile at pain while Thou art near.

2

mp O! hoelia 'meddwl, ddydd a nôs,
Crwydredig, wrth Dy nefol groes;
cres A phlana'm hysbryd yn y tir
Sy'n llifo o lawenydd pur:

2

mf Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
p Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3

mf Fel b'o fy nwydau drwg yn lân
Yn cael eu difa â'r nefol dân;
A chariad yn melysu'r groes,
Trwy olwg ar Dy farwol loes.

3

mf When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
p The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
dim Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

4

mf Fe gaiff Dy enw anwyl glôd
Pan dderfydd nef a daear fôd,
cres Am achub un mor wael ei lun
Nad all'sai ei achub ond Dy Hun.

4

f On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
dim Living and dying, (*p*) Thou art near.

Pantycelyn.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

53 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Life and Ministry.

Ortonville. M. C.

Thomas Hastings.

♩. = 72

A-men.

1

mf Ni feddaf ar y ddaear fawr,
Ni feddaf yn y ne',
Neb ag a bery'n anwyl im'
Yn unig ond Efe.

2

cres Mae ynddo'i Hunan drysor mwy
Nag fedd yr India lawn;
Fe brynodd imi fwy na'r byd
Ar groesbren un prydawn.

3

p Fe brynodd imi euraidd wisg,
Trwy ddioddef marwol glwy';
cres A'i angen Eif a guddia'm gwarth
mf I dragwyddoldeb mwy.

4

cres O! na allwn rodio er Ei glôd,
Ac iddo bellach fyw,
A phob anadliad fyn'd i maes
f I ganmol grâs fy Nuw.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
cres His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2

mf No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
cres Fairer is He than all the fair
f That fill the heavenly train.

3

To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
f He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

4

f Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

Rev. Samuel Stennett: verse 1, line 2, alt.

54 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Crist—Ei Hywydd a'i Weinidogaeth.

Mankato. M. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

Daniel Protheroe.

mf 1 Y mae Un, uwch law pawb eraill
Drwy'r greadigaeth faith i gyd,
Sydd yn haeddu Ei alw'n Gyfaill,
Ac a bery'r un o hyd:
cres Brawd a anwyd ini yw
Erbyn c'ledi o bob rhyw.

mf 2 Nis gall meithder ffordd, nac amser,
Oeri dim o'i gariad Ef;
Mae Ei fynwes byth yn dyner,
A'i gymdeithas byth yn gref;
cres Nis gall dyfroedd angu llym
Diffodd ei angerddol rym.

mf 3 Yn mha le y ceir, er chwilio,
Neb yn caru fel Efe?
P'le mae'r cyfaill, er ein hachub,
Ro'i ei fywyd yn ein lle!
cres Nid oes debyg iddo Ef
Drwy y ddaear faith a'r nef.

(Efel.) Ieuan Glan Geirionydd.

mf 1 One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
cres They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

mf 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
p But our Jesus died to have us
cres Reconciled in Him to God.
f This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

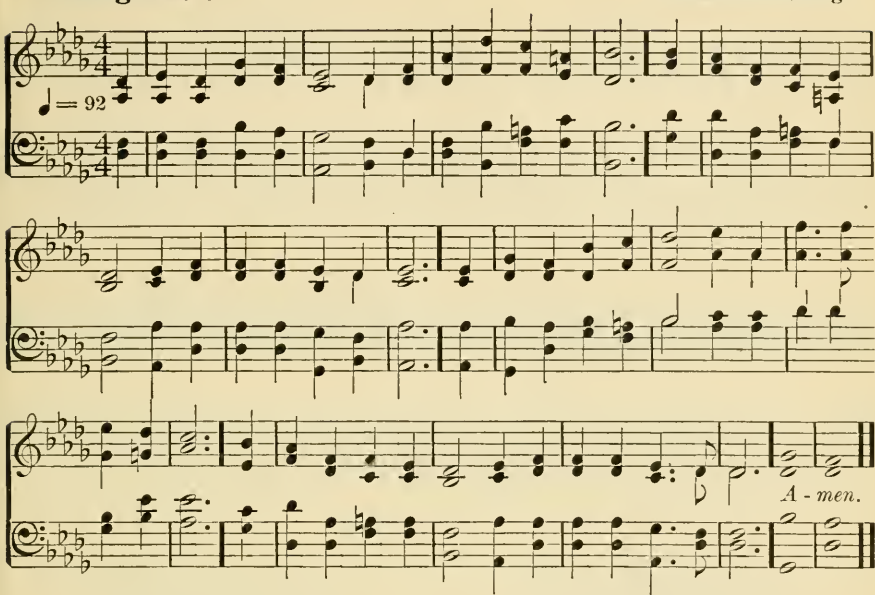
mf 3 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
cres But when home our souls are brought,
f We will love Thee as we ought.

Rev John Newton.

55 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Life and Ministry.

Ewing. M. 7.6. D.

Alexander Ewing.



1

Fy Nuw, fy Nhad, fy Iesu,
Boed clôd i'th enw byth;
Doed dynion i Dy foli
Fel rhif y boreu wllith;
f O! na b'ai gwellt y ddaear
Oll yn delynnau aur,
I ganu i'r Hwn a anwyd
Yn Methle'm gynt o Fair.

2

O Iesu! pwy all beidio
Dy ganmol ddydd a nôs?
mf A phwy all beidio cofio
Dy farwol, ddwyfol loes?
cres A phwy all beidio canu
Am iachawdwriaeth râd,
Ag sydd yn teimlo gronyn
O rinwedd pur Dy waed?

3

f O Arglwydd! rho imi dafod
Nas tawo ddydd na nôs;
Ond dweyd wrth bob creadur
Am rinwedd gwaed y groes;
Na ddelo gair o'm genau,
Yn ddirgel nac ar g'oedd,
Ond am fod Iesu anwyd
Yn wastad wrth fy modd.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf O Saviour, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O Name of might and favor,
All other names above;
cres We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
f We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

2

O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
cres We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
f We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

3

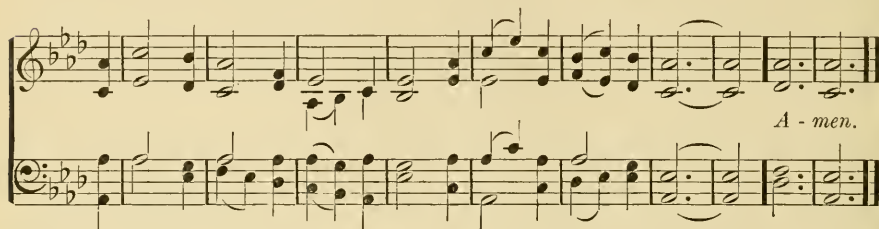
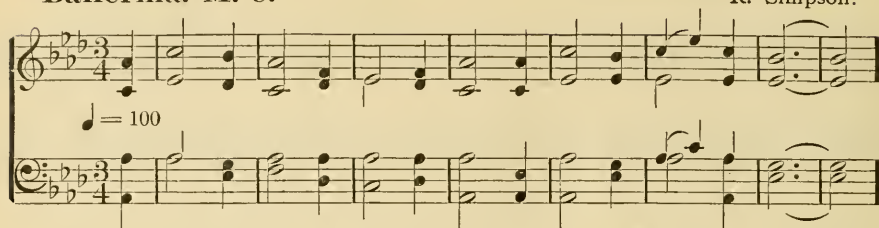
f In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine:
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
cres We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
ff We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

Frances R. Havergal.

56 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Hyfnyd a'i Weinidogarth.

Ballerma. M. C.

R. Simpson.



1

mf Ti, Iesu, ydwyf oll Dy Hun
Fy meddiant ar y llawr;
f A Thi Dy Hunan fydd fy oll
O fewn i'r nefoedd fawr.

2

Mae 'nymuniadau maith eu hyd
Yn pwyntio oll yn un,
Dros bob gwrthrychau is y sêr,
Ac atat Ti Dy Hun.

3

f O! ffynon trugareddau maith!
Diderfyn yw Dy rās,
I ro'i trysorau pena'r nef
I'r tlotaf un i maes.

4

mf Fy unig gysur dân bob gwae
Dy fod Di imi'n Dduw;
cres Ac yn Dy gysgod mi âf trwy
Gystuddiau o bob rhyw.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Jesus, I love Thy charming Name;
'Tis music to mine ear;
f Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2

mf Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3

mf All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4

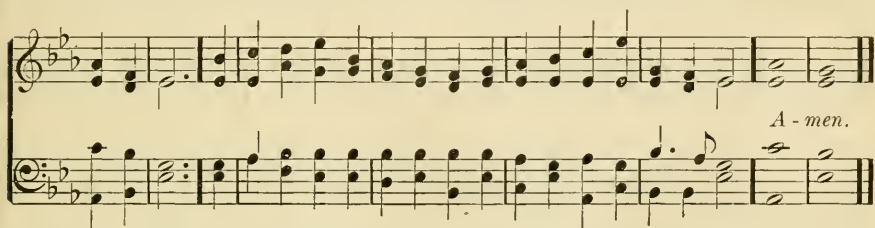
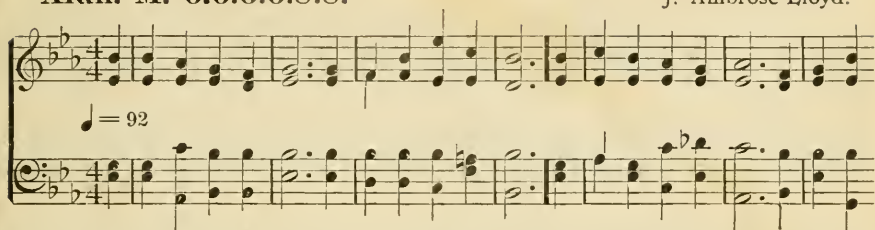
f Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there:—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

57 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Life and Ministry.

Alun. M. 6.6.6.6.S.S.

J. Ambrose Lloyd.



1

1

mf O nefol addfwyn Oen!
 Sy'n llawer gwell na'r byd,
 A lluoedd maith y nef
 Yn rhedeg arno'u bryd;
cres Mae'th ddawn, a'th rās, a'th gariad drud,
 Yn llanw'r nef, yn llanw'r byd.

mf O gracious Lamb of God!
 How precious and how sweet!
 I see the hosts of heaven
 Now prostrate at Thy feet;
cres Thy gifts, Thy grace, Thy tender love
 Pervade the world and heaven above.

2

2

mf Noddfa pechadur trist,
 Dàn bob drylliedig friw,
 A phwys euogrwydd llym,
 Yn unig yw fy Nuw;
cres 'D oes enw i'w gael o dân y nef
 Yn unig ond Ei enw Ef.

mf A place of refuge to
 The sinner in his flight
 To enter, and be safe,
 Is Jesus in His might;
cres No other name in heaven or earth
f Can save the man from sin and dearth.

3

3

f Ymgrymed pawb i lawr
 I enw'r addfwyn Oen;
 Yr enw mwyaf mawr
 Erioed a glywyd sôn:
cres Y clôd, y mawl, y parch a'r bri,
 F'o byth i enw'n Harglwydd ni.

f O let us all bow down
 To Jesus' mighty Name,
 And heartily we shall
 His sweetest Name proclaim;
cres Our songs of praises we shall sing
ff Forevermore to Christ the King.

Pantycelyn.

(Trans.) Rev. Edward Roberts.

58 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Hywyd a'i Weinidogaeth.

Penlan. M. 7.6. D.

David Jenkins. Mus. Bac.

1
mf Pa le, pa fodd dechreuaf
Folianu'r Iesu mawr?
Olrheinio'i rās ni fedraf;
Mae'n llenwi nef a llawr:
cres Anfeidrol ydyw'r Ceidwad,
A'i holl drysorau'n llawn;
f Diderfyn yw Ei gariad,
Difesur yw Ei ddawn.

2
mf Trugaredd a gwirionedd
Yn Nghrist sy'n awr yn un,
Cyflawnder a thangnefedd
Ynghyd am gadw dyn:
cres Am Grist a'i ddioddefiadau—
Rhinweddau marwol glwy,
f Y seinir pŕr ganiadau
I dragwyddoldeb mwy.

3
cres O! diolch am Gyfryngwr—
Gwaredw'r cryf i'r gwān;
O! am gael Ei adnabod—
Fy Mhriod a fy Rhan;
f Fy ngwisgo â'i gyflawnder
Yn hardd ger bron y Tad;
A derbyn o'i gyflawnder
Wrth deithio'r anial wlad.

Parch Roger Edwards.

1
mf O Lamb of God, still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me,
What doubts and fears within!
cres The grace that sought and found me
f Alone can keep me clean.

2
mf 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
f Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

3
mf Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
cres Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
f Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

Rev. James G. Deck, verse 1, line 6, alt

59 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Life and Ministry.

Wynnstay. M. 84.84.8.8.8.4.

J. Ambrose Lloyd.

mf Un a gefais imi 'n gyfaill,
Pwy fel Efe!
Hwn a gâr yn fwy nag eraill,
Pwy fel Efe!
Cyfnewidiol ydyw dynion,
A siomedig yw cyfeillion;
cres Hwn a bery byth yn ffyddlon;
f Pwy fel Efe!

mf F'enaidd glŷn wrth Grist mewn cyni;
Pwy fel Efe!
Ffyddlon yw yn mhob caledi;
Pwy fel Efe!
Os yw pechod yn dy dd'rysu,
Anghrediniaethi am dy lethu,
cres Hwn a ddichon dy waredu;
f Pwy fel Efe!

mf Dy gamweddau a ddilëa;
Pwy fel Efe!
Dy elynion oll, fe'u maedda;
Pwy fel Efe!
cres Cei bob bendith i dy feddiant,
Hedd a chariad a'th ddilynant,
Crist a'th arwain i ogoniant;
f Pwy fel Efe!

(Efel.) *Pedr Fardd.*

mf One there is above all others—
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's;
f Oh, how He loves!
mf Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us;
cres But this Friend will ne'er deceive us;
f Oh, how He loves!

mf Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know Him?
Oh, how He loves!
Give thine heart, thine all unto Him?
Oh, how He loves!
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?
Unbelief and trials tease thee?
cres Jesus can from all release thee:
Oh, how He loves!

mf All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall thy foes be driven;
Oh, how He loves!
cres Best of blessings He'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
f Safe to glory He will guide thee;
Oh, how He loves!

M. Nunn.

60 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Fywyd a'i Weinidogaeth.

Elidir. M. 7.7.7.7. D.

John D. Williams.

1

cym Ti Dy Hunan, Iesu mawr,
Yw fy noddfa ar y llawr;
Ni ddaw fyth, ni fu erioed,
Dy gyfelyb is y rhôd:
Nid oes neb all fy iachau,
Concro 'mhechod, madden 'mai,
Ond a roddodd gadarn lei
Rhwing y ddaear fawr a'r nef.

2

mf Iesu, gorphwys yn Dy glwy'
Wna fy enaid bellach mwy;
Dyma'm noddfa werthiawr lawn
O foreuddydd hyd brydnawn,
cres Dyma 'nghysur oll i gyd,
Dyma'm nerth o'r nefol fyd:
f Yn Dy allu âf yn mlaen,
Concraff ddŵr a choncraff dân.

1

mf Jesus, Thou didst bear for me
All the shame and all the strife,
Blessed Jesus, patiently
Thou didst tread the path of life:
cres O my Saviour! if Thy will
Bids me longer here to pine,
Be Thyself my pattern still,
Make me live a life like Thine.

2

mf Show me that great company
p Who, with fainting steps and slow,
cres Climbed to their bright rest on high,
This same pathway long ago:
By the love which kept them true,
By the blood which made them Thine;
f Blessed Jesus, keep me too,
Till their glorious home be mine!

Pantycelyn.

W. E. Littlewood

61 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Life and Ministry.

Regent Square. M. 8.7.4.

Henry Smart.

♩ = 92

A - men.

mf 1 Deuwch, bechaduriaid tlodion,
Clwyfus, cleifion, o bob rhyw;
Crist sy'n barod i'ch gwaredu,
Llawn tosturi yw Mab Duw:
cres Nac amheuwch,
Abl ac ewyllysgar yw.

mf 2 Rai anghenus, de'wch a chroesaw,
I gael rhoddion Duw yn rhâd;
Cewch wir ffydd ac edifeirwch,
A phob grâs yn ddinacâd;
cres De'wch heb arian,
Prynwch gan yr Iesu'n rhâd.

mf 3 De'wch, flinderog, a thrwmlwythog,
Trwy y cwmp ga'dd farwol friw;
Os aroschw nes eich gwella,
Byth ni ddeuwch yn eich byw:
cres Pechaduriaid,
Nid rhai cyfiawn, eilw Duw.

(Cyf) David Jones, Caio.

mf 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, joined with power.
cres He is able;
f He is willing: doubt no more.

mf 2 Ho! ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh:
cres Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

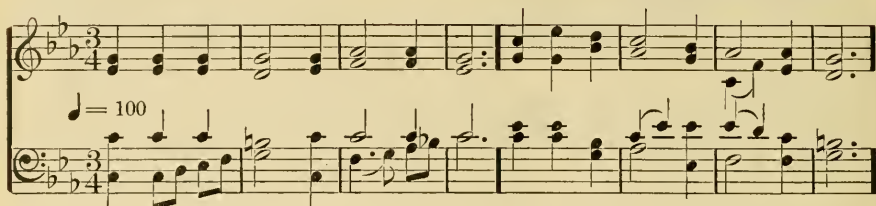
mf 3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
cres Not the righteous,
f Sinners Jesus came to call.

J. Hart.

62 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Crist—Ei Hygyd a'i Weinidogaeth.

St. Aelred. M. S.S.S.3.

Rev. John B. Dykes.



1

1

f Cynhyrfai'r storm, a rhuai'r lli;
dim Mewn pryder gwyliai'th weision cu;
p Ond cysgu'n dawl 'roeddet Ti,
Arglwydd Ior!

f Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,
dim Watch did Thine anxious servants keep;
p But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
pp Calm and still.

2

2

f "Cadw ni Arglwydd!" oedd eu cri;
"Yn ein cyfyngder achub ni!"—
mf Fe aeth Dy air yn drech na'r lli—
p "Gosteg fôr!"

f "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
mf Thy word above the storm rose high,
p "Peace, be still."

3

3

mf Distawai'r gwynt; a'r dyfnder mawr,
dim Fel baban bach a gysgai'n awr;
p Gwrandawai'r dôn, wrth suddo i lawr,
pp Air yr Ior.

mf The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
dim Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
p The sullen billows ceased to leap,
pp At Thy will.

4

4

mf Pan dduo'r nen, a'r gwynt a'r lli
cres Yn curo arnom o bob tu,
Dwêd eto, rhag ein colli ni—
p "Gosteg, fôr!"

mf So, when our life is clouded o'er,
cres And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
p "Peace, be still."

(Cyf.) Parch W. Emlyn Jones.

Rev. Godfrey Thring.

63 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Life and Ministry.

Hollingside. M. 7.7.7.7. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes.

1
mp Iesu! Cyfaill f' enaid cu!
 I Dy fynwes gâd im' ffoi,
 Tra b'o 'r dyfroedd o bob tu,
 A'r tymhestloedd, yn crynhôl:
cres Cudd fi, O fy Mhrynwr! cudd,
 Nes 'r êl heibio 'r storom gref;
mf Yn Arweinydd imi bydd
cres Nes im' dd'od i deyrnas nef.
 2
mf Noddfa arall, gŵn nid oes,
 Ond Tydi, i'm henaid gwân;
p Ti, fu farw ar y groes,
 Yw fy nghymorth yn mhob mân;
cres Ynot', O fy Iesu! mae
 Holl ymddiried f' enaid byw;
f Nerth rho imi i barhau,
 Nes d'od adref at fy Nuw.

3
mf Grâs sydd ynot', fel y môr—
 Grâs i faddeu fy holl fai;
cres Boed i'w ffrydiau, Arglwydd Iôr!
 Oddi wrth bechod fy nglanhau;
f Ffynon bywyd f' enaid gwiw
 Rŷdd im' gysur ar fy nhaith;
cres Llôna f' ysbryd tra b'wyf byw:
 Tardd i dragwyddoldeb maith!
 (Cyf.) "Y Geirgrawn," 1796.

1
mf Jesus, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
cres Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
mf Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.
 2
mf Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
cres All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
dîm With the shadow of Thy wing.

3
mf Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
cres Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
f Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
ff Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

64 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Hywyd a'i Meinidogaeth.

St. Bees. M. 7.7.7.7.

Rev. John B. Dykes.



1

mf Tegwch hardd Ei wyneb-pryd
Cân' hawddgarach yw na'r byd;
Mae trysorau nefol rās
O Dy enau'n d'od i mae.

1

mf Son of God, to Thee we bow;
cres Thou art Lord, and only Thou;
mf Thou the woman's chosen seed;
Thou who didst for sinners bleed.

2

mf Rhosyn Saron teca' 'i ddawn'
Seren foreu ddisglaer iawn
Yw, oleua 'r llwybr maith
Tua'r wlad o fel a llaeth.

2

f Thou hast the glad tidings brought,
Of salvation fully wrought;
Wrought, O Lord, alone by Thee,
Wrought to set Thy people free.

3

mp Fe fu 'n hongian ar y pren,
mf Fe ddiffoddodd lid y nen;
cres Nid oes uwch y sêr, ond Ef
Gliria 'r ffordd i ganol nef.

3

mf Thee, our Lord, would we adore,
cres Serve and follow more and more,
f Praise and bless Thy matchless love,
Till we join Thy saints above.

Pantycelyn.

J. Cennick.

65 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Life and Ministry.

Vox Dilecti. M. C. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes.

1
p Mi glywais lais yr Iesu'n dweyd,
 "Tyr'd ataf yr awr hon!
 Rho'th ben i lawr, flinderog un,
 Yn esmwyth ar Fy mron!"
cres Mi ddaethum at yr Iesu cu,
 Yn llwythog, blin, a phrudd,
 Gorphwysfa gefais ynddo Ef,
 'Rwy'n llawen nos a dydd.

2
p Mi glywais lais yr Iesu'n dweyd,
 "Mae'r bywiol ddwfr yn rhad;
 Ymgryma i lawr, sychedig un,
 Yi fywyd, ac iachad!"
cres Mi ddaethum at yr Iesu cu,
 Ac yfais ddyfroedd gwiw,
f Y syched ffôdd, daeth nerth yn ol,
 Ac ynddo Ef 'rwy'n byw.

3
p Mi glywais lais yr Iesu'n dweyd,
 "Goleuni'r byd wyf fi!
cres Dy wyneb tro, drallodus un—
f Daw boreu clir i ti!"
cres Mi droais at yr Iesu cu,
 Daeth HAUL, 'rol noson faith;
f A rhodfa yn ngoleuni hwn
 Nes dod i ben fy nhaith.

(Cyf) Morswyn.

1
p I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto Me and rest,
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast."
cres I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary and worn and sad,
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

2
p I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down and drink, and live."
cres I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
f My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

3
mf I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
cres Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
f And all thy day be bright."
cres I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
f And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till traveling days are done.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

66 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Crist—Ei Hywyd a'i Weinidogaeth.

Luzerne. M. 8.7. D.

Gwilym M. Williams.

cym 1 O llefara! addfwyn Iesu,
Mae Dy eiriau fel y gwin,
Oll yn dwyn i mewn dangnefedd
Ag sydd o anfeidrol rîn;
cres Mae holl leisïau'r grêadigaeth,
Holl ddeniadau cnawd a byd,
dim Wrth Dy lais hyfydaf, tawel,
p Yn distewi a myn'd yn fud.

2
mf D'wêd Dy fod yn eiddo imi,
Mewn llyth'renau eglur, clîr;
Tôr amheuaeth sydd ddigysur,
Tywyll, dyrys, cyn b'o hir;
cres 'R wy'n hiraethu am gael clywed
Un o eiriau pur y ne',
f Nes b'o ofn du a thristwch
Yn tragwyddol golli eu lle.

Pantycelyn.

1
mf Speak, I pray Thee, gentle Jesus,
Oh, how passing sweet Thy words,
Breathing o'er my troubled spirit
Peace which never earth affords.
f All the world's distracting voices,
All th' enticing tones of ill,
dim At Thy accents mild, melodious,
p Are subdued, and all is still.

1
mf Tell me Thou art mine, O Saviour,
Grant me an assurance clear,
Banish all my dark misgivings,
Still my doubting, calm my fear.
cres Oh, my soul within me yearneth
Now to hear Thy voice divine:
f So shall grief be gone forever,
And despair no more be mine.

(Tr.) R. M. Lewis.

67 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Life and Ministry.

Blaencefn. M. 8.7.4.

John Thomas Llanwrtyd.

♩ = 92

A-men.

1
mf Gwyn a gwrïdog yw fy Arglwydd,
 Gwyn a gwrïdog yw Ei wedd;
 Brenin y brenhinoedd ydyw
 Yma a thu draw i'r bedd;
cres Mae Dy degwch
 Wedi'm henill ar Dy ôl.

2
mf Càn' fïarwèl i bob peth arall,
 'R wyt Ti'n ddigon mawr Dy Hun;
 Derfydd nefoedd, derfydd daear,
 Derfydd tegwch wyneb dyn:
cres 'Sawl Dy gaffo,
f Gaiff y cwbl oll yn un.

3
mf 'Sawl Dy gaffo gaiff bleserau,
 Pleser yma is y rhôd,
 Ei ddyfnderoedd ni ddeallodd
 Cnawd na rheswm eto erioed:
cres O! gâd imi,
 Imi'n fuan Dy fwynhau.

Pantycelyn.

1
mf Sinners lost—behold your Saviour!
 Lepers, your Physician see!
 One Whose heart delights to pardon,
 Many though your sins may be:
f Praise Him! Praise Him!
 For the love that stooped so low.

2
mf See, my soul, the loving Shepherd
 Search the wild for those astray;
 Call the foolish wanderers homeward,
 Gently lead them on the way;
f Ever blessed, ever blessed
 Be His Name for saving grace.

3
mf Life He gives the helpless wounded
 In their blood about to die;
 Clothes in raiment white the naked;
 Lifts the poor who prostrate lie.
f He is worthy, He is worthy
 Of the glory evermore.

(Trans.) W. Howells.

68 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Crist—Ei Hyfnydd a'i Weinidogaeth.

Bryntirion. M. 9.7.9.7.99.

T. Maldwyn Price.

- 1 *mf* Yr oedd cant namyn un o'r praidd mewn hedd,
Dan ofal y Bugail o hyd;
decr Ond aeth un ar goll, gan grwydro y'mhell,
A gadael y gorlan glŷd;
mp Draw, draw i'r mynyddoedd a'r anial maith,
p Heb Fugail, heb gysgod, na phorfa chwaith.
- 2 *mp* O Arglwydd, mae genyt dy gant namyn un,
Ai nid digon yw hyn i ti?
mf "Na, na," medd y Bugail,—“Fy nafad hon
Aeth i grwydro oddiwrthyf Fi;
cres Er mor arw yw'r ffordd, i'r anial yr af,
A cheisio fy nafad yno wnaif.”
- 3 *mf* Trwy yr eang fynyddoedd, o'r creigiau serth,
Daw yr adsain fel taran gref,—
cres “Llawenhewch, mi gefais fy nafad hon,
Llawenhewch holl deulu'r nef.”
Mae'r Bugail yn llawen, er colli Ei waed,
Trwy'r nef mae gorioledd, y ddafad a gaed.

Efel Ieuan Gwyllt.

69 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Life and Ministry.

Wesley. M. 66.66.88.

Dr. S. S. Wesley.

1

mf O! Rosyn Saron hardd!
 O! 'r Lili gwŷn ei liw!
 Nid oes o'r ddae'r a dardd
 Flaguryn fel fy Nuw:
cres Yn mhlith y coed rhyw gangen lawn
 O sypiau grawn f' Anwylyd yw.

2

p Pan oeddwn i yn wân,
 Yn mron llewygu'n wir,
cres Fe'm c'ododd i i'r lân
 I mewn i'w windy pur:
 Ce's yfed gwŷn, hyd heddyw mae
f Fyth yn parhau ei nefol rin.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Join all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore,
cres All are too mean to speak His worth,
f Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2

f My Saviour and my Lord,
 My Conqueror and my King,
 Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing;
cres Thine is the power, behold I sit
ff In willing bonds before Thy feet.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

70 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Crist—Ei Fywyd a'i Weinidogaeth.

Dansam. M. 8.8.8.6.

Daniel Protheroe.



1

1

mf O Iesu mawr! pwy ond Tydi,
A allai farw drosom ni,
A'n dwyn o warth i fythol fri?
f Pwy all anghofio hyn?

mf O Thou, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
cres On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2

2

f Doed myrdd ar fyrrd o bob rhyw ddawn,
I gydfawrhau d'anfeidrol iawn—
Y gwaith gyflawnaist un prydawn
Ar fyth gofiadwy fryn.

mf When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
dim And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

3

3

mf Nid yw y greadigaeth faith,
Na'th holl arwyddion gwyrtiol chwaith,
Yn gydbwys a'th achubol waith—
p cres Yn marw i ni gael byw'!

p And when my dying hour draws near,
O'ercast with sorrow, pain, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
cres Pleading in heaven for me.

4

4

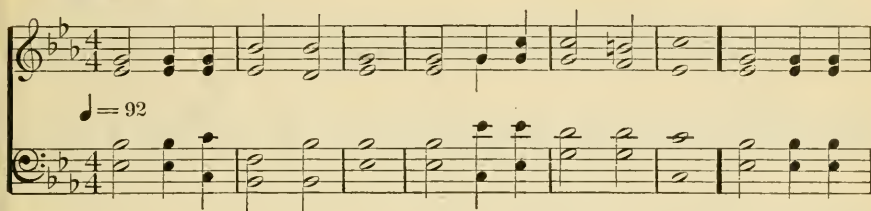
mf Rhyfeddod heb heneiddio mwy
Fydd hanes mawr dy farwol glwy',
cres Ni threiddia tragwyddoideb drwy
Ddyfnderau cariad Duw.

mf When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
f Say Thou hast washed them all away;
O say Thou plead'st for me.

71 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Sufferings and Death.

Shawmut. M. B.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



A - men.

1

tyn Nis gallai gwaed yr holl
Aberthau i gyd o'r bron
Ro'i heddwch i'r gydwybod ddu,
Na golchi brynti hon.

2

cres Ond Crist, y nefol Oen,
A ddŷg bechodau'r byd;
Ei aberth Ef, a'i waed, sydd fwy
Na phwysau 'rhai'n i gyd.

3

mf Mae gobaith f'enaïd gwân,
Fy hyder, a fy ffydd,
Yn gwir ymorphwys ar Ei waed
Am lwyr lanhâd ryw ddydd.

4

mp Gwnaeth Iesu gymod llawn,
Dioddefodd angu loes;
mf Y clôd di-drai, y mawl di-lŷth,
F'o byth am waed y groes.

(Cyf.) David Thomas.

1

mf Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain:

2

mf But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
cres A sacrifice of nobler name
f And richer blood than they.

3

mf My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

4

cres Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
f We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

72 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Crist—Ei Ddyoddefaint a'i Farwolareth.

Via Crucis. M. 7.6. D.

E. T. Davies. F.R.C.O.

mf Côf am y cyfiawn Iesu,
Y Person mwyaf hardd,
A'r noswaith drom, anesmwyth,
Bu'n chwysu yn yr ardd;
A'i chwys yn ddafnau cochion
Yn syrthio ar y llawr;
cres Bydd canu am Ei gariad
I dragwyddoldeb mawr.

mf Côf am y llu o filwyr
A'u gwaewffyn yn dod
p I ddal yr Oen diniwed
Na wnaethai gam erioedd;
cres Gwrandewch y geiriau dd'wedodd,
(Pwy all'sai ond Efe?)
mf "Gadewch i'r rhai'n fynd ymaith,
Cymerwch Fi'n eu lle."

mf Côf am y wyneb siriol,
Y poerwyd arno'n wir;
Côf am y cefn gwerthfawr
Lle'r arddwyd cwysau hir;
cres O! anwyl Arglwydd Iesu!
Boed grym Dy gariad pur
I dori'm calon galed
Wrth gofio am Dy gur.

William Lewis, Llangloffan.

mf O Jesus Christ, the righteous,
The altogether Fair,
The bodeful night and cheerless,
The sweat at even there;
That like to drops of crimson
Fell fast upon the ground:
cres His love to guilty sinners
Eternity shall sound.

cres Think of that foe so wildly
With spears that hastened in
dim To seize the Lamb, the guiltless,
Who knew no taint of sin;
mf O hear His accents tender
(Who thus could speak but He?)
"Let these depart all scatheless,
Your anger turn on Me."

mf Of that bright face that suffered
Such cruel, gross despite;
Of that fair form so furrowed
With pain by ruthless might;
cres O sweetest Lord and Saviour,
Grant that Thy love's great power
May break my stubborn spirit
When thinking of that hour.

(Trans.) Rev. Robert Parry.

73 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Sufferings and Death.

Rhyl. M. S.S.S.S. D.

J. Ambrose Lloyd.

1

1

mp Wrth gofio'i riddfanau'n yr ardd,
A'i chwys fel defynau o waed—
Aredig ar gefn oedd mor hardd,
A'i daro â chleddyf Ei Dad—
cres A'i arwain i Galfari fryn,
A'i hoelio ar groesbren o'i fôdd;
f Pa dafod all dewi am hyn?
dim Pa galon mor galed na thôdd?
Thomas Lewis, Talytychau.

mp Gethsem'ne! the vision I see!—
His blood-sweat bedewing its face,
My Saviour—the Sinless—'tis He,
His head, bowed with woe, in my place;
cres I follow to Calvary's height,
" 'Tis finished!" He cries—loving deed!
f What tongue but will tell it with might?
dim What heart, yea so hard, but will bleed?
(Trans.) Rev. Peter Edwards, Mus. Bac.

74 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Crist—Ei Ddygodddefaint a'i Harwolaeth.

Passion Chorale. M. 7.6.7.6. D.

Hans Leo Hassler.
Harmonized by J. S. Bach.

f 1 O! Enw ardderchocaf
Yw enw marwol glwy';
Caniadau archangylion
A fydd iâth enw mwyr;
cres Bydd yr anfeidrol ddyfais
O brynedigaeth dyn,
f Gan raddau filoedd yno
Yn cael ei chanu'n un.

2
mf Deg dryll ar hugain arian,
Fy Iesu, oedd Dy bris:
Allasai ddim o'r arfaeth
Dy werthu'n uwch neu'n is?
cres Anfeidrol ddystyrwch!
Talasai 'Mhrynwr mawr
f Y nefoedd fil o weithiau,
A mil o weithiau'r llawr.

3
p Bechadur! gwêl E'n sefyll
Yn llonydd ar y groes;
dim Clyw'r griddfan sy yn Ei enaid
Dàn ddyfnder angu loes;
cres O! gwrando ar Ei riddfan!
Mae pob ochenaid ddrud
f Yn ddigon mawr o haeddiant
Ei hun i brynu byd.

Pantycelyn.

mf 1 O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
cres Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
cres O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
f Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

2
mf What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
cres Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

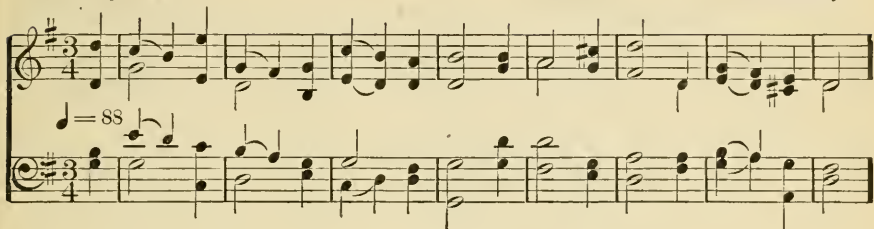
3
mf What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
cres O make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
f Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

(Trans.) Rev. J. W. Alexander.

75 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Sufferings and Death.

Carey. M. H.

H. Carey.



1

mf Wrth edrych, Iesu, ar Dy groes,
A meddwl dyfnder D'anguen loes,
cres Pryd hyn 'r wyf yn dibrisio'r byd,
A'r holl ogoniant sy ynddo i gyd.

2

mf N'âd fi ymddiried tra f'wyf byw,
Ond yn Dy anguen Di, fy Nuw;
cres Dy boenau a Dy farwol glwy'
f Gaiff fod yn ymfrost imi mwy.

3

p Gwelwch yn nwyllaw 'Mhrynwyr pur
Ac yn Ei draed Ef hoelion dur;
Edrychwch ar y wayw-ffon
Yn tòri'r archoll dân Ei fron!

4

mf Poen a llawenydd dân y loes,
Tristwch a chariad ar y groes;
cres P'le bu rhinweddau fel y rhai'n
Erioed o'r blaen dân goron ddrain?

Pantycelyn.

1

mf When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
cres My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2

mf Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
cres All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3

p See, from His Head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
cres Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4

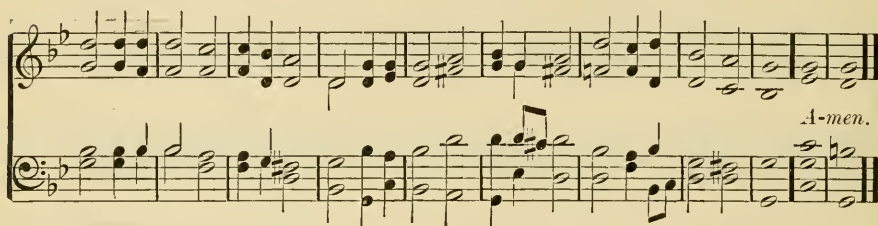
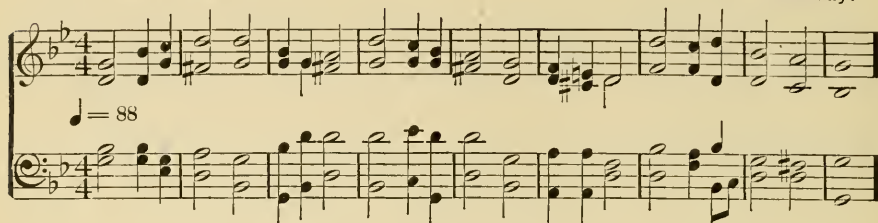
mf Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
f Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Rev. Isaac. Watts

76 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Ddygodddefaint a'i Harwylarth.

St. John. M. 886.886.

Ancient Melody.



1

mp Yn Eden, cofiaf hyny byth,
Bendithion gollais rif y gwllith;
Syrthiodd fy nghoron wiw:
mf Ond buddugoliaeth Calfari
f Enillodd hon yn ôl i mi;
Mi ganaf tra b'wyf byw.

2

p Ar Galfari, yn ngwrês y dydd,
Y caed y gwystrl mawr yn rhydd,
Trwy golli gwaed yn lli';
cres 'N awr dim heb dalu, rhoddwyd Iawn
Nes clirio llyfrau'r nef yn llawn,
Heb ofyn dim i mi.

3

mp Ffydd, dacw'r fân, a dacw'r pren,
Yr hoeliwyd arno D'wysog nen,
Yn wirion yn fy lle:
f Y ddraig ysigwyd gan Dduw-ddyn,
Can's clwyfiwyd dau, gorchfygodd Un,
Ac Iesu oedd Efe.

1

mf In Eden, (O the memory)
What countless gifts were lost to me,
My crown of glory fell;
cres But Calvary's great victory
f Restored that vanished crown to me,—
On this my song shall dwell.

2

p On Calvary, in noonday heat,
Redemption there was made complete,
By shedding blood for me;
cres No debt remains, atonement made,
f And all the dues of Heaven paid,
And I the debtor free.

3

mf Faith, see the Mount, the Cross of shame,
Whereto the King of Glory came,
Nailed on the cross for me;
cres The serpent bruised by Him alone,
Twain wounded were, but Victor one,
And Jesus Christ was He.

Pantycelyn.

(Trans.) Rev. Robert Parry.

77 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Sufferings and Death.

Resolven. M. 8.7.8.7. D.

David Evans, Mus. Doc.

1

f Dyma gariad fel y moroedd,
Tosturiaethau fel y lli';
mf T'wysog bywyd pur yn marw,
Marw i brynu'n bywyd ni!
f Pwy all beidio cofio am dano?
Pwy all beidio traethu'i glod?
Dyma gariad nad a'n anghof,
Tra bo'r nefoedd wen yn bod.

2

mf Ar Galfaria yr ymrwygodd
Holl ffynonau'r dyfnder mawr,
cres Torodd holl argaeau'r nefoedd
Oedd yn gyfain hyd yn awr;
f Gras a chariad megys diluw
Yn ymdywallt yma 'nghyd;
A chyfiawnder pur a heddweh
Yn cusanu euog fyd.

Hiraethog.

1

f See what love! like mighty oceans!
See what flood of mercy rise!
mf See Him now, the Prince of Glory—
To redeem our life, He dies!
f O what heart can e'er forget Him?
Who His praise refuse to sing?
This is love to be remembered,
While heav'n's Hallelujahs ring.

2

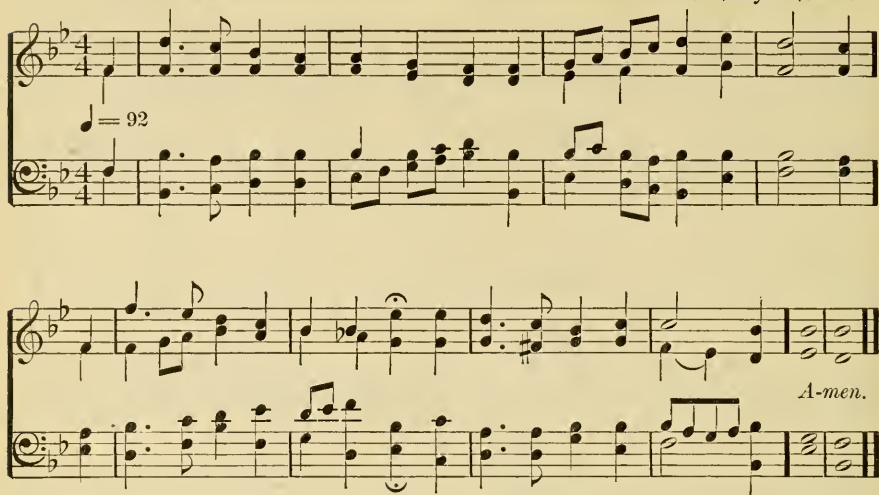
mf Fountains of the deep were broken,
When on Calvary He died;
cres See them burst, the ancient channels,
With the overflowing tide!
f O what floods, what crystal torrents
Of redeeming love and grace!
Heavenly Peace, and sovereign Justice
Now a guilty world embrace.

(Trans.) Rev. Elved Lewis.

78 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Crist—Ei Odydddefaint a'i Harwolaeth.

Glanceri. M. S.

D. Emlyn Evans.



1

mf Mae'r gwaed a redodd ar y groes
O oes i oes i'w gofio;
cres Rhy fyr yw tragwyddoldeb llawn
I dd'weyd yn iawn am dano.

2

mf Mae hynod rinwedd gwaed yr Oen,
A'i boen wrth achub enaid,
f Yn seinio'n uwch ar dannau'r nef
Na hyfryd lef seraphiaid.

3

mf 'Mhen oesoedd rif y tywod mân
Ni bydd y gân ond dechreu;
Rhyw newydd wyrth o'i angu drud
A ddaw o hyd i'r goleu.

4

Ni thraethir maint anfeidrol werth
Ei aberth yn dragywydd:
cres Er treulio myrdd o oesoedd glân,
f Ni bydd y gân ond newydd.

Robert Williams.

1

mf The chiefest theme of heavenly song
Is Jesu's dying glory;
cres In highest hymn each harp is strong
To tell again the story.

2

mf The virtue of His sufferings,
His grief in our restoring,
f Sound louder on celestial strings
Than Seraphim adoring.

3

mf The song will but begin to rise,
When ages vast are over;
For ever shall His sacrifice
New miracles discover.

4

cres The music shall forever swell,
Host unto host replying;
f But oh! the song will never tell
The worth of Jesus dying.

(Trans.) Elfed.

79 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Sufferings and Death.

Scranton. M. H.

Daniel Protheroe.

1

mf O Arglwydd! cofia'th angu drud,
A'th boenau mawrion yn y byd;
cres A dadleu 'rhai'n âg uchel lef
Dros f' enaid tlawd yn nghanol nef.

2

p O! cofia'th wae, a'th waed, a'th gur,
Ac ôl yr hoelion llymion dur,
Dy chwys i'r llawr yn ddafnau gwaed,
A'th glwyfau mawr o'th ben i'th draed.

3

mf 'R wy'n ceisio ymdreiglo at Dy waed,
Gan gwmpo'n llaw trugaredd râd;
cres 'D oes gweithred dda yn eiddod fi
All hõni hawl i'r nefoedd fry.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf O come and mourn with me awhile!
The Saviour calls us to His side;
cres Oh, come, together, let us mourn:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

2

p Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff, and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

3

mf O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
cres And victory remains with Love:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

F. W. Faber.

80 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Bdygoddefaint a'i Harwolaeth.

Sophia. M. C.

Rev. John Jones. Talsarn.
Harmonized by David Jenkins, Mus. Bac.



1

mf Mi dafia' maich oddi ar fy ngwâr
Wrth deimlo dwyfol loes;
cres Euogrwydd fel mynyddau'r byd
Dry'n ganu wrth Dy groes.

2

mf Os edrych wnaf i'r dwyrain draw,
Os edrych wnaf i'r de,
cres Yn mhlith a fu, neu ynte ddaw,
f 'D oes debyg iddo 'Fe.

3

p Fe ro'dd Ei ddwyylaw pur ar lêd,
Fe wisgodd goron ddraîn,
cres Er mwyn i'r brwnt gael bod yn wÿn
Fel hyfryd lian main.

4

mf Esgynodd fry i entrych nef
I eiriol dros y gwân;
Fe sugna f'enaïd inau'n lân
I'w fynwes yn y mân.

1

mf I'll cast my heavy burden down,
Remembering Jesu's pains;
cres Guilt, high as towering mountain-tops,
Here turns to joyful strains.

2

mf If to the east or west I turn,
North, south, or otherwhere,
cres Of all who came or yet shall come,
f None can with Him compare.

3

p He stretched His pure white hands abroad,
A crown of thorns He wore,
cres So that the poorest sinner might
Be cleansed forevermore.

4

mf He rose on high to intercede
For man, with sin oppress,
My spirit, too, He soon will draw
Unto Himself to rest.

Pantycelyn.

(Trans.) Rev. Robert Parry.

81 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Sufferings and Death.

Kingston. M. 8.8.6.

John Pugh.

1

p Ai Iesu mawr, Ffrynd dynol-ryw,
Wy'n weled fry â'i gnawd yn friw,
A'i waed yn lliwio'r lle;
Fel gŵr di-bris yn rhwym ar bren,
A'r gwaed yn dorthau ar Ei ben?
pp Iē, f'enaïd, dyma 'Fe.

2

mf Ai 'm hanwyl Brïod welaf draw,
A hoelion llymion trwy bob llaw,
A'u pwyo'n drwm i dre',
cres A bâr o ddur trwy'i dirion draed,
dim Ac Yntau'n marw yn Ei waed?
pp Iē, f'enaïd, dyma 'Fe.

3

p Ai Ef fu'n maddeu idd Ei gâs,
A'i waed yn llif o'i glwyfau i maes,
Nes agor drws y ne',
Rho'i 'i ben tua'r llawr gan boenau llym,
Yn wirion, deg, heb yngan dim?
pp Iē, f' enaïd, dyma 'Fe.

(Cyf.) Pantycelyn.

1

mf O Love divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
cres I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me,

2

mf God only knows the love of God:
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
cres For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

3

mf O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice!
f My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

Rev. Charles Wesley.

82 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Odydddefaint a'i Farwolaeth.

Joseph. M. 8.7. D.

Tom Price.

mf Mi edrychaf ar i fyny,
Deued t'w'llwch, deued nôs;
Os daw heddwch im' o unlle,
Daw o haeddiant gwaed y groes;
cres Dyna 'r mân y gwnaf fy nhrigfan,
Dyna 'r mân gobeithaf mwy;
Nid oes iechyd fyth i'm henaid
Ond mewn dwyfol farwol glwy'.

mf Gobaith f'enaid yw Ei haeddiant,
Gobaith f'enaid yw Ei rym;
p Tlawd, a llesg, a gwan, ac yntyd,
Ydwyf fi heb feddu dim:
cres Trwodd draw yr wyf yn edrych,
Dros y brynau mawrion, pell,
Ac yn disgwyl fy ngorphwysfa
O gyfiawnder llawer gwell.

mf Nid oes ffynnon wedi ei hagor
A all olchi 'r euog hyn,
Ond y ffynnon a agorodd
Cariad ar Galfaria fryn:
f Gwaed all dalu 'n llwyr am feiau—
Gwaed all agor porth y nef:
Ac nid oes foddiona 'r nefoedd
Ond Ei haeddiant dwyfol Ef.

Pantycelyn.

mf Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend:
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
cres Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

mf Truly blessed is this station,
Low before the cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.
cres Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

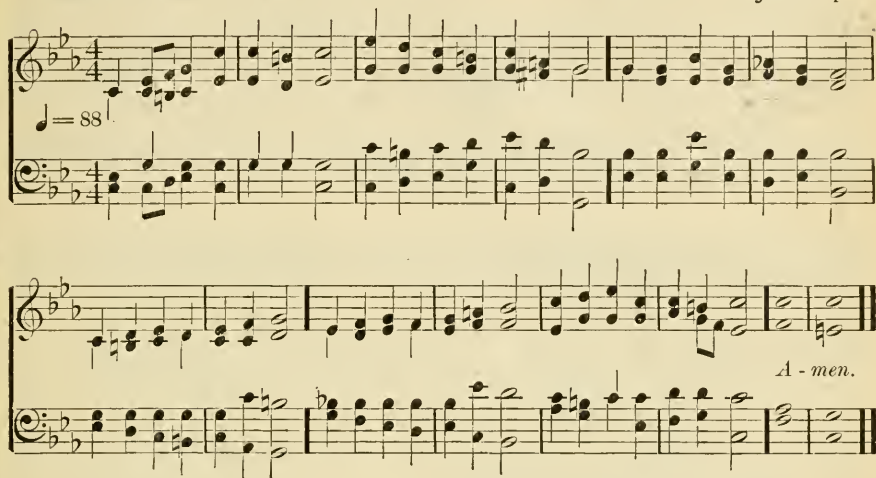
mf Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
cres Life deriving from His death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
f Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know.

J. Allen, alt. W. W. Shirley.

83 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Sufferings and Death.

Gethsemane. M. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

J. Schop.



1

mp Dacw gariad nefoedd wên
Yn disgleirio ar y pren;
cres Dacw daledigaeth lawn
I ofynion trymion iawn:
p Iesu gollodd ddwyfol waed,
mf Minau gafodd wir iachâd.

2

cres Na ddoed gwael wrthrychau'r byd
I gartrefu yn fy mryd;
Digon, f'enaïd, digon yw
Myfyrdodau dwyfol friw:
Mae mwy pleser yn Dy glwy'
Na'u llawenydd penaf hwy.

3

p Iesu gollodd ddwyfol waed,
mf Minau gafodd wir iachâd;
cres Darfu ymfrost mawr y byd,
Iesu biau'r clôd i gyd;
Wrth Ei draed dymunwn fyw,
Holl hapusrwydd i'enaïd yw.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan,
cres Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

2

mf Prince of Life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
cres By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power to help and save,
f Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

3

f Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

R. Mant.

84 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Odydddefaint a'i Harmlaeth.

Calfari. M. 8.7.4.

J. Stanley.

cym Clywch lefyrydd grās a chariad,
O Galfaria'n seinio sydd;
f Wele'r cedyrn greigiau'n hollti,
Haul yn t'w'llu ganol dydd:
dīm "Fe orphenwyd!"
p Dwys ddolefa'r Meichiau mawr.

mf O! 'r trysorau anchwiliadwy
A gynwysir yn y gair;
cres Môr diderfyn o fendithion,
I dylodion ynddo cair:
f "Fe orphenwyd!"
Ni bydd eisieu aberth mwy.

cres Adgyweirier pob rhyw delyn
Drwy y ddaear faith a'r nef
Er cyd-daro'r anthem newydd
Heddyw a gyhoeddodd Ei:
f "Fe orphenwyd!"
Dyma gân na dderfydd byth.

(Cyf.) Ieuan Glan Geirionydd.

mf Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
f See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"
p Hear the dying Saviour cry.

mf "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford;
cres Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

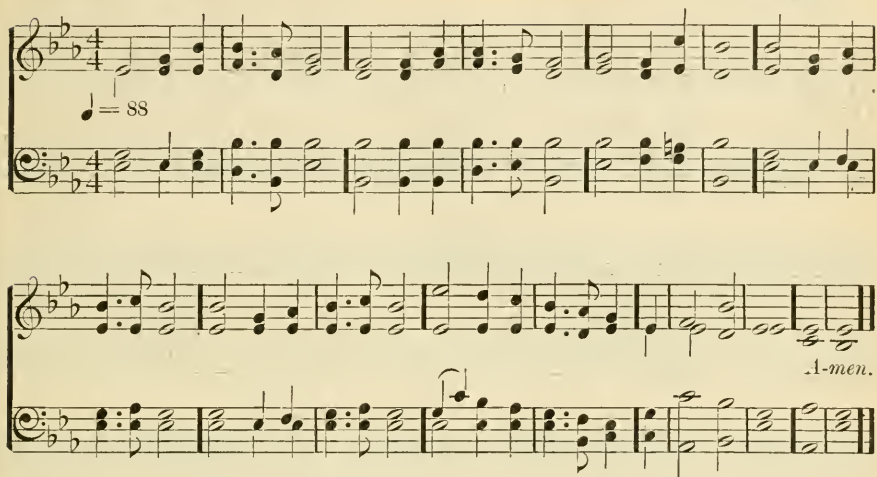
mf Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
cres All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's Name.
f Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

J. Evans.

85 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Sufferings and Death.

Olivet. M. 6.6.4.6.6.4.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



1

mf Arosaf ddydd a nôs,
Byth bellach dân Dy groes,
I'th lôn fwynhau;
cres Mi w'n mai'r taliad hyn,
Wnaed ar Galfaria fryn,
f A'm càna oll yn wŷn,
Oddi wrth fy mai.

2

mf Yn nyfnder dŵr a thân,
Calfaria fydd fy nghân,
Calfaria mwy:
cres Y bryn ordeiniodd Duw
Yn nhragwyddoldeb yw
I g'odi'r marw'n fyw,
Trwy farwol glwy'.

3

f Âf bellach tua'r wlad
Bwrcaswyd imi â gwaed;
'R wyf yn nesâu:
Câf yno oll i'm rhan
Sydd eisieu ar i' enaid gwân,
A hyny yn y mân,
I'w bur fwynhau.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
cres Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
f O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2

mf May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
cres As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3

p When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
cres Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
f O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Rev. Ray Palmer.

86 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Bdydddefaint a'i Farwolaeth.

Garn. M. 7.6. D.

J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac.

1
mf Fyth, fyth, rhyfedda'i 'r cariad,
Yn nhragwyddoldeb pell,
A drefnodd yn yr arfaeth
Im' etifeddiaeth well
Na'r ddaear a'i thrysorau,
A'i brau bleserau 'nghyd:
f Fy nghyfoeth mawr diderfyn
Yw Iesu, Brynwr byd.

2
mp Ar noswaith oer fe chwysai
Y gwaed yn ddafnau i lawr,
Ac Ei mewn ymdrech meddwl
Yn talu'n dyled fawr;
Fe yfai'r cwpan chwerw
Wrth farw ar y pren;
Palmantodd fiordd i'r bywyd
O'r ddaear hyd y nen.

3
f Tragwyddol glôd i'r cyfiawn
Fu farw dros fy mai;
Fe adgyfododd eilwaith
O'r bedd i'm cyfiawnhâu;
cres Ar orsedd Ei drugaredd
Mae'n dadleu yn y ne',
Ei fywyd a'i farwolaeth
Anfeidrol yn fy lle.

1
mf Jesus, Thy love unbounded,
So full, so vast, so free,
Leaves all our thoughts confounded
Whene'er we think of Thee.
cres For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
For us didst bleed and die,
That, purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.

2
mf We know that Thou hast bought us,
And washed us in Thy blood;
We know Thy grace hast brought us
As kings and priests to God;
cres We know that soon the morning,
Long looked-for, hasteth near,
When we, at Thy returning,
In glory shall appear.

3
mf O let Thy love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee;
Let nothing please or pain us,
Apart, O Lord, from Thee;
f Our joy, our one endeavor,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy Name.

Morgan Rhys.

J. G. Deck.

87 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Sufferings and Death.

Wells. M. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

D. Bortnianski.

mf Graig yr Oesoedd! cuddia fi,
Er fy mwyn yr holltwyd Di;
Boed i rin y dŵr a'r gwaed,
O Dy ystlys friw a gaed,
cres Fy nglanhau o farwol rym
dim Ac euogrwydd pechod llym.

mf Nid fy holl weithredoedd i
All gyflawni'th gyfraith Di,
Pe b'ai 'm sêl yn dân di-lŷth,
A phe llifai 'm dagrau byth,
cres Iawn ni wnai yr oll yn un,—
f Ti raid achub, Ti Dy Hun.

mf Dôf yn waglaw at Dy groes,
Glynaf wrthi trwy fy oes;
Noeth, am wisg dôf atat Ti;
Llesg, am rās dychaifai gri;
cres Brwnt, i'r ffynnon dôf â'm clwyf;
f Golch fi Geidwad, marw'r wyf.

mf Tra 'n anadlu'm heinioes frau;
p Pan b'o'm llygaid llesg yn cau,
cres Pan b'wy'n hedfan uwch y llawr,
Pan yn ngŵydd Dy orsedd fawr,
f Graig yr Oesoedd! gād i mi
Lwyr ymguddio ynot Ti.

(Cyf.) Alafon.

mf Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
cres Be of sin the double cure,
dim Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

mf Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
cres All for sin could not atone:
f Thou must save, and Thou alone.

mf Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
cres Foul, I to the Fountain fly,
f Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

mf While I draw this fleeting breath,
p When my eyelids close in death,
cres When I soar through worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
f Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

A. M. Toplady.

88 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Ddygoddefaint a'i Harwolarth.

Islwyn. M. 8.7.4.

D. Lewis.

1

mf I Galfaria tro'i fy wyneb—
Ar Galfaria gwyn fy myd;
Y mae grâs ac anfarwoldeb
Yn diferu drosto i gyd;
cres "Pen Calfaria!"
Yno, i'enaïd, gwna dy nyth.

2

mf Yno clywaf yn yr awel
Salmau'r nef yn d'od i lawr,
Ddysgwyd wrth afonydd Babel,
Gynt yn ngwlad y cystudd mawr:
cres "Pen Calfaria!"
Gydia'r ddaear wrth y nef!

3

mf Dacw enaid lleidr aflan,
Wedi crino'n ngwrês y fflam,
O'i gadwynau'n dianc allan,
Ac i'r nef yn rhoddi llâm:
cres "Pen Calfaria!"
f Fydd ei gân dragwyddol mwyl

Dyfed.

1

f In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.
cres Let us, Saviour,
Take Thy cross and follow Thee.

2

mf When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
cres Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
f Let us, Saviour,
Take Thy cross and follow Thee.

3

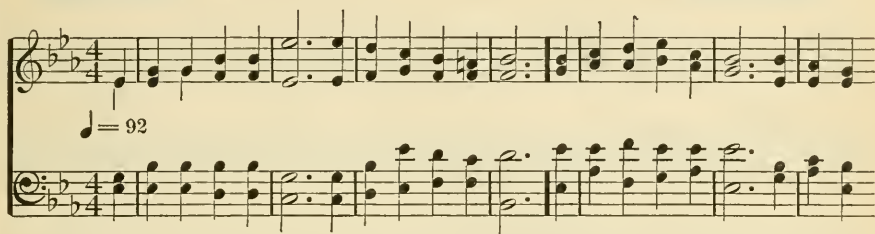
mf Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
cres Let us, Saviour,
f Take Thy cross and follow Thee.

Sir. John Bowring.

89 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Sufferings and Death.

Adoration. M. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

W. H. Havergal.



1

mf Mae dafn bach o waed
Yn drymach yn y nef
Na'r pechod mwyaf gaed,
A'i holl euogrydd ef:
Gwrandewir llais y dwyfol glwy'
O flaen eu damniol floeddiad hwy.

2

mf Ni chollwyd gwaed y groes
Erioed am ddim i'r llawr;
'Ddioddefwyd angu los
Heb ryw ddibenion mawr;
cres A dyma oedd Ei amcan Ef—
Fy nwyn o'r byd i deyrnas nef.

3

mp N'ad imi garu mwy
Y pechod drwg ei ryw—
Y pechod roddodd glwy'
I 'Mhrynwyr, O fy Nuw!
cres N'ad imi garu dim ond Ti
O'r ddae'r i eitha'r nefoedd fry.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Thy works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart.
cres To whom, save Thee, who can alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

2

p Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Hath borne the awful load
Of sins, that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God.
cres To whom, save Thee, who can alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

3

p Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
cres Ten thousand deaths like mine
" Would have been all too few.
f To whom, save Thee, who can alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall we flee?

H. Bonar.

90 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Crist—Ei Bdyoddefaint a'i Harwolaeth.

Maldwyn. M. 11.11.11.11.

Alaw Gymreig.

1 *mf* O! tyred, i'Anwylyd, fy Arglwydd yn ddyn,
Preswylia mewn teml a g'odaist Dy Hun;
Dy lais sy mor beraidd, mor hyfryd Dy wedd,
Dy olwg sy'n concro marwolaeth a'r bedd.

2 *mp* Boed côf am y mynydd, boed côf am yr awr,
Daeth ffrydiau o ystlys fy Arglwydd i lawr;
Gwaed wedi ei gymysgu â dwfr ynghyd,
cres Mwy gwerthfawr bob dafn o hono na'r byd.

3 *mf* Boed imi'n hyfrydwch, o foreu hyd nôs,
I ganu am gariad a choncwest Ei groes—
cres Gogoniant Ei berson, rhinweddau pob grâs,
Trwy boenau ofnadwy yn enill y maes.

Pantycelyn.

1 *mf* Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide Thou with me;
Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for Thee;
cres Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
And soothe every sorrow though keen be the smart.

2 *mf* Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender, so pure!
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!
cres That love like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

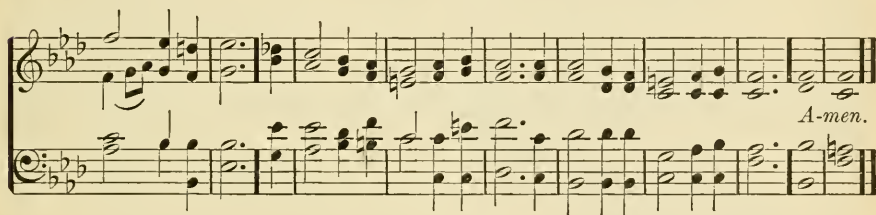
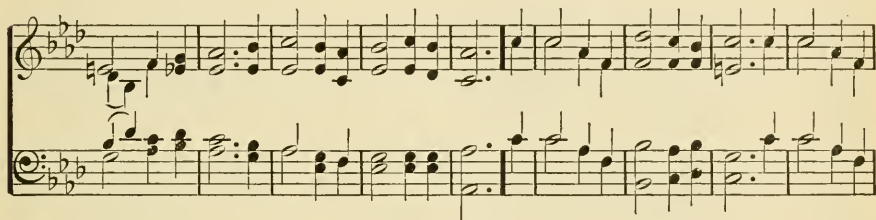
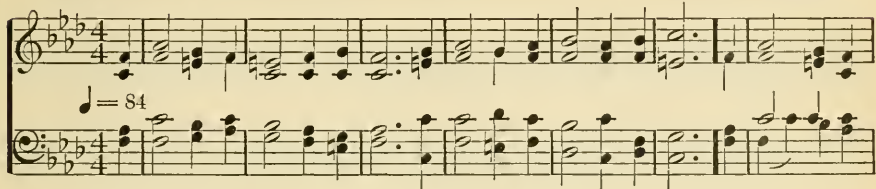
3 *mf* Oh, then, blesséd Jesus, who once for me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed from Thy side,
cres I shall see Thy full glory, Thy face shall behold,
f And praise Thee with raptures forever untold!

Rev. Ray Palmer.

91 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Sufferings and Death.

Trewen. M. 88.88. D.

D. Emlyn Evans.



1

mf O gariad! O gariad mor rhâd!
 O! foroedd o gariad mor fawr!
 Mab uniganedig y Tad
 Ddisgynodd o'r nefoedd i'r llawr:
 Cymerodd Ei wneuthur yn gnawd,
 Dynoliaeth â Duwdod yn un;
p Bu farw ar groesbren dân wawd
 Yn lle Ei elynion Ei Hun!

2

p Pob archoll ro'i dynion i'w gnawd
mf Ddylifai yn gariad drwy 'r clwy';
p Pan fwyaf Ei ddirmyg a'i wawd,
mf Gwnai cariad dd'od allan fwy-fwy;
cres Trwy 'r clwyfau, yn rhedeg ar frŷs,
 Gwir ffrydiau o gariad a gaed;
f Llifeiriai yn gariad drwy 'r chwŷs,
 A chariad a lifai drwy 'r gwaed!

Parch David Jones. Treborth.

1

mf A debtor to mercy alone,
 Of covenant mercy I sing;
 Nor fear with Thy righteousness on,
 My person and offering to bring.
cres The terrors of law and of God
 With me can have nothing to do;
dim My Saviour's obedience and blood
 Hide all my transgressions from view.

2

mf The work which His goodness began,
 The arm of His strength will complete,
 His promise is Yea and Amen,
 And never was forfeited yet.
cres Things future, nor things that are now,
 Not all things below nor above,
f Can make Him His purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from His love.

A. M. Toplady.

92 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Adgyfodiad a'i Esgyniad.

Hungerford. M. 5.5.8. D.(5.5.7.8.4.6.)

H. J. Gauntlett.

mf 1 Ar groesbren, brydnawn,
Cyflawnder ga'dd Iawn,
A'r gyfraith anrhydedd 'r un dydd;
cres Trwy rinwedd y gwaed
Boddlonwyd y Tad;
f Mae merch yr Amoriad yn rhydd.

mf 2 Ar Galfari fryn
Agorwyd cyn hyn
Ryw ffynon ryfeddol ei rhin;
cres Hi hollol lanhâ
Aflendid a phlâ,
f Hi gâna yr Ethiop yn wÿn.

mf 3 Y gwân mae'n gryfhau,
Er cymaint ei fai,
I sefyll wrth Sinai'n ddi-gryn;
cres Mae'n symud â'i hedd
Fraw angen a'r bedd,
A'u hofnau, heb adael yr un.

Parch David Charles.

mf 1 The strife now is o'er,
And the battle's done;
cres The victory of life is won:
The song of triumph has begun;
f Hallelujah!
Christ is risen to-day.

mf 2 The powers of death
Have done their worst,
But Christ their legions dispersed;
cres Let shouts of holy joy outburst;
f Hallelujah!
Christ is risen to-day.

mf 3 O Lord, by the stripes
Which wounded Thee,
From death's sting Thy servants free,
cres That we may live and sing to Thee;
f Hallelujah!
Christ is risen to-day.

(Trans.) Francis Pott.

93 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Resurrection and Ascension.

Edomia. M. S.S.S.S. D.

Robert Edwards.

♩ = 92

A-men.

1

f Pwy welaf o Edom yn d'od,
Mil harddach na thoriad y wawr,
Yn sathru dân wadn Ei droed
Elynion yn lluoedd i'r llawr;
Ei wisg wedi ei lliwio gan waed,
Ei saethau a'i gledddyf yn llyn;
ff Ei harddwch yn llanw'r holl wlad,
Yn ymdaith yn amlder Ei rym?

2

mf Mi g'odais i fyny Fy llaw,
Ymleddais, enillais y dydd;
cres Fy holl waredigion a ddaw,
A'm caethion a roddir yn rhydd;
f Enillais fath gonwest trwy waed,
Mae genyf lywodraeth mor fawr,
ff Hyd eithaf trigfanau Fy Nhad,
Mae'n cyrhaedd o'r nefoedd i'r llawr.

John Williams, St. Athan.

1

mf The Saviour to glory is gone;
His sufferings and sorrows are past,
His work is completed and done,
And shall to eternity last.
f Forever He lives to bestow
The blessings He purchased so dear;
Our bosoms with gratitude glow,
Whilst to Him, by faith, we draw near.

2

mf Our Prophet will point out the way
Which leads to the mansions above;
Our Priest all our ransom shall pay,
Our Friend of unchangeable love.
cres But whilst to the Lamb on His throne,
Our hearts and our voices we raise,
His glory exalted we own
Above all our blessing and praise.

T. Haweis.

94 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Adgyfodiad a'i Esgyniad.

Easter Hymn. M. 7s. With Hallelujah.

Lyra Davidica.

1
mf Iesu Grist o'r nef a ddaeth—
cres Haleliwia!
 I Galfaria fryn yr aeth—
f Haleliwia!
mf Marw wnaeth dros euog fyd—
cres Haleliwia!
f Rhodder iddo'r clôd i gyd—
 Haleliwia!
 2
mf Rhoddodd Iawn ar bren y groes—
 Nawr gall faddu beiau'n hoes—
f Llawen floeddied nef a llawr—
 Teilwng wyt, O Geidwad mawr—
 3
f Heddyw cododd Crist o'r bedd—
 Nef a llawr sy'n awr mewn hedd—
cres Engyl glân sy'n canu'i glôd—
ff Unwn ninau is y rhod—

1-2. Parych W. Emllyn Jones. 2. Anad.

1
f Christ the Lord is risen today,
 Hallelujah!
 Sons of men and angels say:
 Hallelujah!
cres Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Hallelujah!
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply,
ff Hallelujah!
 2
mf Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
 Christ has burst the gates of hell:—
cres Death in vain forbids His rise;—
f Christ hath opened paradise.—
 3
f Soar we now where Christ has led,—
 Follow our exalted Head;—
cres Made like Him, like Him we rise;—
ff Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!—
 Charles Wesley.

95 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Resurrection and Ascension.

Aurelia. M. 7.6. D.

Dr. S. S. Wesley.

A - men.

1

f Yr Iesu adgyfododd
Yn ogoneddus iawn;
Daeth boreu teg a hyfryd
'Rol stormus ddu brydnawn;
cres Y gadwen fawr a dorodd,
Ar wawr y trydydd dydd;
ff Gorchfygodd angu 'i hunan—
O'r carchar daeth yn rhydd.

2

f Fe'i gwelir heddyw 'n eistedd
Ar Ei orseddfaingc fawr,
Yn Arglwydd ac yn Geidwad
I weiniaid gwael y llawr;
ff Ei Hun mae'n llywodraethu
Y dyfnder mawr a'r nef;
Terfynau eitha 'r ddaeear
Sydd dan Ei ofal Ei!

Pantycelyn.

1

f The Day of Resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God!
cres From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
ff Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

2

f Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein:
cres Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
ff For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

J. Damascus. (Trans.) J. M. Neale.

96 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Crist—Ei Adgyfodiad a'i Esgyniad.

Myddfai. M. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Rees Thomas Utica.

1

mf 'Nol marw Brenin hedd,
A'i eiddo i gyd yn brudd,
A'i roi mewn newydd iedd,
Cyfodai'r trydydd dydd;
cres Boed hyn mewn cof gan Israel Duw,
f Mae'r Oen a laddwyd eto'n fyw.

2

f Y Meichiau aeth yn rhydd
'Nol rhoddi taliad llawn,
A Duw'n cyhoeddi sydd,
"Yn Hwn mi gefais iawn:"
cres Gwnaeth ffordd yn rhydd i fyn'd at Dduw:
f Mae'r Oen a laddwyd eto'n fyw.

3

mf Galarwyr Seion, sydd
A'ch taith trwy ddŵr a thân,
cres Paham y byddwch brudd?
Eich galar droir yn gân:
f O cenwch! etholedig ryw,
Mae'r Oen a laddwyd eto'n fyw.

Parch. John Thomas. Rhaiadr.

1

f The happy morn is come,
The Saviour leaves the grave;
His glorious work is done,
Almighty now to save.
cres Captivity is captive led,
ff Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

2

f Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid;
The victory is won.
cres Captivity is captive led,
ff Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

3

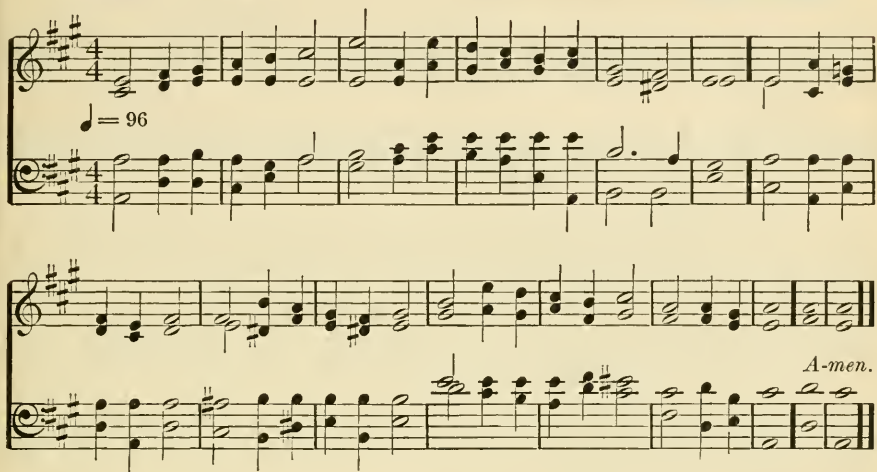
f Hail the triumphant Lord!
The resurrection Thou!
We bless Thy sacred word;
Before Thy Throne we bow.
cres Captivity is captive led,
ff Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

T. Haweis.

97 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Resurrection and Ascension.

Long Creek. M. 6.6.4.6.6.4.

Anad.



1

mf 'D oes destyn gwiw i'm cân,
Ond cariad i' Arglwydd glân,
p A'i farwol glwy'!
cres Griddfanau Calfari,
Ac angu Iesu cu,
Yw 'nghân a 'mywyd i—
f Hosanna mwy!

2

mf O! faint Ei gariad Ef!
Nis gall holl ddoniau 'r nef
Ei dreiddio trwy:
Mae hyn i mi 'n beth sŷn,
I riddfan pen y bryn,
cres Droï 'n gân i mi fel hyn—
f Hosanna mwy!

3

f Caniadau'r nefol gôr
Sydd oll i'm Harglwydd Iôr,
p A'i ddwyfol glwy':—
cres Y brwydrau wedi troi,
Gelynnion wedi ffoi,
Sy'n gwneyd i'r dyfra ro'i
Hosanna mwy!

Alun.

1

f Join all the human race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His Name!
cres In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice
f "Worthy the Lamb!"

2

mf All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His Name!
We who have felt His blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
cres Spread His dear Name abroad—
f "Worthy the Lamb!"

3

mf Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
Praising His Name!
cres To Him we'll tribute bring,
Laud Him our gracious King,
ff And, without ceasing, sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

J. Allen

98 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Crist—Ei Adgyfodiad a'i Esgyniad.

Wyddgrug. M. 8.7.8.7.6.7.

J. Ambrose Lloyd.

1

1

f Mawr oedd Crist yn nhragwyddoldeb,
Mawr yn gwisgo natur dyn;
p Mawr yn marw ar Galfaria,
cres Mawr yn maeddu anghyhoedus;
f Hynod fawr yw yn awr,
Brenin nef a daear lawr.

mf Jesus comes, His conflict over,—
Comes to claim His great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord;
cres Haste, ye saints! tribute bring,
f Crown Him everlasting King.

2

2

mf Mawr oedd Iesu yn yr arfaeth,
Mawr yn y cyfamod heddi;
Mawr yn Methle'm a Chalfaria,
cres Mawr yn d'od i'r làn o'r bedd:
f Mawr a fydd Ef ryw ddydd
Pan ddadguddir pethau cudd.

mf Yonder throne for Him erected,
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
Lo, the Man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at His feet.
cres Haste, ye saints! tribute bring,
f Crown Him everlasting King.

3

3

f Mawr yw Iesu yn Ei Berson;
Mawr fel Duw, a mawr fel dyn;
mf Mawr Ei degwch a'i hawddgarwch,
Gwyn a gwridog, teg Ei lun:
ff Mawr yw Ef yn y nef,
Ar Ei orsedd gadarn gref.

f Day and night they cry before Him,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
cres All the powers of heaven adore Him.
All obey His sovereign word;
ff Haste, ye saints! tribute bring,
Crown Him everlasting King.

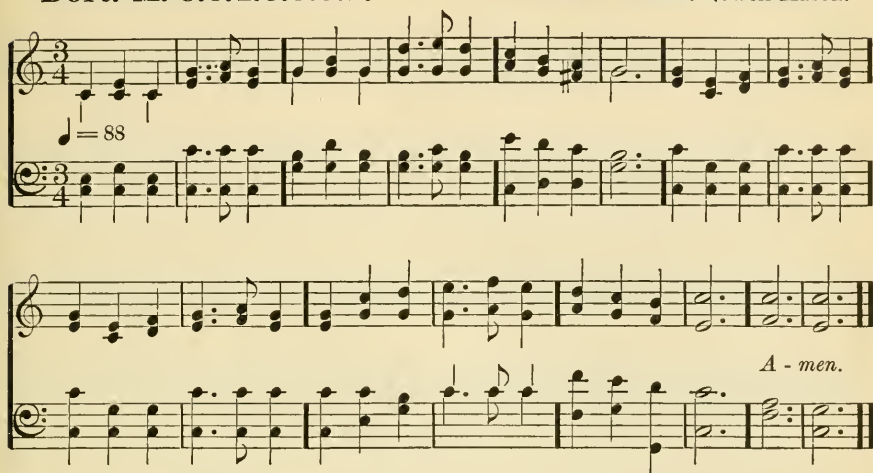
Thomas Lewis. Tal-y-llychau.

Thomas Kelly.

99 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Resurrection and Ascension.

Dort. M. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



1

mp O'r diwedd daeth yr awr;
Yn nhragwyddoldeb mawr
Arfaethwyd ef;
Bu farw Brenin nen
O gariad ar y pren;
cres Agorwyd led y pen
f Holl byrth y nef.

2

mf Wel, bellach, awn y'mlaen,
Nac ofnwn ddŵr na tân;
Ni biau'r dydd:
cres Mae'n Brenin cadarn, cry',
Y'mlaenaf un o'r llŷ,
Yn tori rhwystrau sy';
Mae'r ffordd yn rhydd.

3

f Mae heddyw, yn y nef,
Fyrddiynau gydag Ef,
Yn canu Ei glôd:
cres Dowch, dringwn tua'r lan,
Cawn feddu yn y man
Yr ardal ddaeth i'n rhan
Hyfryda' erioed.

Pantycelyn.

1

f Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into Thy native skies;
Assume Thy right;
mf And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled,
cres Pass through those gates of gold,
ff And reign in light.

2

f Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
cres Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And clasps his wings of fire,
ff Thou Lamb once slain!

3

f Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down:
cres Blow the full trumpets, blow,
Wider yon portals throw,
Saviour, triumphant, go,
ff And take Thy crown!

Matthew Bridges.

100 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Crist—Ei Adgyfodiad a'i Esgyniad.

Cleveland. M. S.S.S.S. D.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1

mf Mi ŵn fod fy Mhrynwr yn fyw,
A'm prynodd â thaliad mor ddrud;
Fe saif ar y ddaear, gwir yw,
Yn niwedd holl oesoedd y byd:
cres Er ised, er gwaelfd fy ngwedd,
Teyrnasu mae 'Mhrynwr a 'Mrawd;
Ac er fy malurio'n y bedd,
Ca'i weled Ef eto'n fy nghawd.

2

mf Wel, arno b'o'm golwg bob dydd,
A'i daliad anfeidrol o werth;
Gwir Awdwr, Perffeithydd ein ffydd,
Fe'm cynal ar lwybrau blin, serth:
cres Fy enaid, ymestyn yn mlaen,
Na orphwys nes cyrhaedd y tir,
f Y Ganaan dragwyddol ei chàn,
Y Sabbath hyfyddol yn wir.

Rev. Thomas Jones. Dinbych.

1

mf I know that my Saviour still lives,
Redeeming His own with His blood;
The King in His beauty 'll appear,
To all the redeemèd, beloved;
cres Though poor be my lot here below,
My Brother, He reigns to the end;
f Forever His love will o'erflow—
My Saviour, Redeemer and Friend.

2

mf Through life on my Christ I shall gaze,
And marvel His love and His power:
The Author, Perfecter of Faith,
My succor in life's darkest hour:
cres My soul, press thou onward with might,
Ne'er languish nor falter apace,
f Till all the redeemed shall alight
On Canaan's fair shore, by God's grace.

(Adapted.) D. P.

101 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Resurrection and Ascension.

Lewes. M. 8.7.4.

J. Randall.

1

f Iesu, Iesu, 'r wyt Ti'n ddigon,
'R wyt Ti'n llawer mwy na'r byd;
Mwy trysorau sy yn Dy enw
Na thrysorau'r India i gyd:
cres Oll yn gyfan
f Ddaeth i'm meddiant gyda'm Duw.

2

mf Y mae gwedd Dy wyneb grasol
Yn rhagori llawer iawn
Ar bob peth a welodd llygad
Ar hyd wyneb daear law'n:
cres Rhosyn Saron,
Ti yw tegwch nef y nef.

3

f Tarian gadarn yw Dy enw;
Pan b'o'r gelyn yn nesau,
Angeu 'i hunan sydd yn ofni—
Angeu sydd yn llwfrhau;
cres Ti orchfygaist;
'D oes ond canu'n awr i mi.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious!
See the "Man of Sorrows" now;
cres From the fight returned victorious!
Every knee to Him shall bow!
f Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2

f Crown the Saviour; angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"

3

f Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
cres O what joy the sight affords!
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
"King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

T. Kelly.

102 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Adgyfodiad a'i Esgyniad.

Coronation. M. C.

Oliver Holden.

1
f Dyrrhafer enw Iesu cu
Gan seintiau is y nen;
cres A holl aneirif luoedd nef,
ff Coronwch Ef yn Ben.

2
mf Angylion glân, sy'n gwylio'n gylch
O ddeutu Ei orsedd wên,
cres Gosgorddion Ei lywodraeth Ef,
Coronwch Ef yn Ben.

3
mf Hardd lu'r merthyri, sydd uwch law
Erlyniaeth, braw, na sên,
f A llafar glôd ac uchel lef,
Coronwch Ef yn Ben.

4
f Pob perchen anadl, yn mhob mân,
Dàn gwmpas haul y nen,
Ar fôr a thîr, mewn gwlad a thref,
Coronwch Ef yn Ben.

5
ff Na enwer enw neb ond Hwn
mf Fu farw ar y pren,
cres Drwy'r ddaear faith, nac yn y nef:
ff Coronwch Ef yn Ben.

(Cyf.) Ieuan Glan Geirionydd.

1
f All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
cres Bring forth the royal diadem,
ff And crown Him Lord of all.

2
mf Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
cres Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3
mf Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from His altar call;
f Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4
f Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5
ff O that with yonder sacred throng
mf We at His feet may fall;
cres We'll join the everlasting song,
ff And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. Edward Perronet. 5 v. added by Rev. John Rippon.

103 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Resurrection and Ascension.

Wilkes Barre. M. 7.7.8.7.

Daniel Protheroe.

$\text{♩} = 100$

A - men.

1

f Hosanna, Haleluwia,
I'r Oen fu ar Galfaria;
Gorphenwyd iachawdwriaeth dyn,
Efe Ei hun yw'r noddfa:
cres Tragwyddol ddolch iddo
Am faddeu a thosturio;
Anfeidrol fraint i lwch y llawr
Fod croeso'n awr dd'od ato.

2

piu ff Mae'n achub hyd yr eitha'
Y pechaduriaid mwya';
Fe drefnwyd ffordd i gadw dyn
Gan Dri yn un Iehofah;
Anturiwn ninau arno,
Mae'r Iesu'n achub eto,
A chroeso i bechaduriaid mawr
Bob mynydd awr dd'od ato.

Morgan Rhys.

1

f Hosanna! Hallelujah!
We praise the Great Jehovah;
For Christ who died upon the tree,
To make us free;—Hosanna!
cres Our praises never-ceasing,
We give Him who is pleading,
That sinners wandering on death's brim,
May come to Him rejoicing.

2

piu ff Redeemer, all-victorious;
In love, both great and glorious;
The plan of our salvation free,
Is full, in Thee, and gracious;
We hear Thy invitation;
We come for our redemption;
Grant us, O Christ! who calls us still,
Eternal Jubilation.

(Trans.) Rev. J. O. Parry.

104 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Grist—Ei Adgyfodiad a'i Esgyniad.

Diademata. M. S. D.

Sir George J. Elvey.

$\text{♩} = 88$

A-men.

1
mf Wel, dyma'r Ceidwad mawr
A ddaeth i lawr o'r nef,
I achub gwaeledd, llwch y llawr;
Gogoniant iddo Ef:

p Bu farw yn ein lle
Ni, bechaduriaid gwaed;
cres Mae pob cyflawnder ynddo 'Fe
Sydd arnom eisieu gael.

2
mf Ei 'nabod Ef yn iawn
Yw'r bywyd llawn o heddd,
A gwel'd Ei iachawdwriaeth lawn
Sydd yn dragwyddol wledd:
Cael teimlo gwaed y groes
Yn dofi'r loes a'r cur,
cres A wnaeth i filoedd o bob oes
f I seinio'r anthem bur.

Rev. John Thomas. Rhaiadr.

1
f Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
cres Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
f And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2
f Crown Him, the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time;
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime:
ff All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges.

105 Our Lord Jesus Christ—His Resurrection and Ascension.

Frongoch. M. 6.6.8. D.

J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac.

mf 1
 Agorwyd ar y bryn
 Ryw ffynon råd cyn hyn,
 A'm gylch yn wyn o'm pen i'm traed;
cres Mae'n golchi'r dua'i liw
 Mor wyn a'r eira gwiw;
 Rhinweddol yw y dwyfol waed.

mf 2
 Y ffynon loyw hyn,
 A darddodd ar y bryn,
 Yn ffrydiau o anfeidrol hedd;
cres Rhyw fôr o gariad yw
 Dy heddwch Di, fy Nuw,
f A nef y nef yw gweld Dy wedd.

mf 3
 Mi wnaif fy nghartref mwy
 Dan gysgod marwol glwy';
 'Does noddfa arall dan y nei,
cres Na man i gael glanhâd,
 Ond yn y ffynon råd
 O ddŵr a gwaed o'i ystlys Ef.

mf 1
 When darkness turned to night,
 On Calvary's lonely height,
cres A glory bright restored the day;
mf The Rose of Sharon fair,
 His loving heart made bare,
 Lay bleeding there on sin's high-way.

2
 The thorns like rubies shone,
 The cross became a throne,
 When He alone the winepress trod;
cres Our life for us He won,
 The great transaction's done,
f And we are one with Christ our God.

3
cres The sacrifice of love,
 Descending from above,
 Our souls doth move, our hearts enthrall;
ff Let heaven's arches ring,
 And earth her tribute bring
 The mighty King, now Lord of all.

106 Ein Harglwydd Iesu Crist—Ei Adgyfodiad a'i Esgyniad.

Dorcas. M. 2.8.

Alaw Gymreig.

mf O tyn 1
Y gorchudd yn y mynydd hyn;
Llewyrched haul cyfiawnder gwyn,
O ben y bryn bu'r addfiwyn Oen
Yn dioddef dân yr hoelion dur,
O gariad pur i mi mewn poen.

mf Pa le 2
Y gwnaf fy noddia dân y nef,
Ond yn Ei glwyfau anwyl Ef?
Y bicell gref aeth dân Ei fron
Agorodd ffynon i'm glanhau;
cres 'R wy'n llawenhau fod lle yn hon.

mf Golch fi 3
Oddi wrth fy meiau aml eu rhi',
Yn afon waedlyd Calfari,
Sydd heddyw'n lli' o haeddiant llawn;
cres Dim trai ni welir arni mwy;
f Hi bery'n hwy na boreu a nawn.

Hugh Jones. Maesglasau.

mf O rend 1
The veil that hides the mount, and send
The Sun of righteousness to end
The night extended on the hill,
Whereon the cruel nails He bore—
cres 'Twas love outpoured, (*dim*) my pain to still.

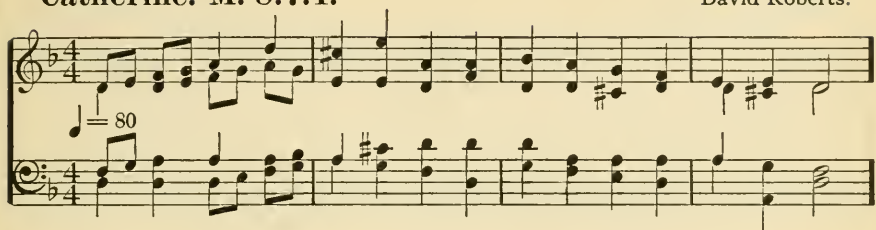
mf O where 2
Shall I a refuge find but there
Within the wounds that Jesus bore?
The spear that tore so cruelly,
A fount set free to cleanse my sin;
cres O joy! therein there's room for me!

mf Cleanse me 3
From all my sins which countless be,
cres In that full stream of Calvary,
That now flows free in fullest worth,
And shall in undiminished might
f Outlast the nights and days of earth.

(Trans.) Rev. Robert Parry.

Catherine. M. 8.7.4.

David Roberts.



1

mf O! sancteiddia f'enaidd, Arglwydd,
Yn mhob nwyd, ac yn mhob dawn;
Rho egwyddor bur y nefoedd
Yn fy ysbryd llesg yn llawn:
cres N'ad fi grwydro,
Draw nac yma o fy lle.

2

mf Plana'r egwyddorion hyny
Yn fy enaid bob yr un,
Ag sydd megys peraroglau
Yn Dy natur Di Dy Hun:
cres Blodau hyfryd,
F'o'n disglerio dae'r a nef.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf While we lowly bow before Thee,
Wilt Thou, gracious Saviour, hear?
We are poor and needy sinners,
Full of doubt and full of fear;
cres Gracious Saviour,
Make us humble and sincere.

2

mf Fill us with Thy holy Spirit;
Sanctify us by Thy grace;
Oh, incline us more to love Thee,
And in dust our souls abase.
cres Hear us, Saviour,
And unveil Thy glorious face.

D. C. Colesworthy.

Bangor. M. C.

Alaw Gymreig.



1

mf O! anfon Di yr Ysbryd Glân,
Yn enw Iesu mawr,
A'i weithrediadau megys tân;
O! deued Ef i lawr.

2

mf Yn ôl D' addewid fawr ei gwerth,
Tywallter oddi fry
cres Yr Ysbryd Sanctaidd gyda nerth,
I weithio arnom ni.

3

mf O'th wir ewyllys deued Ef
I argyhoeddi 'r byd,
Ac arwain etifeddion nef
Trwy 'r anial maith i gyd.

4

cres Yn ôl D' addewid, Iesu mawr!
Yr awrhon anfon Di
f Y gwir Ddiddanydd yma i lawr,
I aros gyda ni.

Parch John Hughes, Pontrobert.

1

mf Send down Thy Holy Spirit, Lord,
In our dear Saviour's Name:
cres And all His works like living fire,
f To make our hearts aflame.

2

mf According to Thy promises,
Pour on us, from on high,
cres Thy Holy Spirit with great power,
f As we Thy throne draw nigh.

3

mf Let Thy great Spirit show the way
Of Truth, and Life and Love,
cres As onward Thy dear children go
To their bright home above.

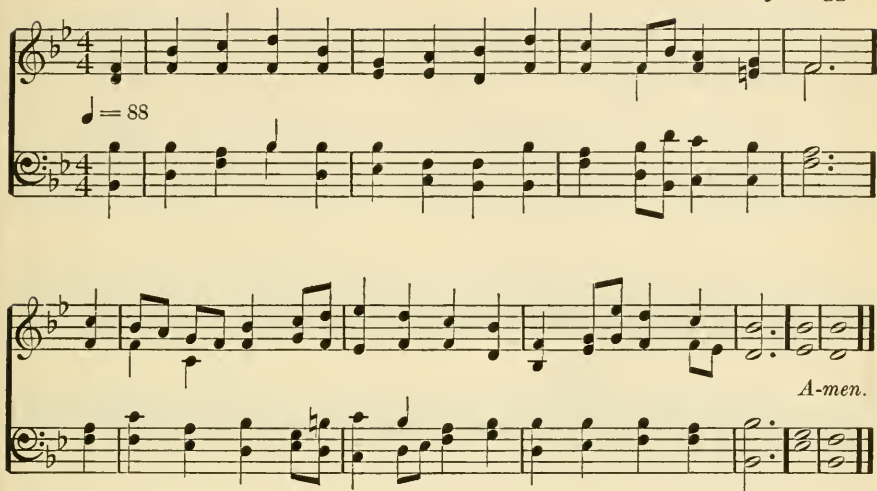
4

f O Jesus, as Thy people bow
Before Thy throne of grace,
The Holy Comforter send Thou,
And fill our hearts with praise.

(Trans.) D. P.

Tiverton. M. C.

Parch J. Grigg.



1

mf Tyr'd Ysbryd Glân, Golomen nef!
 A bywyd oddi fry;
cres Ac enyn fflam o'i gariad gwiw,
 Yn ein calonau ni.

2

mf Ffurfiol ac oeraidd fydd ein cân,
 A'n holl wasanaeth ni;
dim Os na fydd ynom nefol dân
 O'th weithrediadau Di.

3

mf A gawn ni fod fel hyn o hyd,
 Mor farwaidd a diwawr—
dim Mor oer ein serch at Brynwr byd,
 A'n dyled ni mor fawr?

4

cres Tyr'd Ysbryd Glân, Golomen nef!
 Yn enw Iesu cu;
f Ac enyn fflam o'i gariad Ef,
 Yn ein calonau ni.

(Cyf.) Parch J. C. Jones.

1

mf Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
 With all Thy quickening powers,
cres Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2

mf In vain we tune our formal songs;
 In vain we strive to rise;
dim Hosannas languish on our tongues,
p And our devotion dies.

3

cres Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate—
mf Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
f And Thine to us so great?

4

cres Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
 With all Thy quickening powers;
f Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

Emrys. M. C.

W. M. Roberts. Wrexham.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The tempo is marked '♩ = 88'. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The time signature is 3/4. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. It ends with a double bar line and the instruction 'A - men.' written above the staff.

1

f O! tyred, Ysbryd sanctaidd, pur,
 Nertha'm blinedig draed;
cres A rho i mi olwg oleu, glir,
 Ar hyfryd dir fy ngwlad.

2

mf Pleserau'r ddaear wedi ffoi,
 Pob chwantau i gyd yn un,
cres Heb un difyrwch is y rhôd
f Ond Iesu mawr Ei Hun.

3

mf A meddwl am gwmpeini'r nef,
 A meddwl am y gwaith
 Fydd genyf yno'n treulio i maes
 Holl dragwyddoldeb maith.

4

mf Yn mhlith cwmpeini rif y sêr,
 Llawn ddisglaer uwch y nen,
f Yn cymysg cariad ato Ef
 Fy farw ar y pren.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Eternal Spirit, God of truth,
 Our contrite hearts inspire;
cres Revive the flame of heavenly love,
 And feed the pure desire.

2

mf 'Tis Thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
 With guilt and fear oppressed;
 'Tis Thine to bid the dying live,
dim And give the weary rest.

3

Subdue the power of every sin,
 Whate'er that sin may be,
mf That we, with humble, holy heart,
 May worship only Thee.

4

mf Then with our spirits witness bear
 That we are sons of God,
cres Redeemed from sin, from death and hell,
f Through Christ's atoning blood.

Thomas Cotterill.

Tyndal. M. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Parch E. Stephen. Tanymarian.



1

mf O! tyred, Ysbryd Glân,
P'am yr ymdroi cyhyd?
A rho dy nefol dân
I galon oer y byd;
mp Mae'n marw mewn trueni mawr,
cres O! sanctaidd Ysbryd, tyrd i lawr.

2

mf Anadla'r dwyfol wynt,
Ar Seion yn y pant;
cres Fel y dylanwad gynt
Ddisgynodd ar Dy blant;
Gad ini deimlo maes o law,
Achubol nerth y byd a ddaw.

3

mp Clyw gŵyn aneirif lu,
Yn griddfan dan eu gloes;
A'u bywyd yn rhy ddu
I wel'd goleuni'r groes;
cres Aed heibio'r nos, cyfodod gwawr,
mf O! addiwyn Ysbryd, tyrd i lawr.

Dyfed.

1

mf Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
cres Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

2

mf Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne with grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
cres Let sinners feel the questioning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3

mf And will this Sovereign King
Of glory condescend,
cres And will He write His Name,
My Father and my Friend?
f I love His Name, I love His word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

1, 2, *Hayward.* 3, *Rev. Isaac Watts.*

Lake Crystal. M. 7.7.7.7.

Mozart.

1

mp Ysbryd Glân, Golomen nef,
Gwrandu'n rasol ar ein llef:
Aethom yn wywedig iawn,
cres Disgyn yn Dy ddwyfol ddawn.

2

mp Oer ein serch, a gwan ein ffydd,
Ein Hosanna'n ddistaw sydd:
cres Tyred, tyred Ysbryd Glân!
Chwyth o'n mewn y nefol dân.

3

mp Er na haeddwn ni dy gael,
cres Eto, Ti wyt Ysbryd hael;
Tyred, tyred, yn dy râs,
Maedda'n hanghrediniaeth câs.

4

mf Ysbryd Glân, Golomen nef,
Côd ni ar Dy aden gref;
cres Nes yr elom uwch y byd
f Mewn sancteiddiol nefol fryd.

Parch Roger Edwards.

1

mf Gracious Spirit, Dove Divine,
Let Thy light within me shine;
mp All my guilty fears remove,
cres Fill me full of heaven and love.

2

mf Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
cres Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

3

cres Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
p Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4

mf Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
cres Fill my soul with joy divine,
f Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

John Stocker.

Rhystyd. M. B.

Daniel Protheroe.



1

mf O! aros gyda ni,
Ein Iôr a'n Ceidwad cu!
Os cawn dy wedd, nid oinwn fraw—
p O! aros gyda ni.

2

mf Chwenychu'r y'm yn fawr
Dy bresenoldeb Di,
I'n cynorthwyo dan bob croes—
p O! aros gyda ni.

3

mf Pan ddaw'n gelynyon cas
I'n herbyn megys llu,
Diogel fyddwn dan dy nawdd—
p O! aros gyda ni.

4

mf Rho in' bob awr o'n hoës
Ddiddanwch oddi fry;
cres Yn angu ac yn nydd y farn—
f O! aros gyda ni.

An.

1

mf Come, Holy Spirit, come!
Let Thy bright beams arise;
cres Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2

mf Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3

mf Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
cres And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4

mf Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
cres Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
f Father, Son, and Thee.

Joseph Hart.

Malvern. M. 6.6.4.6.6.4.

Anad.



mf Ol tyred, Arglwydd mawr,
 Dihidla o'r nef i lawr
 Gawodydd pur;
cres Fel byddo i'r egin grawn,
 Foreuddydd a phrydnawn,
 I darddu'n beraidd iawn,
 O'r anial dir.

mf Mae peraroglau'th rās
 Yn taenu o gylch i maes
 Awelon hedd;
cres Estroniaid sydd yn d'od
 O'r pellder eitha 'rïoed,
 I gwympo wrth Dy droed,
 A gwel'd Dy wedd.

mf Mae tegwch D'wyneb-pryd
 Yn maeddu oll i gyd
 Ar ddaear lân;
cres Mae pob rhyw nefol ddawn
 Oll yno yn gryno lawn,
 Yn tarddu 'n hyfryd iawn
 O'th glwyfau i maes.

Pantycelyn.

mf Come, Holy Ghost, in love
 Shed on us from above
 Thine own bright ray:
cres Divinely good Thou art;
 Thy sacred gifts impart
f To gladden each sad heart:
 O come to-day.

mf Come, tenderest Friend and best,
 Our most delightful Guest,
 With soothing power:
dim Rest, which the weary know;
 Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
 Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
cres Cheer us this hour.

f Come, all the faithful bless:
 Let all who Christ confess
 His praise employ;
cres Give virtue's rich reward;
 Victorious death accord,
ff And, with our glorious Lord,
 Eternal joy.

Anon. (Latin, 12th cent.) Trans. by Rev. Ray Palmer.

Gwilym. M. H.

J. P. Jones, Chicago.

♩ = 96

A - men.

1
mf Bywhâ dy waith, O Arglwydd mawr!
 Dros holl derfynau daear lawr,
cres Trwy roi tywalltiad nerthol iawn
 O'r Ysbryd Glân, a'i ddwyfol ddawn.

2
 Bywhâ dy waith o fewn ein tir—
 Arddeliad mawr fo ar y gwir;
f Mewn nerth y bo 'r efengyl lawn
 Er iachawdwriaeth llawer iawn.

3
mf Bywhâ dy waith o fewn dy dŷ,
 A gwna dy weision oll yn hy;
f Gwisg hwynt â nerth yr Ysbryd Glân,
 A'th air o'u mewn fo megys tân.

4
f Bywhâ dy waith, O Arglwydd mawr!
 Yn ein calonau ninau 'n awr;
 Er marwhau pob pechod câs,
 A chynydd i bob nefol ras.

John Roberts, Holyhead.

1
mf Come, O Creator Spirit blest!
 And in our souls take up Thy rest;
cres Come, with Thy grace, and heavenly aid,
 To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

2
 Great Comforter! to Thee we cry;
 O highest gift of God most high!
f O fount of life! O fire of love!
 Send sweet anointing from above!

3
mf Kindle our senses from above,
 And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
 With patience firm, and virtue high,
 The weakness of our flesh supply.

4
 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
 And grant us Thy true peace instead;
cres So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
f Turn from the path of life aside.

E. Caswall.

Tanymarian. M. 8.7. D.

Rev. E. Stephen. Tanymarian.

1

mf Ysbrŷd byw y deffroadau,
 Disgyn yn Dy nerth i lawr,
 Rhwyga'r awyr â'th daranau,
 Crëa'r cyffroadau mawr,
cres Chwŷth drachefn y gwyntoedd cryfion
 Ddeffry'r meirw yn y glŷn,
f Dyro anadliadau bywyd
 Yn y lladdedigion hyn.

2

mf Ysbryd yr Eneiniad dwyfol,
 Rho y tywalltiadau glân,
 Moes y fflam oddiar yr allor,
 Enyn ynom sanctaidd dân;
cres Difa lygredd ein calonau,
 Tŷn ein chwantau dân ein traed,
f Dyro ini wisg ddisglaerwen
 Wedi 'i chànau yn y gwaed.

Pwyth R. R. Morris.

1

mf Holy Source of consolation,
 Light and life Thy grace imparts;
 Visit us with Thy compassion;
 Guide our minds and fill our hearts.
cres Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Thou canst bring us from above;
f Lord, we ask that heavenly treasure,
 Wisdom, holiness, and love.

2

mf Dwell within us, blessed Spirit:
 Where Thou art no ill can come;
 Bless us now, through Jesus' merit;
 Reign in every heart and home.
cres Saviour, lead us to adore Thee,
 While Thou dost prolong our days;
f Then, with angel hosts before Thee,
 May we worship, love, and praise.

Anon.

Teifion. M. 6.6.6.6.S.S.

Daniel Protheroe.



1
mf O! tyr'd, Ddiddanydd mawr,
 I loni calon byd;
 Hiraethu am y wawr
 Mae Seion wan o hyd;
p Mae'r ffordd yn arw ac yn hir,
 A'r manna'n brin o fewn y tir.

2
mf Addewaist yn Dy ras
 Brysuro'r dwyfol wynt;
 Gad ini brofi blâs
 Dy hen addewid gynt;
 Ar hyd y ffordd i ben y daith,
 Nac oeda'n hwy, bywha Dy waith.

3
p Mae'r egin yn y glŷn
 Yn gwywo ar bob llaw;
 Ac o Galfaria fryn
 Yn disgwyl am y glwaw;
cres Gad i'r gwywedig gnwd yn awr
 Addfedu i'r cynhauaf mawr.

Dyfed.

1
mf O Thou that hearest prayer,
 Attend our humble cry,
 And let Thy servants share
 Thy blessing from on high;
cres We plead the promise of Thy word;
 Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2
mf Our heavenly Father, Thou!
 We, children of Thy grace!
 O let Thy Spirit now
 Descend, and fill the place;
cres That all may feel the heavenly flame,
f And all unite to praise Thy Name.

3
 And send Thy Spirit down
 On all the nations, Lord,
cres With great success to crown
 The preaching of Thy word;
f Till heathen lands shall own Thy sway,
 And cast their idol-gods away.

John Burton, Jr.

Rhondda. M. 8.7.4.

M. O. Jones.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a tempo marking of quarter note = 84. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system ends with a repeat sign and a fermata, with the marking 'A - men.' above the final notes.

1
mf Nerthoedd y tragwyddol Ysbryd,
 Yn haeddianau'r dwyfol Iawn,
 Wna i'r fynwes ddiffaith, galed,
 I ffrwythloni'n hyfryd lawn
cres O rasmusau,
 Per blanhigion nefol wlad.

2
cres Creigiau tanllyd Salem waedlyd,
 Rhai fu'n bloeddio âg un llef,
 Am Dywysog mawr y bywyd,
f "Ymaith! O! croeshoelïer ef!"
 Gwnaeth i'r rhei'ny
dim Wylo edifeirwch pur.

3
mf Os disgyni, addfwyn Ysbryd,
 I ryw fynwes fel rhai hyn,
 A'i haddurno â phur ddelw
 'R Hwn fu farw ar y bryn,
cres Mawl a seinia
f Trwy'r holl nefoedd fawr am hyn.

Rev. David Charles.

1
mf Gracious God, send down Thy Spirit,
 To renew my wayward mind;
 Make my heart Thy grace inherit,
 Let me full salvation find:
cres Holy Spirit,
 Breathe on me the breath of love.

2
cres Send Thy pow'r in mighty torrent
 To revive my slumbering soul;
 Let me know this very moment,
 That my heart is clean and whole:
f Holy Spirit,
 Fill me with Thy mighty power.

3
mf Dwell within, keep Thou me ever
 In the path which I should tread;
 May I never shrink or waver,
 But be bold for Thee instead:
cres Holy Spirit,
f Make my heart Thine own abode.

Anon.

Venedocia. M. S. 7. D.

Daniel Protheroe.

♩ = 72

A - men.

1

mf Y mae'r byd a'i wag bleserau
 Yn ein swyno fawr a man;
Telyn Seion ar yr helyg,
dim Wedi colli'n llwyr ei chan;
cres O na welid Seion eto
 Gyda'i thelyn yn ei llaw,
 Baich caethiwed wedi ei symud,
f Hithau'n canu heb ddim braw.

2

mf Gwywder gauaf sy'n nodweddu
 Gardd f' Anwyl yd yn plith,
 Dim cawodydd er's blynyddau,
 Ysgafn hefyd yw y gwlith;
cres Eto clywaf yn yr awel
 Swn y gwlaw yn dod o bell,
f A disgwyliwn, er y gwywder,
 Daw ar fyr in' amser gwell.

Parch Edward Roberts.

1

mf Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
cres Come, Thou Source of sweetest gladness,
 Breathe Thy life and spread Thy light.
mf From that height which knows no measure,
 As a gracious shower descend,
 Bringing down the richest treasure
 Man can wish and God can send!

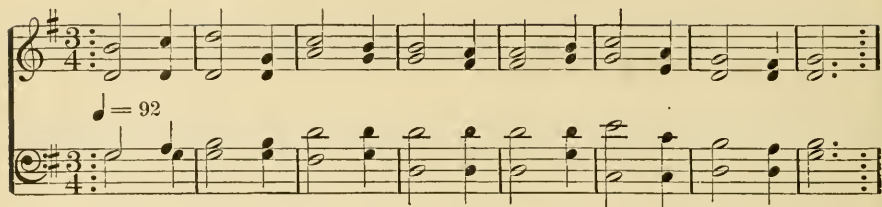
2

mf Manifest Thy love forever;
 Fence us in on every side;
 In distress be our reliever,
 Guard and teach, support and guide!
cres Be our Friend on each occasion,
 God! omnipotent to save;
 When we die, be our salvation,
f Make us triumph o'er the grave.

{Trans.} A. M. Toblady.

Even Me. M. 8.7.8.7.6.7.

W. B. Bradbury.



1

mf Arglwydd, clywaf swm cawodydd
 Gwlaw Dy gariad oddi fry,
 Yn adfywio'r tir sychedig,
 Deued hefyd arnaf fi.
cres Ie fi, ie fi,
f Deued hefyd arnaf fi.

2

mp Na ddos heibio, raslawn Geidwad,
 Claf wyf am dy gwmni di;
 Rwy'n hiraethu am Dy gariad,
 Pan yn galw, galw fi.
cres Ie fi, ie fi,
f Pan yn galw, galw fi.

3

mf Na ddos heibio, Ysbryd nerthol,
f Tân a bywyd ydwyf Ti:
 Doed dy ddylanwadau dwyfol
 Yn eu nerth i'm henaidd i.
f Ie fi, ie fi,
 Doed dy nerth i'm henaidd i.

(Cyf.) Ieuan. Gwyllt.

1

mf Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering, full and free;
 Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
 Let some drops descend on me,
cres Even me, even me,
f Let some drops descend on me.

2

mp Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
 Let me love and cling to Thee;
 I am longing for Thy favor;
 When Thou comest, call for me,
cres Even me, even me,
f When Thou comest, call for me.

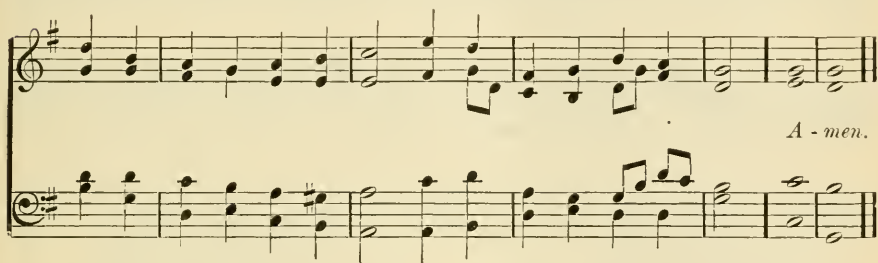
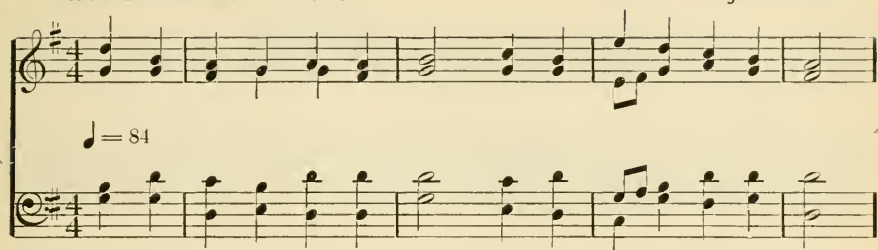
3

mf Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
f Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me,
f Even me, even me,
 Speak the word of power to me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

Battishill. M. 7.7.7.7.

J. Battishill.



1

mf Ar y mynydd gyda Duw,
O mor ogoneddus yw;
cres Dwndwr pechod byd ymhell,
Ninau gyda'r bywyd gwell.

2

mf Ar y mynydd gyda Duw,
Dyma nefol fan i fyw;
cres Gwel'd yr haul yn codi draw,
Gwel'd boreuau Duw gerllaw.

3

mf Rhaid yw dringo uwch y byd
Cyn ceir cwmni Duw o hyd;
cres Teml hardda'r Crïstion yw
Pen y mynydd gyda Duw.

Myfyr Hefin.

1

mf To Thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there;
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2

mf While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
cres That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousess.

3

mf From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
cres And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

J. Montgomery

Silchester. M. B.

Rev. C. Malan.

$\text{♩} = 80$

A-men.

1

mf Cyduned Seion lân
Mewn cân bereiddia'i blas,
cres O fawl am drugareddau'r Iôn,
Ei roddion Ef a'i ras.

2

mf P'le gwelir cariad fel
Ei ryfedd gariad Ei?
cres P'le bu cyffelyb iddo erioed—
Rhyfeddod nef y nef?

3

mf Fe'n carodd cyn ein bod,
A'i briod Fab a roes,
Yn ol amodau hen y llŷth,
p I farw ar y groes.

4

mf Gwnaeth Iesu berffaith iawn
Brydnawn ar Galfari:
cres Yn Ei gyfiawnder pur dilyth
f Mae noddfa byth i ni.

Parch James Hughes.

1

mf I love Thy Kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
cres The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2

mf I love Thy Church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3

mf For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
cres To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4

f Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Psalm cxxxvii. Rev. Timothy Dwight.

Bavaria. M. S. 7. D.

Mendelssohn.

$\text{♩} = 88$

A - men.

1

mf Gosod babell yn ngwlad Gosen,
 Tyred, Arglwydd, yno D' Hun;
 Gostwng o'r uchelder goleu,
 Gwna Dy drigian gyda dyn:
cres Trig yn Seion, aros yno,
 Lle mae'r llwythau'n d'od ynghyd;
 Byth na 'mad oddi wrth Dy bobl
 Nes yn ulw'r elo'r byd.

2

mf Blinais ar afonydd Babel,
 Nid oes yno ond wylu i gyd;
 Llais telynau hyfryd Seion
 Sydd yn cyson dŷnu 'mryd:
cres Tyr'd â ni, yn dorff gariadus,
 O gaethiwed Babel fawr;
 Ac nes b'om ar fynydd Seion
 N' âd in' orphwys mynydd awr.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise:
cres Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
f Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love!

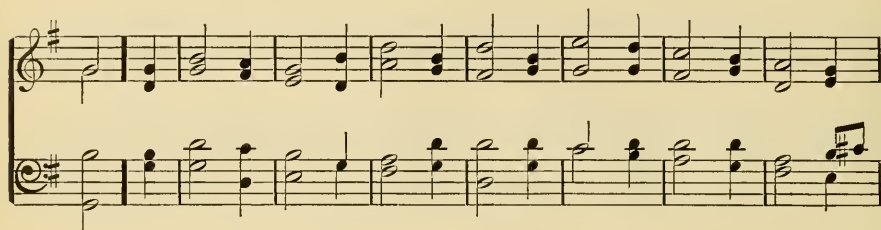
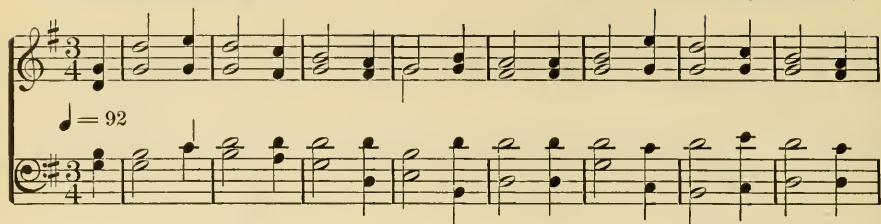
2

mf Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
cres Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God:
f He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

Rev. Robert Robinson.

Glan 'rafon. M. 2.8.

David Davies.



1

f Braint, braint
 Yw cael cymdeithas gyda'r saint,
 Na welodd neb erioed ei maint;
 Ni ddaw un haint byth iddynt hwy;
 Y mae'r gymdeithas yma'n gref,
 Ond yn y nef hi fydd yn fwy.
John Roberts, Caergybi.

2

mf Daeth trwy
 Ein Iesu glân a'i farwol glwy',
 Fendithion fyrrd—daw eto fwy;
cres Mae ynddo faith ddiderfyn stôr;
 Ni gawsom rai defnyddau i lawr;
f 'Beth am yr awr cawn fyn'd i'r môr?
Casgliad y Parch Robert Jones, Rhoslan.

1

f To know
 The saints' communion here below,
 The fountain whence heaven's riches flow,
 Gives purer glow than earthly love;
 The sweet communion here is blest,
 But far the best in heaven above.

2

mf There flowed
 Through Jesus and His precious blood
cres Rich blessings that were shed abroad,
 An endless store for you and me;
 Some drops we've had, refreshing shower!
f What of the hour we'll reach the sea?
(Trans.) E. Arthur Jores.

Mount of Olives. M. 8.7. D.

Beethoven.

♩ = 76

A - men.

1

mf Arglwydd! gâd im' dawl orphwys
 Dàn gysgodau 'r palmwydd clŷd,
 Lle 'r eistedda 'r pererinion
 Ar eu ffordd i'r nefol fyd;
cres Lle 'r adroddant Dy ffyddlondeb
 Iddynt yn yr anial crâs,
 Nes anghofio 'u cyfyngderau
 Wrth folianu nerth Dy râs.

2

mf Arglwydd! dâl ni nes myn'd adref,
 Nid yw'r llwybr eto 'n faith;
cres Gwêned heulwen ar ein henaid,
 Wrth nesâu at ben y daith;
 Doed y nefol awel dyner
 I'n cyfarfod yn y glŷn,
f Nes in' deimlo'n traed yn sengi
 Ar uchelder Seion fryn.

Emrys.

1

mf Oh, be with us, precious Father,
 Whilst before Thy feet we bow;
cres Let the Angel of Thy presence
 Hover o'er Thy temple now.
 From the world's entrancing vision,
 From the spirit's sullen night;
 From the tempter's dark dominion,—
 Free us, by Thy saving might.

2

mf Let Thy Spirit's glad communion
 Waken thoughts of peace and love,
cres And prepare us for Thy presence,
 In the nobler courts above:
 There to join in perfect worship,
 There to swell the angels' song,
 And in higher, sweeter measure,
 Earth's imperfect praise prolong.

A. Rooker.

Wareham. M. H.

William Knapp.

♩ = 92

A - men.

1

mp Mor hardd, mor deg, mor hyfryd yw
 Dy babell sanctaidd Di, O Dduw!
cres Mor loyw y dysgleiria hi
 Gan lewyrch gwedd dy wyneb Di!

2

mf Pan welwn yno 'th anwyl wedd,
 Pan brofwn yno 'th hyfryd hedd,
 Cydganu wnawn ar lafar lef,
 "Ti 'n dygaist ni i borth y nef!"

3

mf Mae un diwrnod yn dy dŷ,
 Dan dirion wên dy wyneb cu,
 Yn well na mil yn ngwledd y ffol,
 Sy'n gadael chwerwedd blin ar ol.

4

mp Rho ini 'r fraint o'th wel'd ar fryd
 O fewn dy lân fendigaid lys;
mf Prydferthwch mwya'th babell yw
 Dy bresenoldeb Di, ein Duw!

Parch B. Francis.

1

mf How pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are!
cres With strong desire my spirit fain'ts
f To meet th'assemblies of Thy saints.

2

mf Blest are the saints that sit on high,
 Around Thy throne of majesty;
cres Thy brightest glories shine above,
f And all their work is praise and love.

3

mf Blest are the men whose hearts are set,
 To find the way to Zion's gate;
f God is their strength, and through the road
 They lean upon their Helper, God.

4

f Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
 Till all before Thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

Rockingham. M. H.

E. Miller.

♩ = 80

A - men.

1

mp O Iesu mawr! rho'th anian bur
 I eiddil gwân mewn anial dir,
cres I'w nerthu drwy'r holl rwystran sy
 Ar ddryys daith i'r Ganaan fry.

2

mf Pob grâs sydd yn yr eglwys fawr,
 Fry yn y nef, neu ar y llawr,
cres Câl feddu'r oll—eu meddu'n un,
 Wrth feddu D' anian Di Dy Hun.

3

mp Mi lyna'n dawl wrth Dy draed,
cres Mi ganaf am rinweddau'th waed,
mf Mi garia'r groes, mi nofia'r dôn,
 Ond cael Dy anian dân fy mron.

Parch David Charles.

1

mf Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
 By faith and love, in every breast;
cres Then shall we know, and taste and feel
 The joys that cannot be expressed.

2

mf Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
 Make our enlarged souls possess,
cres And learn the height, and breadth, and length
f Of Thine eternal love and grace.

3

f Now to the God whose power can do
 More than our thoughts and wishes know,
 Be everlasting honors done
 By all the Church, through Christ, His Son.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

Pastor Bonus. M. 6.5. D.

Anon.

♩ = 92

A-men.

1

mf Esgyn gyda'r lluoedd
 Fry i fynydd Duw,
 Tynu tua'r nefoedd—
 Bywyd f' enaid yw.
mf Esgyn i'r uchelion,
 Gyda'r dwyfol waith;—
cres Canu addewidion,
 Wnawn ar hyd y daith.

2

mf Yfwn o ffynonau
 Gloywon dyfroedd byw,
 Wrth fynd dros y brynau
 Tua mynydd Duw.
mf Wedi'r holl dreialon,
 Wedi cario'r dydd,—
f Cwrdd ar fynydd Seion—
 O! mor felus iydd!

Walcyn Wyn.

1

f On our way rejoicing
 To Thy house we go,
 Victor is the Leader!
 Vanquished is the foe!
cres Christ without—our safety!
 Christ within—our joy!
 Who, if we be faithful,
 Can our hope destroy?

2

f Unto God the Father!
 Joyful songs we sing;
 Unto God the Saviour!
 Thankful hearts we bring;
cres Unto God the Spirit!
 Bow we and adore,
ff On our way rejoicing,
 Ever, evermore!

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell.

Lancashire. M. 7.6. D.

Henry Smart.

♩ = 100

A-men.

1

1

mf Coronau gwych y ddaear—
 Gorseddau mawr eu bri—
 Ddiflanant, O! mor gynar!
 Fel ewyn gwyn y lli';
cres Ond coron milwyr Iesu,
 A gorsedd plentyn nef,
f Saif, er i'r haul dywyllu,
 A siglo o'r ddaear gref!

2

f Mae eglwys Dduw yn symud
 Fel byddin ar ei thaith;
 Ei Brenin yw ei bywyd
 Drwy'r oll anialwch maith;
cres Un ydyw'r dyrfa addas,
 Un Arglwydd iddi sydd,
ff Un cariad drwy'r gymdeithas,
 Un gobaiith, ac un ffydd.

(Efel.) Cernyw.

mf The Church's one Foundation
 Is Jesus Christ the Lord;
 She is His new creation
 By water and the word:
cres From heaven He came and sought her,
 To be His holy Bride;
dim With His own blood He bought her,
p And for her life He died.

2

f Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one faith, one birth;
cres One holy Name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
ff And to one hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone.

Sherborne. M. 7.7.7.7.

Mendelssohn.

♩ = 76

A-men.

1

mf Iesu, tirion, gwnaethost le
I rai bychain yn Dy Dŷ;
Eiddynt hwy yw teyrnas ne',
Ac mae cartref iddynt fry.

1

mf Heavenly Father, may Thy love
Beam upon us from above;
Let this infant find a place
In Thy covenant of grace.

2

mf Dysg ni 'n iawn i'w dysgu hwy,
Ac i'w cadw wrth Dy draed;
Boed eu diogelwch mwy
O dan arwydd pur y gwaed.

2

mf Son of God, be with us here,
Listen to our humble prayer;
Let Thy blood on Calvary spilt,
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

3

mf Derbyn Di ein plant i'w dwyn
Yn Dy ffordd Dy Hun i'r ne';
Ti yw Bugail da yr wyn,
A Dy fynwes yw eu lle.

3

f Great Jehovah! Father, Son,
Holy Spirit—Three in One,
Let the blessing come from Thee;
Thine shall all the glory be.

Glan-y-Nant. M. 8.7.

Daniel Protheroe.

♩ = 69

A - men.

1

mf Bugail Israel sydd ofalus
Am Ei dyner anwyl ŵyn;
cres Mae'n eu galw yn groesawus,
Ac yn eu coffeidio'n fwyn.

2

mf "Gadewch iddynt ddyfod ataf,
Ac na rwystwrch hwynt," medd Ef,
"Etifeddiaeth lân hyfrydaf
I'r fath rai yw teyrnas nef."

3

mf Deuwn, Arglwydd, â'n rhai bychain,
A chyflwynwn hwynt i Ti;
f Eiddot' mwyach ni ein hunain,
A'n hiliogaeth gyda ni.

4

cres De'wch, blant bychain, de'wch at Iesu,
Ceisiwch wyneb Brenin nef;
Hoff eich gweled yn dynesu
I'ch bendithio ganddo Ef.

Morris Davies.

1

mf Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding,
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share:

2

mf Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

3

mf Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
cres Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

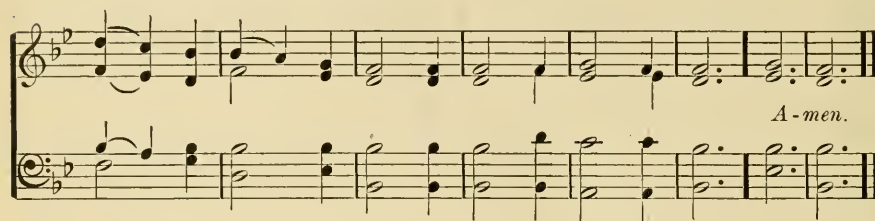
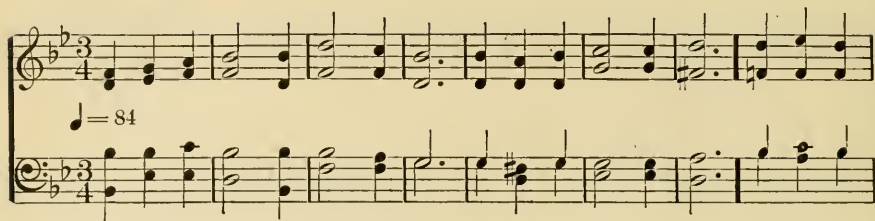
4

cres Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
f Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Rev. William A. Muchlenberg.

Abergele. M. C.

J. Ambrose Lloyd.



1

1

mf Plant ydym eto dân ein hoed,
Yn disgwyl am y stâd;
cres Mae'r etifeddiaeth ini'n d'od
Wrth Destament ein Tad.

David Jones.

mf O Lord, behold us at Thy feet,
A needy, sinful band;
As suppliants round Thy mercy-seat,
We come at Thy command.

2

2

mf Na ddigalonwn, er ein bod
Yn awr mewn anial wlad;
cres Mae'r etifeddiaeth ini'n d'od
Wrth Destament ein Tad.

mf 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The offspring Thou hast given;
cres Where shall we go in time of need
But to the God of heaven?

3

3

p Gorthrymder geir o dân y rhôd,
mf Ond byr fydd ei barhâd;
cres Mae'r etifeddiaeth, ini'n d'od
Wrth Destament ein Tad.

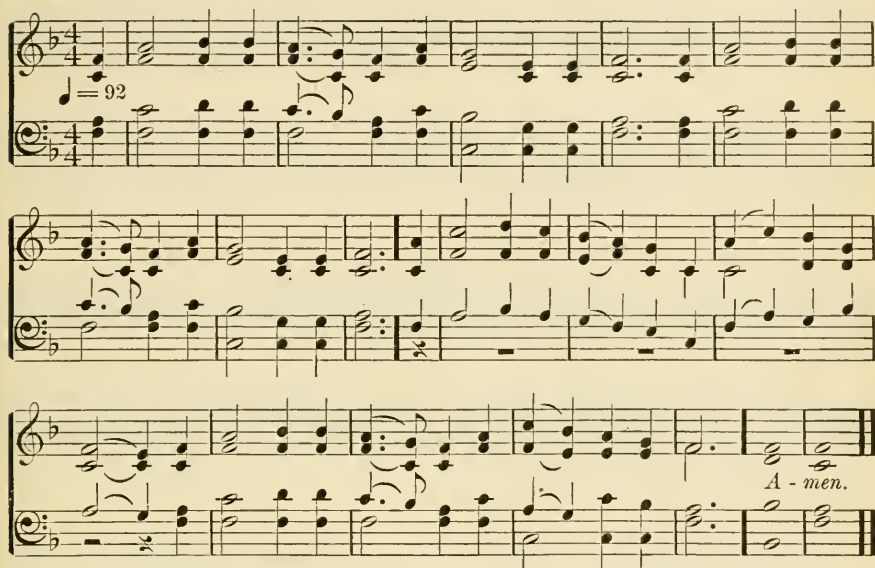
Casgliad Morris Davies.

mf We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife;
cres But in the all-prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.

Thomas Hastings.

Granville. M. 6.5. D.

Rev. A. J. Gordon.



1
mf Fy Iesu, fe 'th garaf,
 Wyt eiddo i mi,
 Gadawaf bob gwagedd—
 Fy mywyd wyt Ti;
cres Fy anwyl Waredwr,
 Fy Ngheidwad pur yw,—
f Byth mwy fe 'th folianaf,
 Fy Iesu a'm Duw.

2
mf Fe 'th garaf am i Ti
 Drwy ing marwol loes,
dim Wneyd ffordd i fy nghadw
 Ar bren garw'r groes;
p Derbyniaist archollion,
 Dy iron oedd yn friw,—
cres Byth mwy fe 'th folianaf,
f Fy Iesu a'm Duw.

3
mf 'Rol cyraedd trigfau
 Anfarwol y nef,
cres Caf wisgo aur goron
 A byw gydag Ef;
f Pan glywaf Hosanna
 Y nef ar fy nghlyw,
ff Tragwyddol folianaf
 Fy Iesu a'm Duw.

(Efel.) R. J. Jones.

1
mf My Jesus, I love Thee,
 I know Thou art mine,
 For Thee all the follies
 Of sin I resign.
cres My Gracious Redeemer,
 My Saviour art Thou,
f If ever I loved Thee,
 My Jesus, 'tis now.

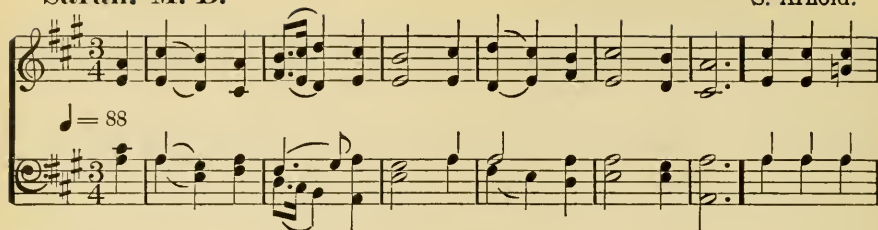
2
mf I love Thee, because Thou
 Hast first lovéd me,
dim And purchased my pardon
 On Calvary's tree;
p I love Thee for wearing
 The thorns on Thy brow;
cres If ever I loved Thee,
f My Jesus, 'tis now.

3
mf In mansions of glory
 And endless delight,
cres I'll ever adore Thee
 In heaven so bright;
f I'll sing with the glittering
 Crown on my brow,
ff If ever I loved Thee,
 My Jesus, 'tis now.

London Hymn Book.

Sarah. M. B.

S. Arnold.



1

p Mi glywa'th dyner lais
Yn galw arnaf fi,
I dd'od a golchi 'meiau 'gyd
Yn afon Calfari.

2

mf Yr Iesu sy'n fy ngwa'dd,
I dderbyn gyda'i saint,
Ffydd, gobaith, cariad pur, a hedd,
A phob rhyw nefol fraint.

3

cres Yr Iesu sy'n cryfhau
O'm mewn Ei waith trwy rās;
Mae'n rhoddi nerth i'm henaid gwàn
I faeddu 'mhechod cās.

4

f Gogoniant byth am drefn
Y cymod a'r glanhâd;
Derbyniaf Iesu fel yr wyf,
A chanaf am y gwael!

(Cyf.) Ieuan Gwyllt.

1

p I hear Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2

mf 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
cres To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heaven above.

3

cres 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
f By adding grace to welcome grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

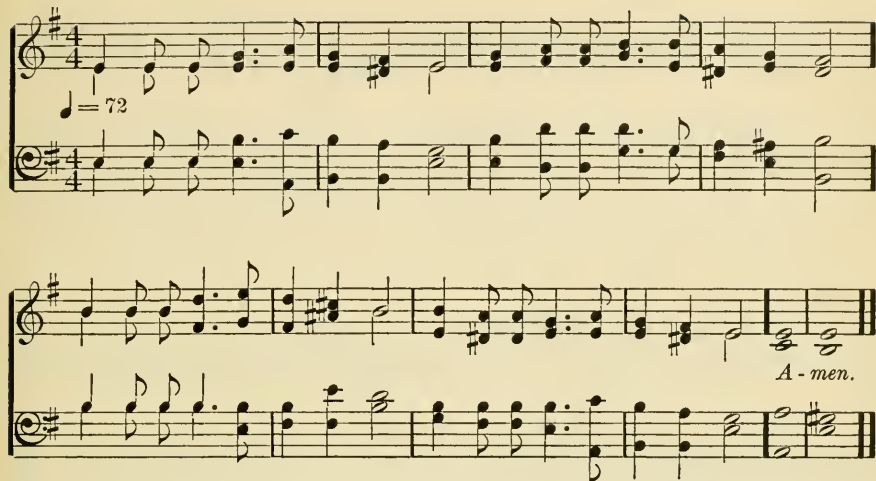
4

f And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

Rev. Lewis Hartsough.

Llef. M. H.

Gutyn Arfon.



1

mf 'R wy'n dewis Iesu a'i farwol glwy',
Yn Frawd a Phriod imi mwy;
Ef yn Arweinydd, Ef yn Ben,
I'm dwyn o'r byd i'r nefoedd wên.

2

mf Wel, dyma un, O! d'wedwch p'le
Y gwelir arall fel Efe,
A bery'n ffyddlawn im' o hyd,
Yn mhob rhyw drallod yn y byd?

3

mf Pwy wrendy riddfan f'enaidd gwân?
Pwy'm cwyd o'm holl ofidiau i'r lân?
cres Pwy garia 'maich fel Brenin ne'?'
Pwy gydymdeimla fel Efe?

4

cres Wel, ynddo ymfrostiaf mau mwy;
Fy holl elynion, d'wedwch, Pwy
f O'ch cewri cedyrn, mawr eu rhi',
All glwyfo mwy i' Anwylyd i?

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
cres Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2

mf Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
cres He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3

mf Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4

f Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
cres And O may this my glory be,
ff That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Rev. Joseph Grigg.

Burford. M. C.

Henry Purcell.



1

1

mp O! cymer fy serchiadau'n glau,
Fy Iesu, bob yr un;
A gwna hwy yn eisteddfa bur,
Sancteiddiaf it' Dy Hun.

mf My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine;
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

2

2

mf A gwna bôb meddwl, a phôb chwant,
I dŷnu fyny fry;
Nas gwrthio holl derfysgoedd byd
Fi 'maes o'th gariad cu.

p Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

3

3

cres Ni wnaed yr enaid hwn erioed
I garu llwch y llawr;
f Ond i gael meddu'r fraint a ro'ed
I gadw i f' Arglwydd mawr.

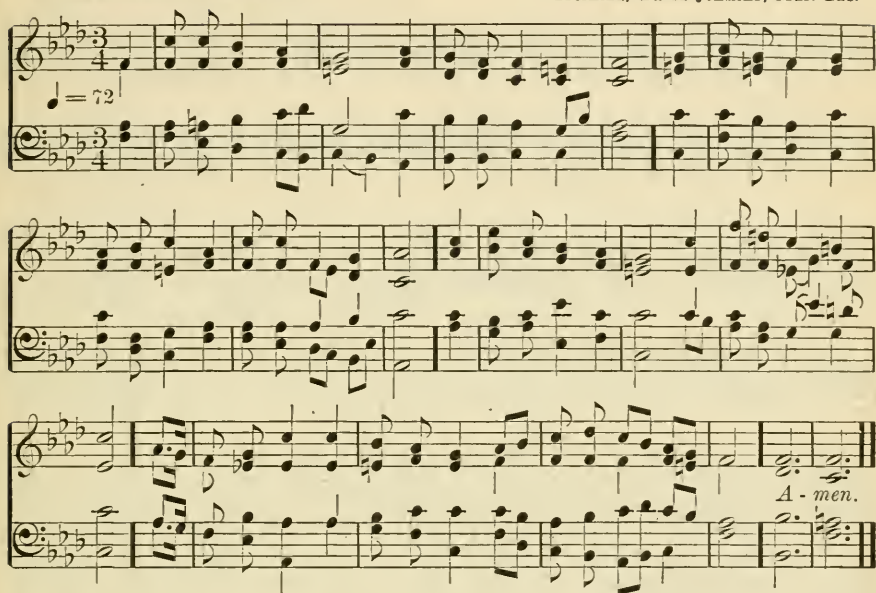
cres Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
f Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Pantycelyn.

Matthew Bridges.

Llanllyfni. M. B. D.

Parch John Jones, Talsarn.
Trefniad, David Jenkins, Mus. Bac.



mp 1 'R wy'n ofni'm nerth yn ddim
Pan elwy' i rym y dôn:
Mae terfysg yma cyn ei dd'od,
A syndod dân fy mron:
cres Mae ofnau o bob rhyw,
Oll fel y diluw 'nghyd,
Yn bygwth i fy nhôri i lawr,
Pan ddêl eu hawr ryw bryd.

mf 2 'R wyf yn terfynu 'nghrêd,
'N ôl pwyso oll ynghyd,
Mai cyfnewidiol ydyw dyn,
Ond Duw sy'r un o hyd;
cres Ar Ei fïyddlondeb Eif,
Sy'n noddfa gref i'r gwân,
Mi gredaf dôf, 'mhen gronyn bach,
O'r tônau'n iach i'r lân.

f 3 Cyfiawnder marwol glwyf,
A haeddiant dwyfol loes,
Y pris, y gwerth, yr aberth drud,
A dalwyd ar y groes,
A gliria 'meiau'n llwyr,
A'm golcha'n hyfryd lân;
Ac nid oes arall dân y nef
A'm nertha i fyn'd yn mlaen.

Pantycelyn.

mf 1 I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

mf 2 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
cres 'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
f 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

mf 3 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
cres But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
f I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

Aberporth. M. 8.7. D.

John Thomas Llanwrtyd.

♩ = 80

A-men.

1

mp Cul yw'r llwybr imi gerdded,
 Is fy llaw mae dyfnder mawr,
 Ofn sydd arnaf yn fy nghalon
 Rhag i'm troed i lithro i lawr:
mf Yn Dy law y gallaf sefyll,
 Yn Dy law y dôl i'r lân,
cres Yn Dy law byth ni ddiffygiaf,
 Er nad ydwyf fi ond gwân.

2

mp Dysg fi gerdded trwy'r afonydd,
 Na'm dychryner gan y llif,
 Na b'wy'n ildio gyda'r tônau,
 Temtasiynau fwy na rhif;
mf Cadw 'ngolwg ar y bryniau
 Uchel, heirdd, tu draw i'r dŵr;
cres Cadw 'ngafael yn yr afon
 Ar yr Iesu'r blaenaf Wr.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Jesus, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee;
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my All shalt be:
cres Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
f Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own!

2

f Haste then on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
mf Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
cres Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte.

Bryniau Cassia. M. 7.6. D.

Hen Alaw.

1
mf O flaen y fainc rhaid sefyll,
 Iê, sefyll cyn b'o hir;
 Nid oes a'm nertha yno
 Ond Dy gyfiawnder pur:
cres Myfi anturia'n êon
 Trwy ddyfroedd a thrwy dân,
 Heb oleu ac heb lewyrch,
 Ond Dy gyfiawnder glân.
f Glân, glân,
 Ond Dy gyfiawnder glân;
 Heb oleu ac heb lewyrch,
 Ond Dy gyfiawnder glân.

2
mf Ni fuasai genyf oibaith
 Am ddim ond filantau syth,
p Y pryf nad yw yn marw,
 A'r t'w'llwch dudew byth,
cres Oni buasai i'r Hwn a hoeliwyd
 Ar fynydd Calfari,
f O ryw anfeidrol gariad,
 I gofio am danaf fi.
ff Fi! fi!
 I gofio am danaf fi.
 O ryw anfeidrol gariad,
 I gofio am danaf fi.

1
mf We stand in deep repentance,
 Before Thy throne of love;
 O God of grace, forgive us,
 The stain of guilt remove.
 Behold us while with weeping
 We lift our eyes to Thee,
cres And all our sins subduing,
 Our Father, set us free!
f Free! free!
 Our Father, set us free!
 And all our sins subduing,
 Our Father, set us free!

2
mf Our souls—on Thee we cast them,
 Our only refuge Thou!
 Thy cheering words revive us,
 When pressed with grief we bow:
cres Thou bearest the trusting spirit
 Upon Thy loving breast.
f And givest all Thy ransomed
 A sweet, unending rest.
 Rest! rest!
 A sweet, unending rest;
 And givest all Thy ransomed
 A sweet, unending rest.

Whitford. M. 7.6. D.

J. Ambrose Lloyd.

♩ = 84

A - men.

p O'th flaen, O Dduw! 'r wy'n dyfod,
 Gan sefyll o hir bell;
 Pechadur yw fy enw—
 Ni feddaf enw gwell;
cres Trugaredd wyf yn geisio,
 A cheisio eto wnaf;
p 'R wy'n marw oni chaf.

mf Pechadur wyf, mi welaf,
 O Dduw! nad allaf ddim;
 'R wy'n dlawd, 'r wy'n frwnt, 'r wy'n euog,
 O! bydd drugarog im;
cres 'R wy'n addef nad oes genyf,
 Trwy 'mywyd hyd fy medd,
 O hyd ond gwaeddi—'Pechais!
 Nid wyf yn haeddu hedd'.

f Mi glywais gynt fod Iesu,
 A'i fod ef felly'n awr,
 Yn derbyn publicanod
 A phechaduriaid mawr;
cres O! derbyn, Arglwydd—derbyn
 Fi hefyd gyda hwy,
ff A maddeu i' holl anwired,
 Heb gofio'm camwedd mwy.

Thomas Williams. Bethesda, Morganwg.

p I need Thee, precious Jesus!
 For I am full of sin;
 My soul is dark and guilty,
 My heart is dead within:
mf I need the cleansing fountain,
 Where I can always flee,
 The blood of Christ most precious,
 The sinner's perfect plea.

p I need Thee, precious Jesus!
 For I am very poor;
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 I have no earthly store:
mf I need the love of Jesus
 To cheer me on my way,
 To guide my doubting footsteps,
 To be my strength and stay.

p I need Thee, precious Jesus!
 I need a friend like Thee,
 A friend to soothe and comfort,
 A friend to care for me:
cres I need the heart of Jesus
 To feel each anxious care,
 To bear my every burden,
 And all my sorrow share.

F. Whitfield.

Kilmorey. M. 7.6. D.

J. Ambrose Lloyd, Jr.

♩ = 88

A - men.

1
mp Pechadur wyf, O Arglwydd!
 Yn curo wrth Dy ddôr;
 Erioed mae Dy drugaredd
 Ddiddiwedd yn ystôr:
cres Er i Ti faddeu beiau
 Rifedi'r tywod mân,
 Gŵn fod Dy råd drugaredd
 Lawn gymaint ag o'r blaen.

2
cres Gwasgara'r tew gymylau
 Oddi yma i dŷ fy Nhad;
 Dadguddia imi beunydd
 Yr iachawdwriaeth råd;
f A dywed air Dy Hunan
 Wrth f'enaidd clwyfus, trist,
 Dy fod yn maddeu 'meiau
 Yn haeddiant Iesu Grist.

Morgan Rhys.

1
mp See, Lord, a needy sinner
 Stand knocking at Thy door,
cres For grace is ever treasured
 In Thee a boundless store;
p The sins already pardoned
 No mind but Thine can count;
f But, Lord, Thine ancient mercy
 Is still a flowing fount.

2
mf Disperse the clouds concealing
 My Father's house from view,
cres And of the great salvation
 Give daily visions new;
p And to my wounded spirit
cres Speak Thou a healing word,
f Of full and free forgiveness,
 Through Jesus Christ my Lord.

(Trans.) W. Howells.

Llangristiolus. M. 8.8.8.8. D.

Dr. Joseph Parry.



A-men.

1

mp Pechadur wyf, f'Arglwydd a'i gŵyr,
 Pechadur a garwyd yn rhâd;
 Pechadur a gliriwyd yn llwyr
 Yn rhyfedd trwy rinwedd y gwaed;
 Pechadur a orfu fyn'd trwy
 Ystormydd o ddyfroedd a thân;
cres Pechadur na orphwys byth mwy
 Nes dringo i'r nefoedd yn lân.

2

cres Pryd hyny câf glywed y gair—
 Y gair sydd felusach nag un,
 Yn seinio ffurfafen y nef
 O enau f'Anwlyd Ei Hun:
f "De'wch, blant bendedig fy Nhad,
 De'wch, etholedigion i gyd,
 Meddienwch y deyrnas yn rhâd
 Bar'toed i'ch cyn seiliad y byd."

Pantycelyn.

1

mp With guilt that is deep in its stain,
 Transgressions as frequent as sands,
 How can I with sorrow and pain
 Before that great judgment-seat stand?
 I've wasted God's merciful gifts,
 Rejected His offers and grace;
cres For spurning the cross is there hope,
 And can my repentance have place?

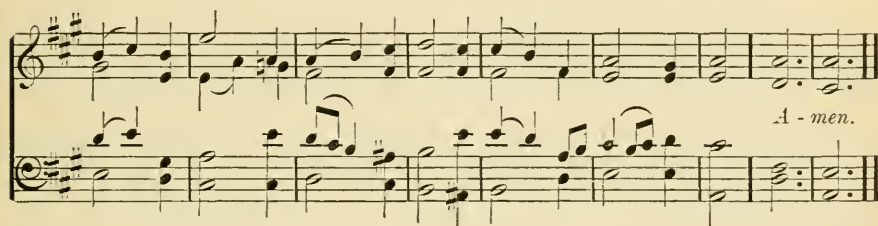
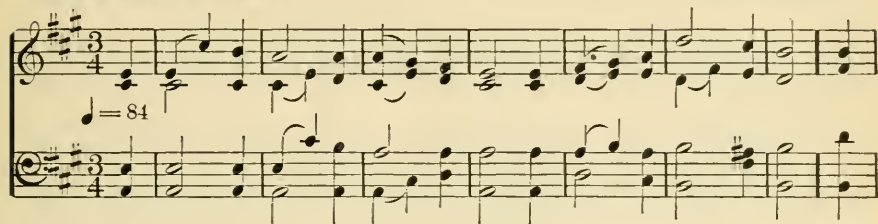
2

mf Though guilty and weak, I shall rise,
 And venture my Father to meet;
 Confessing my sins every one,
 I bathe with my tears His feet;
cres I'll perish, should that be my fate,
 Close up to my God's mercy-seat,
f Imploring, I'll trust that His love
 My soul with forgiveness will greet.

M. H. Jones.

Milwaukee. M. C.

Daniel Protheroe.



1

mf At un a wrendy weddi'r gwàn
'R wyf yn dyrchafu 'nghri;
Yn mhob cyfyngder, ing, a phoen,
p O Dduw! na wrthod fi.

2

p Er mor annheilwng o fwynhau
Dy bresenoldeb Di,
cres A haeddu 'mwrw o ger Dy fron,
dim O Dduw! na wrthod fi.

3

p Er bod yn euog o dristau
Dy Ysbryd sanctaidd Di,
A themtio Dy amynedd mawr,
pp O Dduw! na wrthod fi.

4

p Er mwyn Dy grôg a'th angu drud
Ar fynydd Calfari,
cres A'th ddwys eiriolaeth yn y nef,
O Dduw! na wrthod fi.

Ieuan Glan Geirionydd.

1

mf O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee:
p In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me!

2

p When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
cres My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love remember me!

3

p If on my face, for Thy dear Name,
Shame and reproaches be;
f All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me!

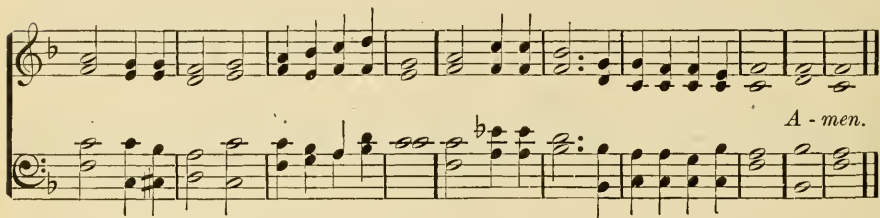
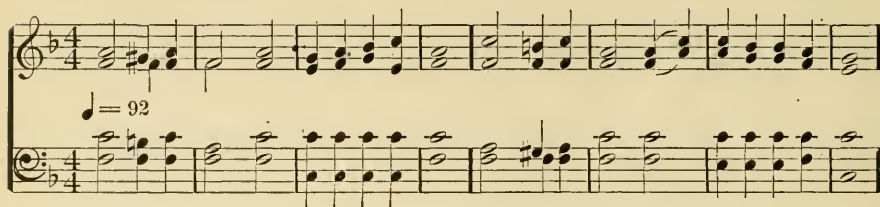
4

pp When in the solemn hour of death,
I own Thy just decree,
"Saviour," with my last parting breath
I'll cry, "Remember me!"

T. Haweis.

Holly. M. 10.10.10.10.

George Hews.



- 1 *f* Agorwyd teml yr Arglwydd yn y nef,
A gwelwyd arch Ei lân gyfamod Ei;
Holl ryfeddodau Person Crist, a'i waith,
A welir yno i dragwyddoldeb maith.
- 2 *mf* Mae'r Archoffeiriad yn taenellu'r gwaed,
Mewn gwisgoedd sanctaidd, llaesion, hyd Ei draed,
O fewn y llên, sancteiddiaf lÿs y nef,
Ac enwau'r llwythau ar Ei ddwyfron Ef.
- 3 *mf* Crist ydyw'r Arch a'r Drugareddfa rád;
Yn enw Hwn anturiwn at y Tad;
cres Fe wrendy gŵyn pechadur heb ei ladd,
Fe gymer blaidd yr enaid isel radd.

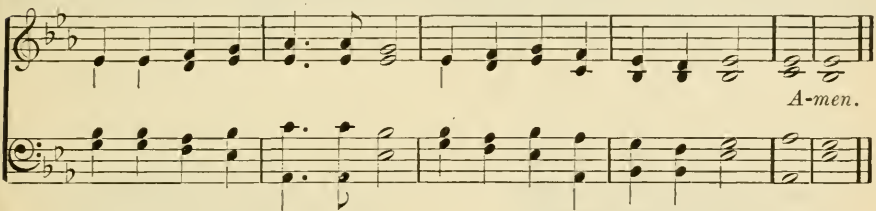
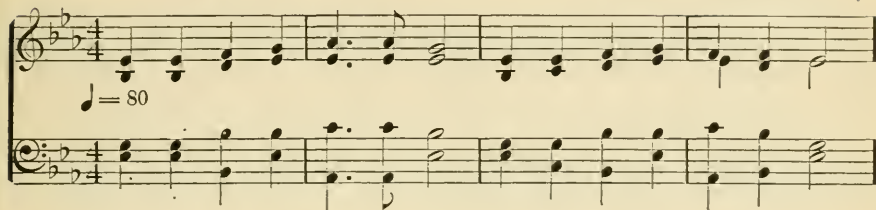
Parch James Hughes.

- 1 *mf* Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
cres Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
- 2 *mf* Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven:
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 *f* This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

H. Bonar.

Oak Hill. M. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

R. Redhead.



1

1

mp Arglwydd Iesu, 'r Bugail mwyn!

Edrych ar Dy anwyl ŵyn;

Dyrol arnom ni Dy nôd,

I Dy gorlan gâd in' dd'od;

p Buost farw drosom ni—*cres* Dŵg ni yn Dy fynwes gu.*mp* Bread of heaven, on Thee I feed,

For Thy flesh is meat indeed;

cres Ever may my soul be fed

With this true and living Bread;

Day by day with strength supplied

Through the life of Him who died.

2

2

mp Arglwydd Iesu, 'r Bugail mwyn!

Ti, O Dduw! wnaï gydymddwyn;

Maddeu 'n holl bechodau 'n rhâd,

Golch ni yn Dy werthfawr waed;

mf Yna cawn Dy foli fry*f* Ar hên anthem Calfari!*mp* Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies

This blest cup of sacrifice;

'Tis Thy wounds my healing give,

To Thy cross I look, and live:

cres Thou, my Life! O let me be

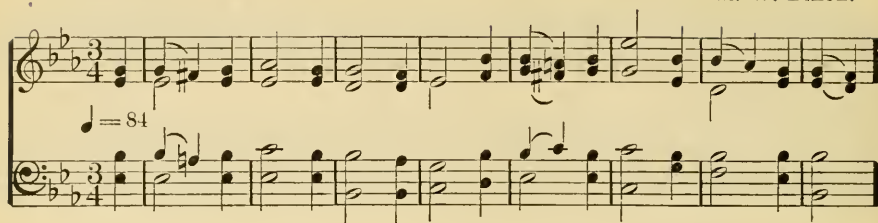
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

Parch Thomas Levi.

Josiah Conder.

Staincliffe. M. H.

R. W. Dixon.



A - men.

1

1

mf Y mae hapusrwydd pawb o'r byd
Yn gorphwys yn Dy anguen dy;
cres Hyfrydaf waith angylion fry
Yw canu am fynydd Calfari.

mf My God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2

2

mf O holl weithredoedd nef yn un,
Y benaf oll oedd prynu dyn;
Rhyfeddod mwyaf o bob oes
dim Yw'm Iesu yn marw ar y groes!

f Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

3

3

mf Wel, dyma'r trysor mwyaf drud,
Gwaed Iesu'n llifo dros y byd!
cres Fyth na foed ond Ei farwol glwy'
f Yn sylfaen pob caniadau mwy.

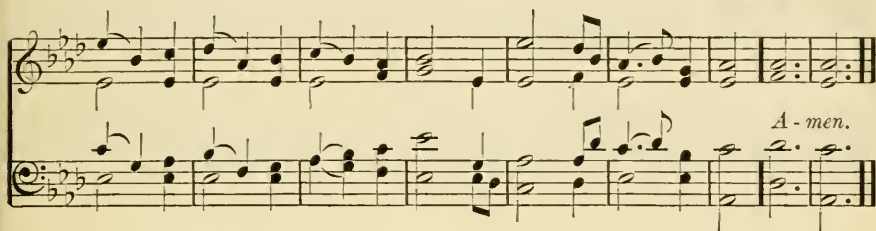
Pantycelyn.

mf O let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
cres And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

Engedi. M. C.

Beethoven.



1

mf Yn ol Ei rasol ordinhad,
At Iesu'n isel âf;
Myfyriaf ar Ei gariad rhad
p A'i gynnes gofio wnaif.

2

p Y corph fu dan yr hoelion dur,
Fydd fara i'm henaidd i;
A'th waed fydd mwy fy niod bur—
Fel hyn y'th gofiaf Di.

3

mf Caf yfed ffrwyth gwinwydden well,
'Nol treiddio 'r anial trwy;
cres Tragwyddol Sabbath fydd yr ŵyl,
A gwledd heb ddarfid mwy.
(Efel.) J. Montgomery.

1

mf Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

2

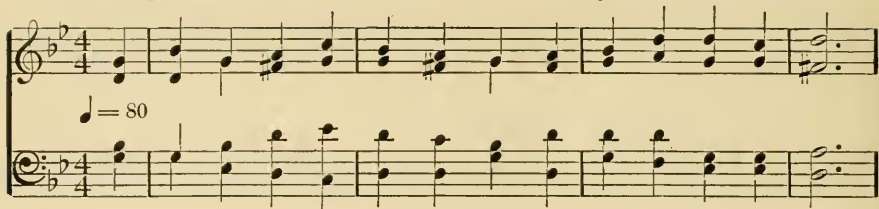
mf Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
cres Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

3

mf There sup with us in love divine,
Thy body and Thy blood;
cres That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.
Verse 1. Anon 2 and 3. James Montgomery.

Uxbridge. M. C.

J. H. Roberts, Mus. Bac.



1

mp Wel, dyma'r eiddil, dyma'r gwàn,
Yn griddfan wrth Dy draed,
Tu hwnt pob gobaith i gael byw
cres Ond trwy Dy ddwyfol waed.

2

mp Rhifedi 'meiau sydd dros ben
Pob haeddiant oll o ddyn;
cres Ac nid oes genyf noddfa im'
Ond haeddiant Duv Ei Hun.

3

mp Am iddo yno grymu Ei ben,
A marw ar y groes,
cres Mwy na rhifedi beiau'r byd
Yw haeddiant dwyfol loes.

4

mf Wel, dyma'r unig fân y mae,
Os oes, im' gael iachâd;
Ac yma credaf, os câf rym,
Mewn dynol ddwyfol waed.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord—
p I will remember Thee.

2

mf Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3

cres Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me:
dim Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains
p Will I remember Thee.

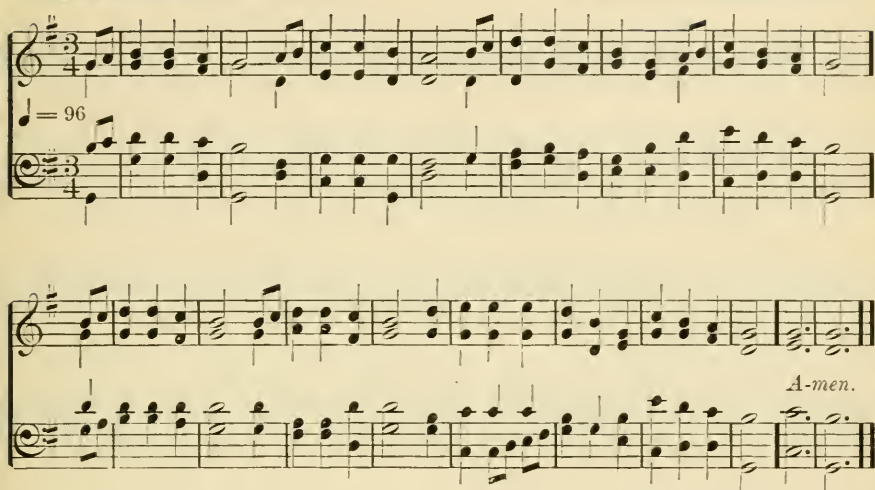
4

p And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
cres When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery.

Cysur. M. 5.5.6.5. D.

Thomas Price.



1

mf Ni gofiwn y gwaed,
A'r cymod a gaed
I godi pechadur
Am byth ar ei draed;
mp Er garwed y loes,
A dirmyg yr oes,
cres Mae'r nef yn y golwg
Yn ymyl y Groes.

2

mf Ni gofiwn y bryn
A ddringwyd yn wyn,
Gan ddwyfol Etifedd
Y nefoedd cyn hyn;
cres O'i ddilyn yn wir,
Yr aflan yn glir
A olchir yn wynach
Na'r eira cyn hir.

3

mf Ni gofiwn yr Iawn
A dalwyd yn llawn,
cres A chanu yn ngwyneb
Cyflawnder a wnawn;
Ni dderfydd ein llef,
O fawl iddo Eif,
Yn wynion ein gynau
f Ynghanol y nef.

Dyfed.

1

mf All ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh:
To you is it nothing
That Jesus should die?
cres Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is:
Come see if there ever
mp Was sorrow like His.

2

p He dies to atone
For sins not His own;
Your debt He hath paid,
And your work He hath done.
cres Ye all may receive
The peace He did leave,
Who made intercession,
"My Father, forgive!"

3

mf His death is my plea;
My advocate see,
p And hear the blood speak
That hath answered for me.
cres My ransom He was
When He bled on the cross;
And by losing His life
f He hath carried my cause.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

Gwylfa. M. 8.8.8.6.

D. Lloyd Evans.

1

p Fel, fel yr wyf, 'n awr atat Ti,
 Heb ble ond aberth Calfari,
cres A'th fod yn galw arnaf fi,
p O ddwyfol Oen! 'r wy'n d'od.

2

cres Fel, fel yr wyf, heb oedi 'n hwy—
 I geisio 'n ofer wella 'nghlwy',
 Ond atat Ti all wella mwy,
p O ddwyfol Oen! 'r wy'n d'od.

3

p Fel, fel yr wyf, â'm heuog frôn,
 Yn derfysg drwyddi, fel y dôn,
cres Yn ofni suddo'r fynyd hon,
dim O ddwyfol Oen! 'r wy'n d'od.

4

p Fel, fel yr wyf, yn ddall, yn dlawd,
 Y truenusaf un a ga'w'd,
cres Gan ddisgwyl ynot Ti gael Brawd,
dim O ddwyfol Oen! (*p*) 'r wy'n d'od.

5

p Fel, fel yr wyf, (*cres*) mae'th gariad mawr,
 Yn tòri 'r rhwystrau oll i lawr;
mf 'Gael bod yn eiddot byth yn awr,
 O ddwyfol Oen! 'r wy'n d'od.

(Cyf.) Parch Thomas Levi.

1

p Just as I am, without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
cres And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

2

cres Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

3

p Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
cres Fightings and fears within, without,
dim O Lamb of God, I come.

4

p Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
cres Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
dim O Lamb of God, I come.

5

p Just as I am! Thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
mf Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott.

Lymington. M. 7.6. D.

R. Jackson.

1
mf O Arglwydd da! argrapha
 Dy wirioneddau gwiw,
 Yn rymus ar fy meddwl,
 I aros tra f'wyf byw:
cres Mwy parchus boed Dy ddeddfau,
 Mwy anwyl nag erioed—
 Yn gysur i fy nghalon,
 Yn llusern i fy nhroed.

2
cres O Arglwydd! dysg im' chwilio
 I wirioneddau 'r Gair,
 Nes d'od o hyd i'r Ceidwad
 Fu gynt ar liniau Mair;
f Mae Ef yn Dduw galluog,
 Mae 'n gadarn i iachau;
 Er cymaint yw fy llygredd,
 Mae 'n ffynon i'm glanhau.

1
mf O Word of God Incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky;
cres We praise Thee for the radiance
 That from the hallowed page,
f A lantern to our footsteps
 Shines on from age to age.

2
 The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine:
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored;
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ the living Word.

Winchester. M. H.

B. Crasselius.



1

1

mf Nid yw hyfrydwch enawd a byd
Ond pethau gweigion oll i gyd;
Wrth chwilio gair yr Arglwydd cawn
Hyfrydwch gwell o lawer iawn.

mf The starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
cres Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as Thy written word.

2

2

Mae rhyfeddodau rif y dail
Yn Mherson hynod Adda'r Ail;
cres Difyrwch penaf nef y nef
f Yw edrych ar Ei degwch Ei.

mf The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise,
cres In each a heavenly beam I see,
f And every beam conducts to Thee.

Parch James Hughes.

Robert Grant.

Beatitudo. M. C.

Dr. John B. Dykes.

$\text{♩} = 84$

A - men.

1

mf Goleuni ac anfeidrol rym
Yw hyfryd eiriau'r nen;
Pob sill erioed a dd'wedodd E'
Sydd siwr o dd'od i ben.

2

Fe barodd imi dōri'r fraich,
A thynu'r llygad de;
Câf finau allu, mewn iawn bryd,
I wneyd a barodd Ef.

3

cres Mi ymddiriedaf yn Ei air,
Er cymaint yw fy mai;
Ac fe derfynwyd dydd ac awr
Pan gaffwy 'm gwir ryddhau.

1

f Mi orfoleddaf draw o bell,
Wrth feddwl am y dydd,
Pan ddél addewid fawr ei grym
A'm henaid gwàn yn rhydd.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Father of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines;
cres Forever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

2

mf Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
cres And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3

mf O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

4

mf Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou forever near;
f Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele.

Vienna. M. 8.7. D.

Haydn.

♩ = 80

A - men.

1
mf Dyma Feibl anwyl Iesu,
 Dyma rodd deheulaw Duw;
 Dengys hwn y ffordd i farw,
 Dengys hwn y ffordd i fyw;
 Dengys hwn y golled erchyll
 Gafwyd draw yn Eden drist;
f Dengys hwn y ffordd i'r bywyd,
 Trwy adnabod Iesu Grist.

Yr Drysorfa, 1831.

2
mf Cuddiaf D'eiriau yn fy nghalon—
 Gwnaf yn ddyfnach nag erioed;
 Byddi 'n llewyrch i fy llwybrau,
 Ac yn llusern i fy nhroed;
cres Cyfaill fyddi ar y ddaear,
 Ac yn angu glynu wnai;
f Yn y nef am dragwyddoldeb
 Bydd dy drysor yn parhau.

Parch Thomas Levi.

1
mf O how blest the hour, Lord Jesus,
 When we can to Thee draw near,
 Promises so sweet and precious
 From Thy gracious lips to hear.
cres Open Thou our minds, and lead us
 Safely on our homeward way;
 With the lamp of truth precede us,
 That we may not go astray.

2
mf Make us gentle, meek and humble,
 And yet bold in doing right;
cres Scatter darkness, lest we stumble;
 Men walk safely in the light.
 Give us grace to bear our witness
 To the truths we have embraced;
f And let others both their sweetness
 And their quickening virtue taste.

(Trans.) R. Massie.

Ellacombe. M. C. D.

"Gesang Buch der Herzogl.
Wirtembergischen Katholischen Hofkapelle."

mf 1 Ymdeithio'r fym wrth arch ein Tad,
I'r Ganaan nefol fry;
A ddeui dithau i'r un wlad?
O tyred gyda ni.
cres O tyred, tyred gyda ni,
Mae Duw am d'achub di;
Mae'r fiordd yn rhydd, yn ffyddiog rhêd,
O tyred gyda ni.

mp 2 O meddwl beth yw bod yn ol,
A cholli d'enaid cu!
Ystyria bellach, na fydd ffôl,
O tyred gyda ni.
mf O tyred, tyred gyda ni,
Mae Duw am d'achub di;
Mae'r fiordd yn rhydd, yn ffyddiog rhêd,
O tyred gyda ni.

mf 3 Mae'r Iesu'n derbyn pawb a ddêl,
Am hyn nac oeda di;
Mor ielus fyddai'th lef yn dweyd,—
"Mi ddeuaf gyda chwi!"
cres O tyred, tyred gyda ni,
Mae Duw am d'achub di;
Mae'r fiordd yn rhydd, yn ffyddiog rhêd,
O tyred gyda ni.

Pavch Roger Edwards.

mf 1 Come, let us join with faithful souls
Our song of faith to sing,
One brotherhood in heart are we,
And one our Lord and King.
cres Faithful are all who love the truth
And dare the truth to tell,
Who steadfast stand at God's right hand,
And strive to serve Him well.

f 2 Lead on, O King Eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
mf And Holiness shall whisper
The sweet Amen of peace;
cres For not with swords loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy,
The heavenly kingdom comes.

f 3 Lead on, O King Eternal:
We follow, not with fears:
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er Thy face appears;
cres Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light:
f The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might.

Rev. Ernest W. Shurtleff.

Oakland. M. 7.6. D.

Daniel Protheroe.

$\text{♩} = 108$

A-men.

1

f Cyfodwch dros yr Iesu!
 Yn wrol fyddin gref;
 Ei faner wen freninol
 Dyrchefwch hyd y nef;
cres Mae'n arwain Ei fyddinoedd
 I drechu uffern fawr;
 Teyrnasu raid i'n Iesu
 Yn Frenin nef a llawr.

2

f Cyfodwch dros yr Iesu!
 Ni raid ymdrechu'n hir;
 Os twrf y rhyfel heddyw,
 Y fory canu clir;
cres Yr Hwn sydd yn gorchfygu
 Gaiff goron ddydd a ddaw,
ff A bythol gyd-deyrnasu
 A'r Iesu 'r ochr draw.

(Cyf.) Anon.

1

f Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss;
cres From victory unto victory
 His army shall He lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

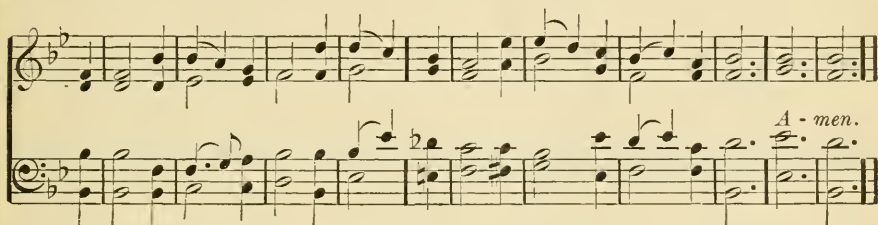
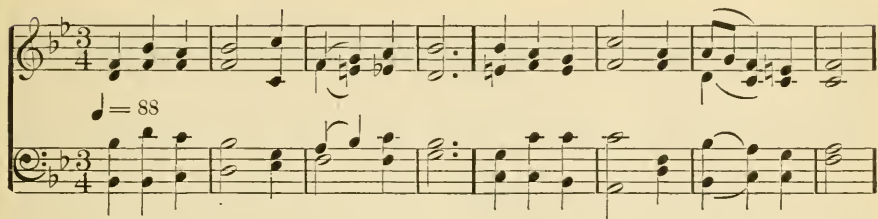
2

f Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
cres To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be;
ff He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally.

Rev. George Duffield.

Brecon. M. H.

Wm. Gardiner's "Sacred Melodies."



1

mp Gwna ni fel halen â Dy räs,
Yn wŷn, yn beraidd iawn ei fläs,
Yn foddion yn Dy law o hyd
I dynu'r adffas sy ar y byd.

2

mf Gwna fod D'ogoniant pur, di-lŷth,
Yn nôd a diben ini byth;
Dy fywyd hardd, a'th eiriau gwir,
Yn wastad ini'n rheol bur.

3

cres O ! dena'n serch oddi yma i gyd,
Fel gwir ddeithriaid yn y byd,
O fân i fân i deithio'n hy',
Bob pryd ar ôl D'orch'mynion Di.

4

mf Doed gogledd, de, a dwyrain bell,
I glywed y newyddion gwell;
f Aed sŷn D'efengyl, Iesu, i maes
Yn gylch o ddeutu'r ddaear lās.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
cres Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man.

2

mf In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
p We catch the vision of Thy tears.

3

mf O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
cres Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again;

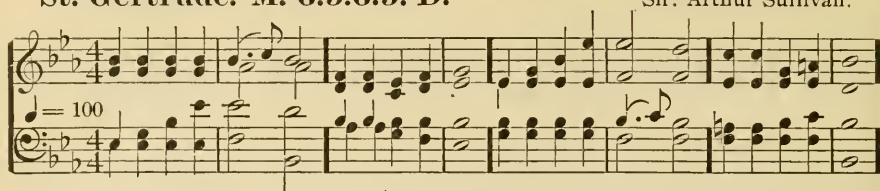
4

cres Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
f Till glorious from Thy heaven above,
Shall come the City of our God.

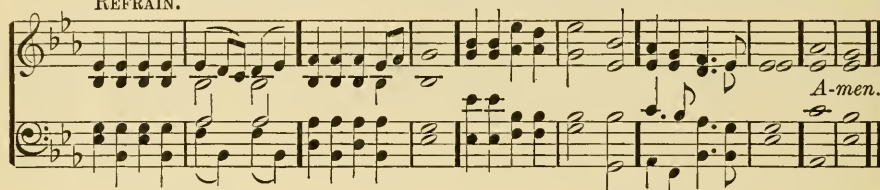
Rev. Frank Mason North.

St. Gertrude. M. 6.5.6.5. D.

Sir. Arthur Sullivan.



REFRAIN.



- 1 *f* Rhagom filwyr Iesu!
 Awn i'r gâd yn hyi!
 Gwelwn groes ein Prynwr—
 Hon yw'n cymorth cryf;
cres Crist, Freninol Arglwydd,
 Yw 'n harweinydd mād;
 Chwyfio mae Ei faner,
 Geilw ni i'r gâd.
ff Rhagom, filwyr Iesu!
 Awn i'r gâd yn hyi!
 Gwelwn groes ein Prynwr—
 Hon yw'n cymorth cryf.

- 2 *f* Arwydd buddugoliaeth
 Wna i Satan ffoi;
 Filwyr ffyddlon Iesu,
 Dowch yn ddiymdroi:
cres Seilian uffern grynant
 Gan y nerthol floedd,
 Frodyr bloeddiiwch eto—
 Molwch Ef ar g'oeidd. Rhagom, etc.

- 3 *f* Fel rhyw fyddin arfog
 Symud, Eglwys Dduw!
 Frodyr lle y troediwn,
 Llwybr y seintiau yw;
 Nid y'm ni'n rhanedig,
 Ond un corph di-goll—
 Un mewn ffydd a gobaith
 Un mewn cariad oll. Rhagom, etc.

(Cyf.) Dr. Lewis Edwards.

- 1 *f* Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before:
cres Christ the Royal Master
 Leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle,
 See, His banners go.
 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
- 2 *f* At the sign of triumph
 Satan's host doth flee;
 On then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory:
 Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise. Onward, etc.
- 3 *f* Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod;
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity. Onward, etc.

S. Baring-Gould.

St. Peter. M. 8.7.4.

Alaw Eglwysig.

$\text{♩} = 84$

A-men.

1

mf Arnat, Iesu, boed fy meddwl,
 Am dy gariad boed fy nghân;
 Dyged swm dy ddioddefiadau
 Fy serchiadau oll yn lân:
cres Mae dy gariad
f Uwch y clywodd neb erioed.

2

mf O! na chawn ddifyru 'nyddiau
 Llwythog, dan dy ddwyfol groes,
 A phob meddwl wedi ei glymu
 Wrth dy Berson ddydd a nos:—
cres Byw bob mynyd
 Mewn tangnefedd pur a hedd.

1

mf Gracious Saviour, we adore Thee;
 Purchased by Thy precious blood,
 We present ourselves before Thee,
 Now to walk the narrow road:
cres Saviour, guide us—
 Guide us to our heavenly home.

2

mf While our days on earth are lengthened,
 May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
cres Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
 We would run, nor weary be,
f Till Thy glory,
 Without clouds, in heaven we see.

Rhosymedre. M. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Rev. J. D. Edwards.



1

f Mae'r faner fawr yn mlaen,
Efengyl nef yw hon;
Mae uffern lawn o dân
Yn crynu'n awr o'r bron:
cres Hi gwyp, hi gwyp, er maint ei grym;
ff O flaen fy Iesu 'd yw hi ddim.

2

mf Na lwirhaed ein ffydd;
Mae'n ffydd fel colofn dân
A blânodd Brenin nef
I'n harwain yn y blaen;
f Mi wela'r wlad, mi gâ'i mwynhau,
Lle pery'm hedd heb dranc na thrai.

3

cres O! ffynon fawr o hedd,
O! anchwiliadwy fôr,
Sy'n cynwys ynddo'i hun
Ryw anherfynol stôr;
f Ti biau'r clôd; wel cymer ef,
Trwy'r ddaear, uffern fawr, a'r nef.

Pantycelyn.

1

f Arise, O Lord, and shine
In all Thy saving might,
cres And prosper each design
To spread Thy glorious light;
ff Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth Thy truth may know.

2

f Bring distant nations near,
To sing Thy glorious praise;
Let all the people hear,
And learn Thy holy ways:
Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

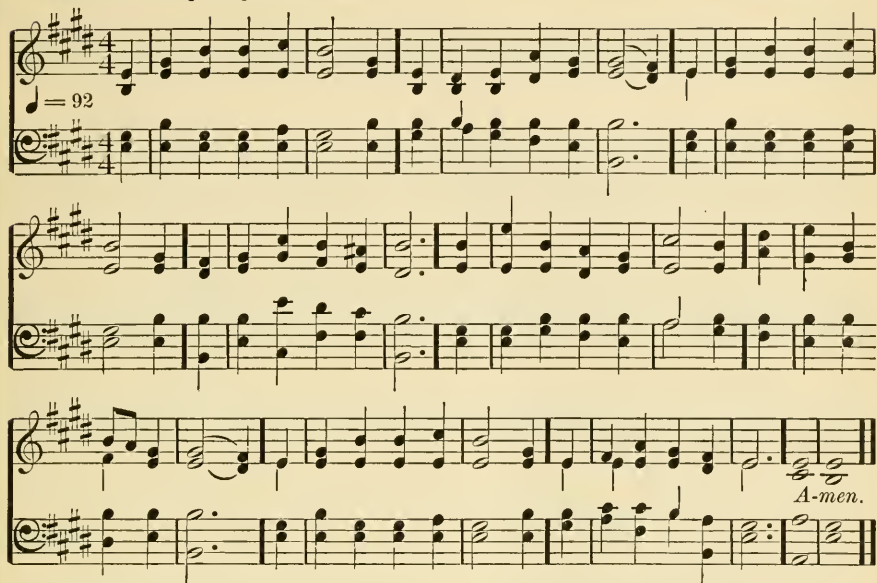
3

f Put forth Thy glorious power:
The nations then shall see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born to Thee;
God, our own God, His church shall bless
And fill the earth with righteousness.

W. Hurn.

Missionary Hymn. M. 7.6.7.6. D

Dr. Lowell Mason.



1
mf O Greenland oer, tynyddig,
 O draethau India fawr,
 Lle treigla dyfroedd Affrig
 Eu tywod aur i lawr,
cres O lawer gwlad ddyfradwy,
 O lánau'r palmwydd gwyrdd,
 Erfyniant ein cynorthwy
 Rhag coelgrefyddau fyrrdd.

2
mf A allwn ni, 'rhai gawsom
 Oleuni oddi fry,
 Nacau y llusern hono
 I rai mewn t'w'llwch du?
cres Adseinier mwyn beroriaeth
 Yr lachawdwriaeth rád,
f Hyd nes adwaener enw
 'R Messiah trwy bob gwlad.

3
f Ewch, wyntoedd, ewch â'r hanes,
 A threigla dithau, dôn,
 Nes llof hedd fel moroedd
 Dros wyneb daear gron;
 Nes byddo 'r Oen fu farw
 Dros feiau rif y gwlith,
 Yn Frenin a Gwaredwr,
 Mewn bri'n teyrnasu byth.

(Cyf.) An.

1
mf From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Africa's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
cres From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2
mf Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
cres Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
f Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's Name.

3
f Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinner's slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop Reginald Heber

St. Garmon. M. 8.7.4.

E. M. Price.

$\text{♩} = 96$

A - men.

1

mp Dros y brynau tywyll niwlog,
 Yn dawel, f'enaidd, edrych draw,
 Ar addewidion sydd i esgor
 Ar ryw ddyddiau brâf ger llaw:
cres Nefol Jubil,
 Gâd im' wel'd y boreu wawr.

2

mf Doed yr Indiaid, doed Barbariaid,
 Doed y Negro du yn llu,
 I ryfeddu'r ddwyfol goncwest
 Unwaith gaed ar Galfari:
 Sŵn y frwydr
 Dreiddio i eithaf conglau'r byd.

3

mf Gwawria, gwawria, hyfryd foreu,
 Ar ddiderfyn fagddu fawr,
 Nes b'o bloedd yr euraidd udgorn
 Yn adseinio'r nen a'r llawr,
cres Holl derfynau
 Tir Immanuel i gyd.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf O'er those gloomy hills of darkness
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
 All the promises do travail
 On a glorious day of grace;
cres Blesséd Jubilee,
 Let Thy glorious morning dawn.

2

mf Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtained on Calvary:
cres Let the Gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.

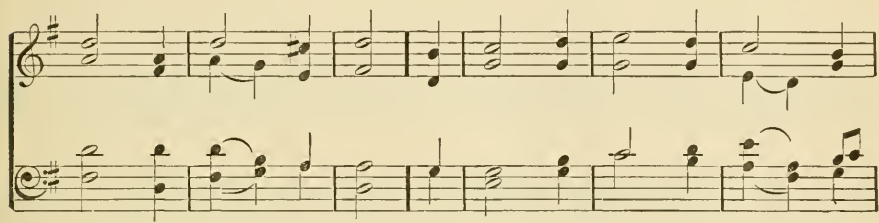
3

mf Lord, I long to see that morning,
 When Thy Gospel shall abound,
cres And Thy grace get full possession
 Of the happy promised ground;
f All the borders
 Of the great Immanuel's land.

Pantycelyn.

Angels Hymn. M. H.

Orlando Gibbons.



1

1

f Yr Iesu a deyrnasa'n grwn
O godiad haul hyd fachlud hwn;
Ei deyrnas â o fôr i fôr,
Tra fyddo llewyrch haul a lloer.

f Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2

2

f Lle y teyrnaso, bendith fydd;
Y caeth a naid o'i rwymanu'n rhydd,
mf Y blin gaiff fythol esmwythâd,
A'r holl rai clwyfus iechyd rhâd.

mf Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
f In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

3

3

f Rho'ed pob creadur, yn ddi-lŷth,
Neillduol barch i'r Brenin byth:
Angylion, molwch Ef uwch ben,
A'r ddaear, d'wedded byth, Amen.

f Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
cres Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

(Cyf.) David Jones, Caio.

I. Watts.

Durham. M. 7.7.7.7.

Alaw Eglwysig.



1

f Wele 'r dydd yn gwawrio draw,
Amser hyfryd sydd ger llaw;
Daw 'r cenhedloedd yn gyttûn
I ddychafu Mab y Dyn.

1

f Hark! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:

2

f Gwelir teyrnas Iesu mawr
Yn ben moliant ar y llawr!
Gwelir tŷ ein Harglwydd cu
Goruwch y mynyddoedd fry.

2

f "Hallelujah!" for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign:
"Hallelujah!" let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

3

mf Gwelir pobloedd lawer iawn
Yn dylifo ato 'n llawn;
cres Cyfraith Iesu gadwant hwy,
Ac ni ddysgant ryfel mwy.

3

f "Hallelujah!" Hark the sound
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;

4

f Yna clywir yn y nef,
Fawl i'r Oen âg uchel lef—
ff "Aeth teyrnasoedd mawr eu bri
Oll yn eiddo 'n Harglwydd ni!"

4

f See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword;—He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

Parch John Thomas, Rhaiadr.

J. Montgomery.

Moriah. M. 8.7. D.

Alaw Gymreig.

♩ = 80

A-men.

mf Marchog, Iesu, yn llwyddianus,
Gwisg Dy gleddyf ar Dy glun;
Ni all daear Dy wrthsefyll,
Chwaith nac uffern fawr ei hun:
cres Mae Dy enw mor ardderchog,
Pob rhyw elyn gilia draw;
f Mae Dy arswyd trwy'r greadigaeth
Pan y byddost Ti ger llaw.

mf Tŷn fy enaid o'i gaethiwed,
Gwawried bellach foren ddydd,
Rhwyga'n chwilfriw ddôrau Babel,
Tŷn y bârau heilyn yn rhydd;
cres Gwthied caethion yn fintoieodd
Allan, megys tônau llif,
Torf a thorf, dân orfoleddu,
Heb na diwedd fyth na rhif.

f Minau bellach orfoleddaf
Fod y Jubil fawr yn d'od,
Y cyflawnir pob rhyw sillaf
A lefarodd Iesu erioed;
cres De a gogledd yn fyrddiynau
Ddaw o eithaf tywyll fyd,
f Gyda dawns ac udgryn arian,
'Mewn i Salem bur ynghyd.

mf Onward march, all-conquering Jesus,
Gird Thee on Thy mighty sword!
Sinful earth can ne'er oppose Thee;
Hell itself quails at Thy word.
cres Thy great Name is so exalted,
Every foe shrinks back in fear;
f Terror creeps through all creation,
When it knows that Thou art near.

mf Free my soul from sin's foul bondage;
Hasten now the glorious dawn;
Break proud Babel's gates in sunder;
Let the massive bolts be drawn.
cres Forth, like ocean's heaving surges,
Bring in myriads ransomed slaves;
Host on host, with shouts of triumph,
Endless, countless as the waves.

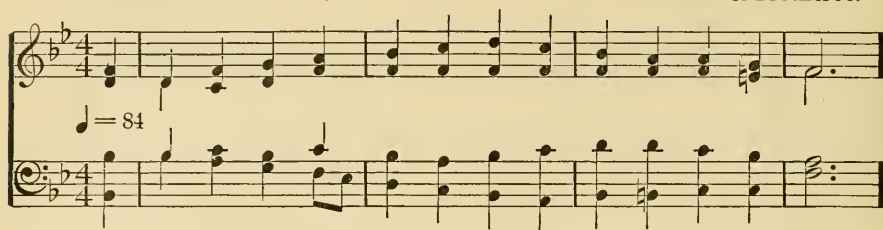
f Now my raptured soul rejoices
That the Jubilee is near;
Every word will be accomplished
Spoken by our Saviour here.
cres North and South, in countless myriads,
From earth's darkest ends they come,
f With the dance and gladsome music
Into heaven's eternal home.

Pantycelyn.

(Trans.) W. Howells.

Lackawanna. M. C.

Daniel Protheroe.



A - men.

1

f Drwy'r goruchelder Mawl i Dduw,
A thrwy'r dyfnderau maith;
Yn Ei holl ffyrdd mor sicr yw,
A rhyfedd yn Ei waith.

1

f Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His works most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

2

mf O! fawr ddoethineb Cariad Duw!
Tra'r byd mewn nos ddi-wawr,—
cres Daeth Adda'r Ail i'r dyfnder du
f I wared llwch y llawr.

2

mf O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
cres A second Adam to the fight
f And to the rescue came.

3

mf O! Gariad doeth,— i gig a gwaed
Yn Adda aeth i lawr,
cres Ymadnewyddu'n gryf drachefn
f A choncro'r gelyn mawr.

3

mf O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
cres Should strive afresh against their foe,
f Should strive and should prevail;

4

f Drwy'r goruchelder Mawl i Dduw,
A thrwy'r dyfnderau maith;
Yn Ei holl ffyrdd mor sicr yw,
A rhyfedd yn Ei waith.

4

f Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His works most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

(Cyf.) Parch John T. Job.

Cardinal John H. Newman.

Remsen. M. S.

Rees Thomas, Utica.

$\text{♩} = 84$

A - men.

1

mf Yr Arglwydd yw fy Mugail clau,
Ni âd byth eisieu arnaf;
A gorwedd gâf mewn porfa frâs,
Ar lân dwir gloewlas araf.

2

p Pe rhodiwn, 'd ofnwn ddim am hyn,
Yn nyffryn cysgod aneu;
cres Wyt gyda mi, â'th nerth a'th ffon;
On'd tirion ydyw'r arfau?

3

mf Gosodaist Ti fy mwrdd yn frâs,
Lle'r oedd fy nghâs yn gweled;
cres Olew i'm pen, a chwpan llawn,
Daionus iawn fu'r weithred.

4

f O'th nawdd y daw y doniau hyn
I'm canlyn byth yn hylwydd;
A minau a breswyliaf byth,
A'm nyth yn nhŷ yr Arglwydd.

Archddiacon Edmund Prys.

1

mf The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine forever.

2

p In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
cres Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

3

mf Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
cres And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

4

f And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

H. W. Baker.

St. Edith. M. 7.6.7.6. D.

Justin H. Knecht, and
Rev. Edward Husband.

$\text{♩} = 92$

A-men.

1
mf I ddyfnder fy nhrueni,
Ym mro'r tywyllwch mawr,
Mae cariad a thosturi
Yn tywallt dydd i lawr;
p Pan oedd fy nerth yn pallu,
Heb neb i wrando 'nghri,
cres Disgynaist i'm gwaredu,
mf Pa Dduw sydd fel Tydi?

2
mp Bu'r Iesu mewn caethiwded,
cres I minau fynd yn rhydd:
Am hyn, nid ofnaf niwed
O fewn y farn a fydd;
mf Cyfiawnder sydd yn foddoln,
Ar aberth Calfari;
cres Caf finau wisgo'r goron,
f Pa Dduw sydd fel Tydi?

3
mf Mi ganaf yn fy nagrau
Am rad faddeuol drefn,
I dafu fy mhochodau
Am byth tu ol i'th gefn;
cres Mae yn Dy gysgod loches
I druan fel myfi;
Caf bwyso ar Dy fynwes,
f Pa Dduw sydd fel Tydi?

1
mf O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
f Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His Name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2
mf O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
p And tears Thy face have marred:
cres O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

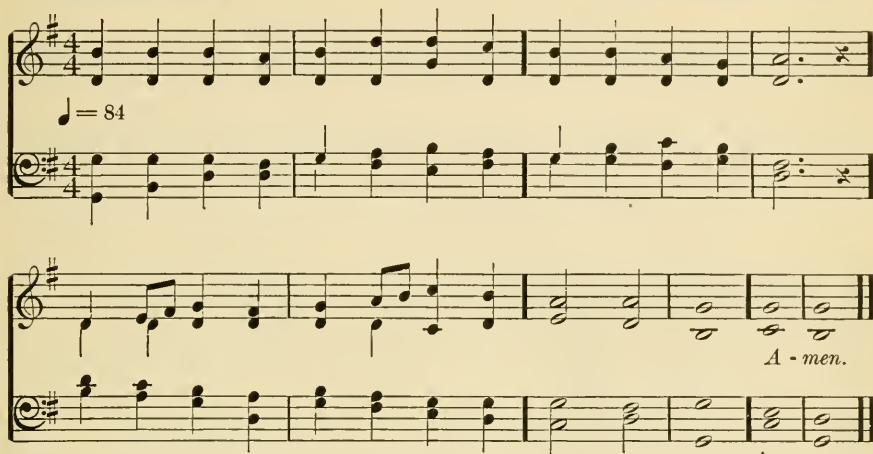
3
p O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
cres O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
f Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Dyfed.

Bishop W. Walsham How.

Stephanos. M. 8.5.8.3.

Rev. Sir. Henry W. Baker, Bart.



1

p Wyt ti'n llwythog a blinderog?
Wyt ti'n teimlo'th glwy?
mf Un a ddywed, "Tyred ataf,
Gorphwys mwy."

2

p A oes nodau i'm tywys ato,
Yr Arweinydd pur?
mf "Oes, mae yn Ei draed a'i ddwyllaw
Nodau cur."

3

p A oes ar Ei ben fel Brenin
Goron euraidd, gain?
mf "Oes, yn ddiau, y mae coron,—
Ond o ddrain."

4

p Os gofynaf iddo'm derbyn,
A ddyweda—Na?
mf "Nes êl nef a daear heibio,
Derbyn wna."

5

p A oes sicrywdd y bendithia,
Ond im' gario'r groes?
mf "Sant, Apostol, Proffwyd, Merthyr,
f Dystiant, Oes!"

(Cyf.) T. Jones.

1

p Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
mf "Come to Me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest."

2

p Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
mf "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3

p Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
cres "Yea, a crown, in very surety,
p But of thorns."

4

p If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
cres "Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

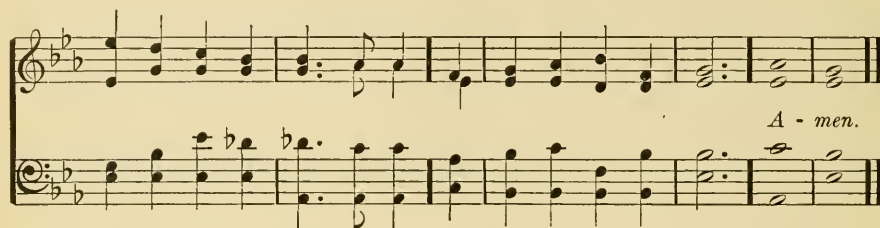
5

mf Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
f "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes.'"

Rev. John M. Neale:

St. Andrew. M. B.

Sir Joseph Barnby.



1

mf Wel, mi ddarfyddaf mwy
Yn lân â haeddiant dyn;
Ni chym'rir Iawn o flaen fy Nhad
Ond dwyfol waed ei hun.

2

mf Gofynion nef sydd iwy,
A'u taliad hwy mor ddndr,
cres Nas tâl mynyddau'r ddaear hon,
Pe'n berlau o'r bron i gyd.

3

mf O'r afon loyw hon
Tardd cysur o bob rhyw;
mf Mil o rasusau hyfryd, pur,
Fel blodau clir eu lliw.

4

mf Y ddwyfol, nefol, loes,
Cystuddiau'r groes a'i briw,
cres A'm nertha i fyn'd o'r byd a'i wae
I'r mân lle mae fy Nuw.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
cres Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2

mf Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3

mf Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
cres And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4

f Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

Van Ganol. M. H.

David Jenkins, Mus. Bac.

1

mf 'D oes arnaf eisien yn y byd
Ond golwg ar Dy haeddiant drud,
A chael rhyw brawf o'i nefol rin,
I 'mado'n lân â mi fy hun.

2

mf 'R wyf yn ei wel'd, ei wel'd o bell,
Na'r cwbl dân yr haul yn well;
p Ond O! na allwn ddringo'n awr
I'r mân lle mae'n diferu i lawr.

3

mf Er bod Dy haeddiant gwerthfawr, drud,
Yn fwy na'r nef, yn fwy na'r byd,
Yn rhyw anfeidrol berffaith Iawn,
'R wy'n methu gorphwys arno'n llawn.

4

mf O flaen y drugareddfa fawr,
Yn trengu wrth Dy draed i lawr,
cres Gwêl y pechadur duaf gaed
Yn brefu am rinweddau'th waed.

Pantycelyn.

1

f Strong Son of God, immortal Love
Whom we that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot see.

2

mf Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

3

mf Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

4

cres Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
f That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

Alfred Tennyson

Abermenai. M. 7.6. D.

J. H. Roberts, Mus. Bac.

$\text{♩} = 88$

A - men.

1

mf Fy Nuw, uwch law fy neall
 Yw gwaith Dy ddwyllaw i gyd;
 Rhyfeddod annherfynol
 Sydd ynddynt oll ynghyd;
cres Wrth weled Dy ddoethineb,
 Dy allu mawr, a'th fri,
 Mi greda' am iachawdwriaeth
 Yn hollol ynot Ti.

2

mf O f' enaid! gwel fath noddfa,
 Ddiysgog, gadarn, yw,
 Yn mhob rhyw gyfyngderau,
 Tragwyddol rās fy Nuw:
cres Ac yma boed fy nhrigfan,
 A fy nhawelaf nyth,
 Yn nyfnder cyfyngderau,
 Sef dân Dy aden byth.

1

mf In heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear,
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here:
cres The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
f But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?

2

mf Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where darkest clouds have been:
cres My hope I cannot measure;
 My path to life is free;
f My Saviour has my treasure,
 And He will walk with me.

Eirinwg. M. 9.8.9.8. D.

D. Emlyn Evans.

1

mf O! arwain fy enaid i'r dyfroedd,
 Y dyfroedd sy'n afon mor bur,
 Y dyfroedd a dôrant fy syched,
 Er trymed fy nolur a'm cur;
cres Y dyfroedd tragwyddol eu tarddiad,
 Y dyfroedd sy heb waelod na thrai,
 Y dyfroedd a olchant fy enaid,
 Er dued, er amlod fy mai.

2

mf Da iawn i bechadur fod afon
 A yloch yr aflanaf yn wŷn;
 Hi darddodd o'r nefoedd yn gyson,
 Hi ffrydiodd ar Galfari fryn;
cres Hi lifodd i'r anial Cenhedlig,
 Hi olchodd fil miloedd yn lân;
f Hi yloch ei miliynau'n llwyr gànaid
 Cyn rhoddi llawr daear ar dân.

Parch Thomas Jones, Dinbych.

1

mf O come to the waters o'erflowing
 With purity, love and delight,
 So crystal as truth, and bestowing
 Full glory of God for thy sight.
cres O soul overweary and sorrowed,
 And thirsty at all thou hast found,
 For trouble and woe thou hast borrowed,
f O drink of God's fullness unbound.

2

f Rejoice that thy sins in His saving,
 In depths all divine of His love,
 Are lost in forgiveness, overlaving
 From fountains of love—far above.
cres Love's waters are deep as eternal,
 And stronger than sin, are thine own;
ff For Gentile and Jew ever vernal,
 They flow from beneath God's white throne.

Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D. D.

Salome. M. 8.8.8.8. D.

Alaw Gymreig.



1
f Pa feddwl, pa 'madrodd, pa ddawn,
 Pa dafod all osod i maes,
 Mor felus, mor helaeth, mor llawn,
 Mor gryfed Ei gariad a'i rās?
 Afonydd sy'n rhedeg mor gryi,
 Nas dichon i bechod na bai
 Wrthsefyll yn erbyn eu llif,
 A'u llanw ardderchog di-drai.

2
ff Fel fflamau angerddol o dân
 Yw cariad f' Anwylyd o hyd;
 Fe losgodd bob rhwystrau o'i flaen,
 Fe yfodd o'r afon i gyd:
 Ymaflodd mewn dyn ar y llawr,
 Fe'i dygodd â'r Duwdod yn un;
 Y pellder oedd rhyngddynt oedd fawr,
 Fe'i llanwodd â'i haeddiant Ei Hun.

John Williams (Ioan ab Gwilym.)

1
mf My gracious Redeemer I love,
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
 And join with the armies above
 To shout His adorable Name.
cres To gaze on His glories divine
 Shall be my eternal employ;
 To see them incessantly shine,
 My boundless, ineffable joy.

2
mf He freely redeemed with His blood
 My soul from the confines of hell,
 To live on the smiles of my God,
 And in His sweet presence to dwell:—
cres To shine with the angels of light,
 With saints and with seraphs to sing,
f To view, with eternal delight,
 My Jesus, my Saviour, my King!

B. Francis.

Rhâd Râs. M. 12.11.

J. W. Parson Price.

$\text{♩} = 84$

A - men.

- 1 *mf* Llais hyfryd rhâd râs sy'n gwaeddi, Diangfa,
 Yn nghlwyfau Mab Duw, bechadur, mae noddfa;
cres I olchi aflendid a pechod yn hollol,
 Fe reddodd Ei waed yn ffrydiau iachusol:
f Haleliwia i'r Oen bwrcasodd ein pardwn,
 'N ôl croesi 'r Iorddonen drachefn ni a'i molwn.

- 2 *mf* 'N ôl tirio yn iach i'r tawel aneddau,
 Ni 'seiniwn Ei glôd ar euraidd delynu;
cres Trwy'r nefol ardaloedd ni a'i molwn byth bythol,
 Wrth rodio ar lënydd yr afon dragwyddol;
f Haleliwia i'r Oen bwrcasodd ein pardwn,
 'N ôl croesi 'r Iorddonen drachefn ni a'i molwn.

(Cyf.) Parch David Charles.

- 1 *f* O come to the merciful Saviour who calls you,
 O come to the Lord who forgives and who loves you;
mf Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
cres There's a bright home above where the sun never sets.
f O come to the merciful Saviour who calls you,
 O come to the Lord who forgives and who loves you.
- 2 *mf* Come, come to His feet, and lay open your story
 Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of misery;
cres For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
f And the joy of our Lord to be true to His Name;
f O come to the merciful Saviour who calls you,
 O come to the Lord who forgives and who loves you.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber.

Hebron. M. 8.7.4.

Daniel Protheroe.

♩ = 80

A - men.

1

mf Cudd fy meiau rhag y werin,
Cudd hwy rhag cyflawnder ne';
Cofia'r gwaed un waith a gollwyd
Ar y croesbren yn fy lle;
cres Yn y dyfnder
Bôdd y cyfan sy ynwy'n fai.

2

mf Rho gydwybod wedi ei chànu
'N beraidd yn y dwyfol waed,
Cnawd a natur wedi darfod,
Clwyfau wedi cael iachâd;
cres Minau'n aros
Yn fy ninas foreu a nawn.

3

mf Rho fy nwydau, fel cantorion,
Oll i chwareu'u bysedd cun
Ar y delyn sydd yn seinio
Enw Iesu mawr Ei Hun:
cres Neb ond Iesu
f F'o'n ddifyrwrch ddydd a nôs.

1

mf Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
cres By Thy mercy,
f Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

2

mf When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
cres By Thy mercy,
f Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

3

p In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
cres May our souls on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our hope and stay;
f By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

Pantycelyn.

J. J. Cummins.

Abertawe. M. 7.6.7.6. D.

Marot Psalter.

♩ = 84

A - men.

1

mf Wel, dyma'r Un sy'n maddeu
 Pechodau rif y gwlith;
 'D oes mesur ar Ei gariad,
 Na therfyn iddo byth;
cres Mae'n 'mofyn lle i dosturio,
 Mae'n hoffi trugarhau;
 Trugaredd i'r amddifaid
 Sydd ynddo i barhau.

2

mf Fe gênir, ac fe gênir
 Yn nhragwyddoldeb maith,
 Os gwelir un pererin
 Mor lesg ar ben ei daith;
cres A gurwyd mewn tymhestloedd,
 A olchwyd yn y gwaed,
f A gânwyd, ac a gadwyd
 Trwy'r iachawdwriaeth rád.

1, Morgan Rhys. 2, Parch David Morris, Twr Gwyn.

1

mf I lay my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accurséd load:
cres I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains:
f White in His blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

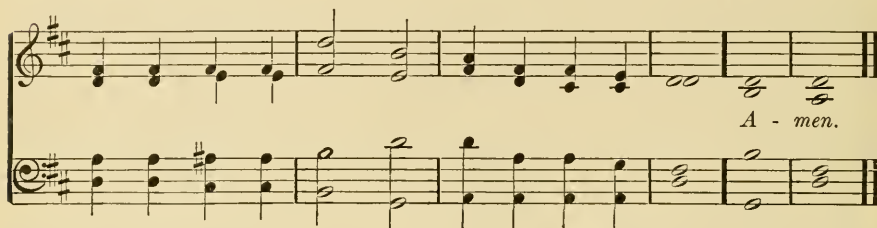
2

mf I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy Child:
cres I long to be with Jesus
 Amid the heavenly throng,
f To sing with saints His praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

Hadley. M. 6.5.

Hadley Watkins.



1

mf Iesu, anwyl Iesu,
Anwyl Fab y Tad,
Gwrande'th blant yn ymbil
Arnat am ryddhad.

2

mf Datod ein cadwynau,
Madden'r drwg i gyd,
cres Dryllia bob rhyw eilun
Sydd yn dwyn ein bryd.

3

mf Dyro ini ryddid—
Rhyddid cariad pur;
Tŷn ni, Brynwr sanctaidd
I'r nefolaidd dir.

4

mf Arwain ni Dy Hunan,
Tra yn teithio'r llawr;
cres Nes i'r cysgod olaf
f Gilio gyda'r wawr.

1

mf Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.

2

mf Pardon our offenses,
Loose our captive chains,
cres Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3

mf Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4

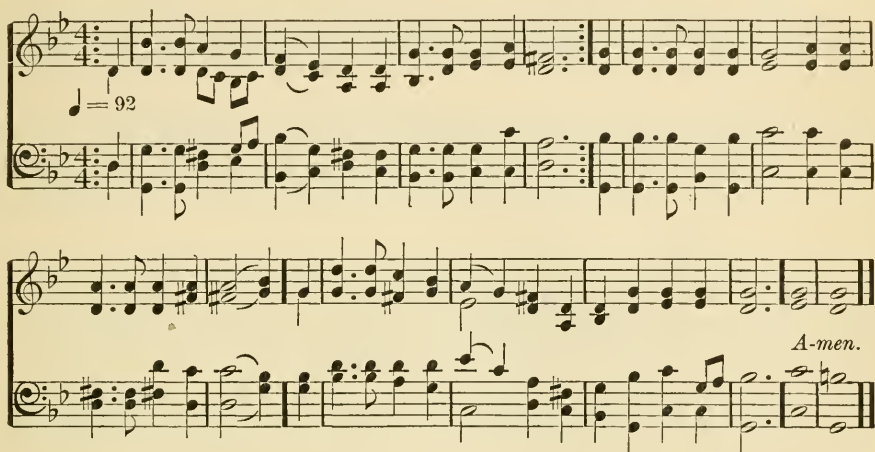
mf Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way,
cres Through terrestrial darkness
f To celestial day.

(Cyf.) Elfed.

Rev. George R. Prynn.

Wilton Square. M. 7.6.7.6. D.

Mrs. Watts Hughes.



mp O! Ysbryd pur nefolaidd,
 Cyn 'r elwyf 'lawr i'r bedd,
 Trwy ryw athrawiaeth hyfryd,
 Gâd imi brofi'th hedd:
cres Maddeuant! O maddeuant!
 Maddeuant cyfan, rhâd,
 Yw'r cyntaf peth wy'n geisio
 Yr awrhon yn y gwaed.

mf O haeddiant annherfynol,
 A grâs o nefol ryw,
 Rhaid imi gael, a wnelo
 Fy heddwech llawn â Duw:
cres 'D yw gwaith, a dyledswyddau,
 Ganmolir trwy'r holl fyd,
 Yn abl i faddeu pechod,
 Pe byddent fyrdd ynghyd.

mf O! crêd, O! crêd, cei gymorth
 I dŷnu'r llygad de;
 O! crêd, O! crêd, cei allu
 I dori'r fraich o'i lle:
cres Trwy gredu, ti orchfygi
 Elynnion rif y gwllith;
 Crêd yn yr Oen yn unig,
 A'th wna yn hapus byth.

Pantycelyn.

mf My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
 They take such hold on me,
 I am not able to look up,
 Save only, Christ, to Thee;
cres In Thee is all forgiveness,
 In Thee abundant grace,
f My shadow and my sunshine
 The brightness of Thy face.

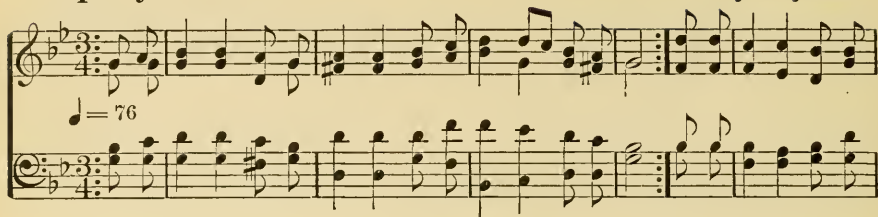
mf My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
 How sad on Thee they fall;
 Seen through Thy gentle patience,
 I tenfold feel them all;
cres I know they are forgiven,
 But still, their pain to me
 Is all the grief and anguish
 They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

mf Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
 E'en in this time of woe,
cres Shall tell of all Thy goodness
 To suffering man below;
f Thy goodness and Thy favor,
 Whose presence from above
 Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
 That live in Thee and love.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell.

Capel-y-Ddol. M. 8.7.4.

J. D. Jones.



1

1

mf Mae fy meiau fel mynyddau,
 Amlach hefyd yw eu rhi'
 Nag yw gwlith y boreu wawr-ddydd,
 Nag yw sêr y nefoedd fry:
cres Gwaed fy Arglwydd
 Sydd yn abl golchi 'mai:—

mf Lord, Thy mercy now entreating,
 Low before Thy throne we fall;
 Our misdeeds to Thee confessing,
 On Thy Name we humbly call:
cres Pardon freely
f All our sins, forevermore.

2

2

mf Golchi'r ddu gydwybod aflan
 Lawer gwynach eira mân;
 Gwneyd y brwnt, gan'waith ddifwynodd
 Yn y domen, fel y gwlân:
cres Pwy all fesur
 Lléd a dyfnder maith Dy râr?

mf Lord, Thy mercy still entreating,
 We with shame our sins would own;
 From henceforth, the time redeeming,
 May we live to Thee alone:
cres Pardon freely
f All our sins, forevermore.

3

3

p Ei riddfanau ar y croesbren
 Oedd yn pwyso beiau'r byd;
 Poenau pechod oedd ofnadwy,
 Poenau f' Arglwydd oedd fwy drud;
cres 'N awr mae cariad
f Yn concwerio'r dwyfol lid.

mf Heavenly Father, bless Thy children;
 Hearken from Thy throne on high;
 Loving Saviour, Holy Spirit,
 Hear and heed our humble cry:
cres Pardon freely
f All our sins, forevermore.

Pantycelyn.

"A N" in The Scottish Hymnal.

Russell Gardens. M. 8.7. D.

E. D. Lloyd.

$\text{♩} = 84$

A - men.

1

mp Nid wy'n haeddu dim trugaredd;
 Tro'is fy nghefn ar y nef,
 A chofleidiais fy eilunod
 'N ol meddianu Ei gariad Ef;
 Gwerthais drysor mwy na'r ddaear
 Am bleserau mynyd awr,
 Ac 'r wy' 'mron a thori 'nghalon
 Am Ei heddwch Ef yn awr.

2

mp Eto unwaith mi ddyrchafaf
 Un ochenaid tua'r nef,
 Ac a wylaf ddagrau'n hidl
 Am ei bresenoldeb Ef:
cres Pwy a wyr na wrendy clustiau
 'R Hwn a greodd ddae'r a nen,
 Ac na ddaw fy nymuniadau
 Trist hiraethlawn, oll i ben.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Take the Name of Jesus with you,
 Child of sorrow and of woe;
cres It will joy and comfort give you,
 Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
 Take the Name of Jesus ever,
 As a shield from every snare;
 If temptations round you gather,
dim Breathe that holy Name in prayer.

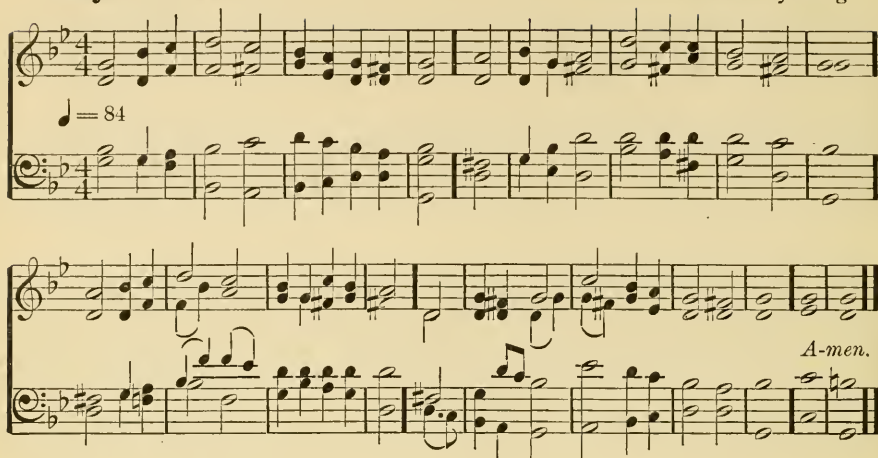
2

f O the precious Name of Jesus!
 How it thrills our souls with joy,
 When His loving arms receive us,
 And His songs our tongues employ!
cres At the Name of Jesus bowing,
 Falling prostrate at His feet,
ff King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
 When our journey is complete.

Lydia Baxter.

Erfyniad. M. 10.

Alaw Gymreig.



- 1 *mf* Pechadur wyt a aeth yn llwyr ar goll,
O'm pen i'm traed yn euog, aflan, oll;
Dàn glwyfau dwys, tra dyfnion, trymion, trist,
cres Ond Meddyg rhâd i'm bath yw Iesu Grist.
- 2 *mf* Efe Ei Hun, i roddi im' iachâd,
Yw'r un a fedd bob grâs a rhinwedd rhâd;
Ac arno Ef, sy'n fflon o bob dawn,
Mi g'oda'm llef, hwyr, boreu, a phrydnawn.
- 3 *mf* O Iesu gwiw! golch fi o'm pen i'm traed,
Trwy rinwedd pur Dy werthfawr ddwyfol waed;
cres Rho heddwech im' rhag euog ofnus gur,
A llanw fi â'th anian sanctaidd, bur.

Parch Thomas Jones, Dinbych.

- 1 *mf* Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven, and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
cres And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
- 2 *mf* It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
cres And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 3 *mf* Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
cres Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
f Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone.

Brynteg. M. H.

J. Ambrose Lloyd.



1

1

mf 'R wyi yma, Argiwydd, wrth Dy draed,
Yn teimlo eisieu rhin Dy waed;
Yr wyf yn dlawd; a phwy a ŵyr,
Ond Ti Dy Hun, fy eisieu'n llwyr?

mf With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me.

2

2

mf Gwrthgilio wne's, gwrthgilio 'r wy',
Os heb Dy nerth, gwrthgiliaf iwy;
'R wy'n blino ar deganau'r byd,
A'u caru 'r wyf er hyny i gyd.

mf I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed,
cres Christ and His cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me.

3

3

mf Mae grâs yn rhyw anfeidrol stôr,
A doniau ynot iel y môr;
O! gâd i druenusaf ddyn
Gael profi gronyn bach o'i rin.

mf Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me.

4

4

Ac os bydd i Ti faddeu 'mai,
Ac o f'archollion fy iachau,
mf Dy glôd, Dy râs, a'th enw gwiw
Gaiff fod fy mhleser tra f'wyf byw.

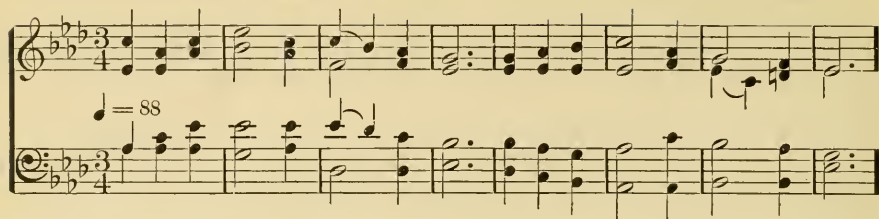
cres And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
f My raptured song shall ever be,
"God has been merciful to me."

Pantycelyn.

Rev. Cornelius Elven

Bryn-y-Wawr. M. H.

Daniel Protheroe.



1

mp Gan ymchwel, Arglwydd, at Dy draed,
A'n golwg ar haeddianau'r gwaed,
cres Cyfaddef wnawn ein haeddiant ni
p O fod o dan dy farnau Di.

2

mp Dy adael wnaethom, a phellhan,
 Gan ddewis i ni dduwiau gau,
 Pleserau gwág a gwên y byd,
p A mwyniant pechod aeth a'n bryd.

3

mp Er gwybod am y ffynon hael
 Cloddiasom in' bydewau gwael;
 Ac er galwadau gras o'n hol,
p Anufudd fu ein calon ffîl.

4

mp O Arglwydd Iôr, tosturia Di,
 Yn Dy drugaredd arbed ni,
 Rho rás i'n dwyn i lawr yn wir,
cres A throï ein hofn yn ddiolch hir.

Alafon.

1

mf O God, would I might bring to Thee
 Of ripened grain an autumn yield,
 But midst my harvest-field I see
 The places waste within my field.

2

mf My waste of time—Immortal One—
 Alone eternity may take,
cres And bind my losses to Thy throne,
f To make them gains for love's dear sake.

3

My waste of power—Thy wisdom Lord,
 Will show me things worth while at length;
f Then will I battle in accord
 With love's unfolding arm of strength.

4

mf The waste that sin has wrought in me,
cres Beneath Thy Cross is all restored;
f My time, my power, my heart to Thee,
 My life renewed, I give Thee, Lord.

Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D. D.

Chesterville. M. 8.5.8.3.

Daniel Protheroe.



1

mf Gwael bererin wyf yn crwydro
Trwy anialwch maith;
Ac mewn hiraeth dwys am gyraedd
Pen y daith.

2

p Lleni'r nŵs sydd yn ymgasglu—
Duo mae pob awr,
cres Tra mae'r wybren ddig yn tywallt
Storom fawr.

3

p Ust! pa beth yw'r sain a glywaf?
"Byddaf gyda Thi"
cres Felus sain! fe ddaeth a nefoedd
Gyda hi!

4

mf "Gyda thi!" O dyna ddigon
Yn y dŵr a'r tân,
cres Nes im gyraedd i ogoniant
f Salem lan.

Pedrog

1

mf When in twilight, footsore, bleeding,
And unknown my way,
Lord of light, I ask Thy leading
cres Until day.

2

p If my weary heart is failing,
Chilled and weak my hand,
cres Let me hear with faith unquailing
Love's command.

3

mf If I sin in thought or living,
Through the day or night,
cres Grasp me with Thy love forgiving,—
Love is light.

4

mf Moving midst time's gloom and splendor,
Slowly westering down,
f Let me find Thee strong and tender,
ff And the crown.

Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D. D

Emporia. M. H.

Anad.

♩ = 88

A - men.

1

mf Dâl fi, fy Nuw, dâl fi i'r lân,
 'N enwedig dâl fi lle 'r wy'n wân
 Dâl fi yn gryf nes myn'd i maes
 O'r byd sy'n llawn o bechod câs.

2

mf Gwna fi'n gyfoethog yn mhob dawn;
 Gwna fi fel halen peraidd iawn;
cres Gwna fi fel seren oleu, wiw,
 'N disgleirio yn y byd 'r wy'n byw.

3

mf Dysg fi, fy Nuw, dysg fi pa fodd
 I ddweyd a gwnethur wrth Dy fodd;
f Dysg fi ryfela â'r ddraig heb goll,
 A dysg fi i goncro 'mhechod oll.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
 The darkness shineth as the light,
 Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;
cres O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2

mf When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
cres Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

3

mf If rough and stormy be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day,
cres Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm and joy and peace!

(Trans.) Rev. John Wesley.

Aberystwyth. M. 7.7.7.7. D.

Dr. Joseph Parry.

1

mf Yma'n griddfan ar y llawr
 Wyf yn ngwlad y cystudd mawr,
 Methu marw, methu byw,
 Wedi colli gwedd fy Nuw;
cres O fy Iesu! clyw fy nghri,
 Gâd im' dd'od i'th fynwes Di:
 Yn Dy iachawdwriaeth râd,
 Dŵg fi'n ôl i Dŷ fy Nhad.

2

mf Maith yw'r nôs a marwol ddu,
 Llawn gofidiau o bob tu,
 Minau'n aros yn yr hwyr,
 Bron ag anobeithio'n llwyr:
cres Ond dros fryniau'r dwyfol dir
 Tòra gwawr dragwyddol glir:
f Henffych foreu fy rhyddhâd,
 Y câf fyn'd i Dŷ fy Nhad.

3

mf Grâs y nef a leinw'n awr
 Wagder fy nhrueni mawr;
 Yn fy Iesu byth yn llawn;
 Mae digonedd Duw mewn iawn;
cres At Ei groes yr âf o hyd,
 Ac mi ganaf, gwyn fy myd;
f Y mae yno gariad rhâd
 Yn rho'i hawl i Dŷ fy Nhad.

Dyfed.

1

p Saviour, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee,
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
cres O by all Thy pains and woe
 Suffered once for man below, —
 Bending from Thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn litany.

2

p By the sacred griefs that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
 By the boding tears that flowed
 Over Salem's loved abode,
cres By the anguished sigh that told
 Treachery lurked within Thy fold, —
 From Thy seat above the sky
 Hear our solemn litany.

3

p By Thine hour of dire despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer,
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
cres By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice, —
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn litany.

Robert Grant.

Cefnybedd. M. C.

D. Emlyn Evans.

♩ = 80

A - men.

1

mf 'R wy 'n edrych, dros y brynian pell,
Am danat bob yr awr;
Tyr'd, fy Anwylyd, mae'n hwyrhau,
A'm haul bron myn'd i lawr.

2

mf Trôdd fy nghariadau oll i gyd
'N awr yn anffyddlon im';
dim Ond yr wyf finan'n hyfryd glâf
O gariad mwy ei rym.

3

cres Tyn fy serchiadau'n gryno iawn
Oddi wrth wrthrychau gau,
f At yr un gwrthrych ag sydd fyth
Yn ffyddlon yn parhau.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2

mf The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
f For there's a crown for me.

3

f O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars flash down,
And bear my soul away.

Rev. Thomas Shepherd, Alt.

Hiraeth. M. C.

Daniel Protheroe.



1

mf Pererin wyf mewn anial dir,
Yn crwydro yma a thraw;
Ac yn rhyw ddisgwl bob yr awr
Fod tŷ fy Nhadau ger llaw.

2

cres Tyr'd Ysbryd sanctaidd, ledia'r ffordd,
Bydd imi'n niwl a thân;
Ni cherdda'i 'n gywir haner cam
Oni byddi o fy mlaen.

3

mf Mi ŵyraf weithiau ar y dde,
Ac ar yr aswy law;
Am hyny, arwain, gârn a chàm,
Fi i'r Baradwys draw.

4

mf Mae hiraeth arnaf am y wlad
Lle mae torfeydd di-ri',
cres Yn canu'r anthem ddyddiau 'u hoës
f Am angyfariad.

1

mf O Jesus, Saviour of the lost,
My Rock and Hiding-place,
By storms of sin and sorrow tossed,
I seek Thy sheltering grace.

2

mf Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die,
dim An outcast, take me home.

3

mf Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on again;
cres There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

4

And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glories see,
f Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee.

Pantycelyn.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth.

Rock of Ages. M. 8.7. D.

J. H. Roberts, Mus. Bac.

♩ = 76

A - men.

1
mf Iesu tirion edrych arnaf
 Mewn iselder, poen, a chur;
 Dyro im' Dy ddwyfol Ysbryd,
 A'i ddiddanwch sanctaidd, pŵr,
cres Pan b'ost Ti yn rho'i Dy wyneb,
 Y mae llewyrch yn Dy wedd,
f Sy'n gwasgaru pob amheuaeth,
 Ac yn trechu ofnau'r bedd.

2
mf Edrych arnaf mewn tosturi,
 Pan f'ô cysur byd yn ffoi;
 Yn nghyfyngder profedigaeth
 Atat Ti Dy Hun 'r wy'n troi;
p Pan f'ô natur wân yn methu,
 Pan f'ô t'w'llwch o bob tu,
cres Pan ddiffoddo lampau'r ddaear
f Dyro lewyrch oddi fry.

Dr. Lewis Edwards.

1
mf Gently, Lord, O gently lead us,
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Through the trials yet decreed us,
 Till our last great change appears.
 When temptation's darts assail us,
 When in devious paths we stray,
cres Let Thy goodness never fail us,
 Lead us in Thy perfect way.

2
p In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near,
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear;
cres And, when mortal life is ended,
 Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
f Till, by angel bands attended,
 We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings:

Bryn Calfaria. M. 8.7.4.

William Owen-Prysgol.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a tempo marking of $\text{♩} = 72$. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system includes a key signature change to one sharp (F#) in the second measure. The second system includes a key signature change to two sharps (F# and C#) in the second measure. The lyrics are in Welsh and English, with dynamic markings such as *mf*, *cres*, and *f*.

mf Cymer, Iesu, fi fel 'r ydwyf,
 Fyth ni allaf fod yn well;
 Dy allu Di a'm gwna yn agos,
 F'ewyllys i yw myn'd yn mhell:
cres Yn Dy glwyfau
 Bydda'i 'n unig fyth yn iach.

mf Mi ddiffygiais deithio'r crasdir
 Dyrys, anial, wrthyf i' hun;
 Ac mi fethais â chonwerio
 O'm gelynyon lleiaf un:
cres Mae Dy enw
f 'N abl rhoddi'r cryfa' i ffoi.

mf Gwaed Dy groes sy'n e'odi 'fyny
 'R eiddil yn goncwerwr mawr;
 Gwaed Dy groes sydd yn darostwng
 Cewri cedyrn fyrdd i lawr:
cres Gâd im' deimlo
 Awel o Galfaria fryn.

mf Take me as I am, O Saviour,
 Better I can never be;
 Thou alone canst bring me nearer,
 Self but draws me far from Thee;
cres I can never
 But within Thy wounds be saved.

mf Wearied of the desert journey
 Which through pain and peril goes,
 I have failed, alone, to conquer
 E'en the meanest of my foes:
cres But the strongest
f Flies, before Thy glorious Name.

mf Calvary's blood the weak-exalteth
 More than conquerors to be,
cres Calvary's blood the strong abaseth
 Myriad hosts to bow to Thee;
f O revive me
 With a breeze from Calvary.

Pantycelyn.

(Trans.) Rev. Robert Parry.

Sandon. M. 10.4.10.4.10.10.

Charles H. Purday.

- 1 *mf* Oleuni mwyn, (*p*) trwy dew gysgodau'r nef, (*cres*) O! arwain fi;
p Mae'r nos yn ddu a minau'n mhell o dref, (*cres*) O! arwain fi;
mf Cyfeiria'm traed, ni cheisiaf weld ymhell,
I mi, mae goleu ar fy nghanam yn well.
- 2 *mf* Nid oeddwn gynt â'm gweddi am Dy Wawr I f'arwain i;
Chwenychwn gael a gweld fy ffordd, (*cres*) ond 'nawr O! arwain fi;
Dewiswn goegwych ddydd; er ofnau lu,
Balch oedd fy mryd; (*pp*) na chofia'r amser fu.
- 3 *mf* Dy rasol nerth, a'm daliodd hyd yn hyn, Fe'm harwain i
Dros greigiau serth, dros arw bant a bryn, A'r nos a ffy;
Wynebau hoff, (*p*) a gollais enyd awr,
cres A wenant arnaf gyda'r nefol wawr.

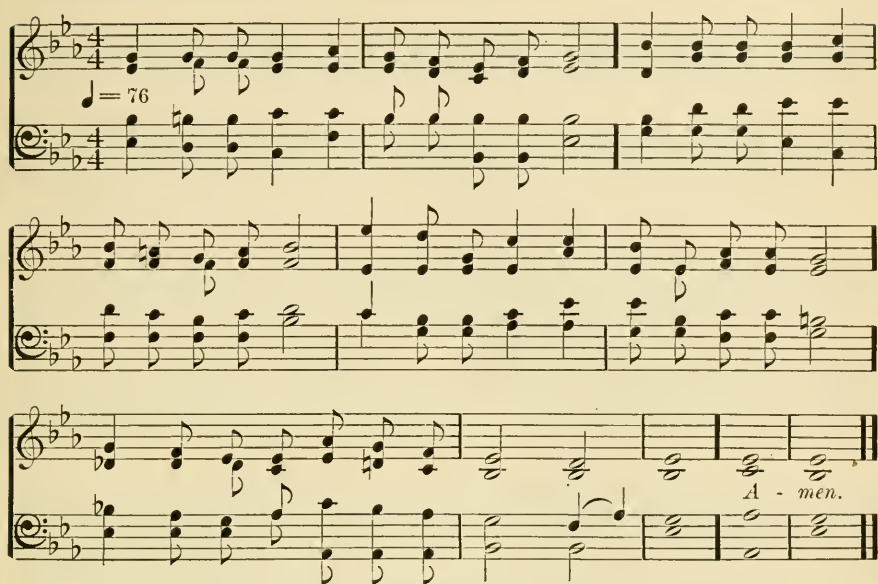
(Cyf.) Parch Thomas Levi.

- 1 *mf* Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
p The night is dark, and I am far from home— Lead Thou me on!
mf Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—(*p*) one step enough for me.
- 2 *mf* I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.
mf I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
- 3 *mf* So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on
f O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since (*p*) and lost awhile.

Cardinal John H. Newman.

Rhôs. M. 10.10.10.10.

Caradog Roberts, Mus. Doc.



1 *mf* Fy Nhad a'm Duw, gâd imi wel'd Dy wedd,
Yn oleu byw ar gyfyng lwybrau'r bedd;
Rho'th Ysbryd pur i loni'm calon wan,
Nes drwy bob cur ddod adref yn y'man.

2 *mf* Mae tŷ fy Nhad tu hwnt i'r bryniau draw,
A'r nefol wlad o'i amgylch ar bob llaw;
Tywyllwch mawr, a chreigiau serth y sy'
I minau'u awr—O! Arglwydd, tywys fi.

3 *cres* A'th gariad tŷn fi, drwy elynion oes,
A golch fi'n wŷn yn ffynon lawn y groes;
f A phan gaf ddod i'm cartref yn y nef,
Mi seiuliai glod di-ddiwedd iddo Ef.

Parch Ben Davies.

1 *mf* Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace,
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appall, and sorrows still increase,
cres Lead us through Christ the living Way.

2 *mf* Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
p Involved in shadows of a moral night;
cres Only with Thee we journey safely on.

3 *mf* Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be;
cres Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
f Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

William H. Burleigh.

Richmond Hill. M. 10.10.10.10.

David De Lloyd, Mus. Doc.

- 1 *mf* Wel, bellach mi gredaf, er nad wyf ond gwan,
cres Edrychaf o ddyfnder y ddaear i'r lân!
f Agorwyd o'r diwedd ffordd newydd a byw,
 O ganol tywyllwch at orsedd fy Nuw.
- 2 *f* Boed nerth a gogoniant, boed mawredd a chlod
 I'r Hwn sydd yr awrhon, a'r Hwn sydd erioed,
 I'r Alpha a'r Omega, i'r Drindod ynghyd,
 I'r Oen a fu farw dros bechod y byd.

Pantycelyn.

- 1 *mf* Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
 The Lord is our Leader, His Word is our Stay;
cres Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
f The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?
- 2 *mf* Though clouds may surround us, our God is our Light;
 Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
cres So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come:
f The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home.

J. N. Darby.

Utica. M. S.S.S.S.S.S.

Daniel Protheroe.



1

1

mf O! p'le mae'r manna perffiaith gwir,
A'r dyfroedd tawel, sanctaidd, pur?

Mae'm syched, Arglwydd, yn parhau:

cres 'R wy'n methu tynu dŵr yn awr,
Fy anghrediniaeth sydd mor fawr;

f O! hollta'r graig; (*p*) 'r wyf bron llesgau.

mf O Life, the well that ever flows

To slake the thirst of those that faint,

Thy power to bless, what seraph knows?

cres Thy joy supreme, what words can paint?

In earth's last hour of fleeting breath,

f Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

2

2

mp 'R wyf oll yn friw, 'r wyf oll yn wân,
A neb ond Ti a'm deil i'r lân;

Dy Hunan wyt yn iwy na'r byd:

mf Yr olwg leiaf ar Dy wedd

Sy'n drech nag angen, trech na'r bedd;

f Dy Hunan wy'n ddymuno i gyd.

Pantycelyn.

mf O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,

O Jesus, born mankind to save,

Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife;

cres Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;

f Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,

Lord of the living and the dead.

E. H. Plumple.

Tonmân. M. 7.5.7.5.7.7.7.5.

David Evans, Mus. Doc.

♩ = 80

A - men.

1
mp Fel pererin, Iesu mawr,
p Blin, a gwael fy ngwedd,
cres Gad im' fwrw maich i lawr
 I Dy newydd fedd;
 Wedi cario'r groes cyhyd,
 Am Dy fynwes mae fy myrd,
mf Byddaf yno'n wyn fy myd,
 Yn Dy ddwyfol hedd.

2
mp Mae rhinweddau Calfari
cres Eto mewn parhad;
mf Ac mae yno hawl i mi,
 I fy hen ystad;
 Wedi dal i grwydro'n hir,
 Yn y nos mewn anial dir,
cres Gad im' eto weld yn glir
 Dyrau Tŷ fy Nhad.

Dyfed.

1
mf Thou Who didst on Calvary bleed,
 Jesus, hear my cry!
cres Thou Who dost for sinners plead,
 Jesus, hear my cry!
 Foes without and fears within,
 With no plea Thy grace to win,
 But that Thou canst save from sin,
 To Thy cross I fly.

2
mf There on Thee I cast my care,
 Save me, or I die!
cres There to Thee I raise my prayer,
 Save me, or I die!
 When the storms of trial lower,
 When I feel temptation's power,
 In the last and darkest hour,
f Jesus, be Thou nigh!

(Alt.) J. D. Burns.

Penusylvania. M. 8.7. D.

Dr. Joseph Parry.

1

mf Mae fy nghalon am ehedeg
 Unwaith eto i fyny fry,
 I gael profi'r hên gymdeithas
 Gynt fu rhyngof â Thydi:
 Mi a grwydrais anial garw,
 Heb un gradd o oleu'r dydd:
cres Un wreichionen o Dy gariad
 Wna fy rhwymau oll yn rhydd.

2

mf Mae fy nghalon yn 'sgrifenu,
 Ac yn adrodd wrthi ei hun,
cres Enw hyfryd a rhinweddol
 Duw yn gwisgo natur dyn:
f Iachawdwriaeth, iachawdwriaeth,
 Iachawdwriaeth werthfawr iawn,
 Ydyw enw fy Ngwardwr
 Genyf foreu a phrydnawn.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Take me, O my Father, take me!
 Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
 That which Thou wouldst have me, make me,
 Let Thy will in me be done.
 Long from Thee, my footsteps straying,
 Thorny proved the way I trod;
cres Weary come I now, and praying—
 Take me to Thy love, my God.

2

p Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
 Bare our sins upon the tree;
mf On that sacrifice relying,
 Now I look in hope to Thee;
cres Father, take me! all forgiving,
 Fold me to Thy loving breast;
f In Thy love forever living,
 I must be forever blest!

Ray Palmer.

Gwyneth. M. 10.4.10.4.10.10.

Daniel Protheroe.

♩ = 92

A-men.

- 1 *mf* Ar hyd yr anial unig, yn Dy law, O! dirion Dad:
cres Gad imi gerdded nes gorffwyso draw Ar dir fy ngwlad;
 Pan fyddwyf yn sychedig, tywys fi
 I'r cysgod lle mae ffynon genyt Ti.
- 2 *mf* Os cura'r gwyntoedd ar fy mhabel wân, A'r nos yn brudd,
cres Yn y tywyllwch aros ar fy rhan Nes delo'r dydd:
 A gad i'r "Seren fore" godi'n glir,
 I ddweyd daw'r wawr i'm harwain cyn bo hir.
- 3 *mf* A phan y delo llewyrch dydd yn llawn, A'r nos ymhell:
cres Gad imi gael rhyw olwg hyfryd iawn Ar wlad sydd well;
f Ac i yfifeddiaeth dof mewn hedd,
 Os chwerw'r anial, melus fydd y wledd.

Penar.

- 1 *mf* Light of the world! Whose kind and gentle care Is joy and rest;
cres Whose counsels and commands so gracious are, Wisest and best;
dim Shine on my path, dear Lord, and guard the way,
 Lest my poor heart, forgetting, go astray.
- 2 *mf* My blessed Lord! what bliss to feel Thee near, Faithful and true;
 To trust in Thee, without a doubt or fear, Thy will to do;
 And all the while to know that Thou, our Friend,
 Art blessing us, and wilt bless to the end.
- 3 *mf* And then, oh, then! when sorrow's night is o'er, Life's daylight come,
cres And we are safe at Heaven's golden door, At Home! at Home!
f How full of glad rejoicing we will raise,
 Saviour, to Thee, our everlasting praise!

H. Bateman.

Capel Drindod. M. 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

Parch R. R. Davies.
(Trefniad) D. Protheroe.

♩ = 92

A - men.

1

mf Ar y mynydd gyda'r Iesu,
 Pob peth yn dda;
 Gwel'd y nefoedd arno'n gwenu,
 Pob peth yn dda;
cres Yn y cwmwl ni raid ofni,
 Ond cael aros yn Ei gwmni;
 'Nôl tywyllwch daw goleuni—
f Pob peth yn dda.

2

mf Yn y gwaith yn nghwmni'r Iesu,
 Pob peth yn dda;
 Dan y groes yn gorfoleddu,
 Pob peth yn dda;
 Dilyn Iesu i Galfaria,
cres Teimlo'r drwg yn cael ei ddifa,
f Dyna destun Haleliwia!—
 Pob peth yn dda!

Elfed.

1

mf Through the love of God my Saviour,
f All will be well;
mf Free and changeless is His favor;
f All, all is well;
cres Precious is the blood that healed us;
cres Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
f Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us,
 All must be well.

2

f We expect a bright tomorrow;
 All will be well;
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well;
cres On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living (*p*) or in dying,
f All must be well.

M. Peters.

Blodwen. M. 6.5. D.

William R. Jones.

1
mf Er mor faith yw'r anial,
 Er mor arw'r hin;
 Er cael weithiau'm hatal
 Gan y stormydd blin;—
cres Ond im' brofi'r manna
 Llawn o ddwyfol flâs,
f Canaf Haleliwia—
 Digon yw Dy râs!

2
mf Heibio hirnôs angu
 'Gwelaf oleu'r Farn,
 Pan y bydd mynyddau
 Daear oll yn sarn;—
cres Nerth i sefyll yno
 Roddi Di i'th was;
f Minau ganaf eto—
 Digon yw Dy râs!

Parch Ben Davies.

1
mf Though the path be dreary,
 And the tempest strong;
 Baffled oft, and weary
 When the way is long;
cres Could I taste the manna
 From Thy heavenly place,
 I will sing Hosanna,
f Boundless is Thy grace!

2
mf Past death's gloomy portal
 Dawns the judgment day;
 In the light eternal
 Hills shall melt away;
cres Hide me 'neath Thy shadow
 In that dreadful place,
f While the strains re-echo
 Boundless is Thy grace!

(Trans.) E. Arthur Jones.

Rome. M. 11.

Alaw Eglwysig.

$\text{♩} = 96$

A - men.

1

mf O Blentyn y nefoedd,
 Paham mae dy fron
 Mor ofnus wrth weled
 Gwyllt ymchwydd y dòn?
cres Mae'r dyfnder du, tywyll,
 Yn rhuo, gwir yw;
 Ond diogel yw'th fywyd,—
 Mae'th dad wrth y llyw.

2

f Cwyd bellach dy hwyliau,
 Mae'r awel o'th du;
 'Rwy't bron mynd i fynwes
 Dy fwyn Brynwr cu;
 Mae'th angor yn ddiogel,
 A'th Gadben yn fyw;
 Mae'th fâd yn y porthladd,
 A'th Dad wrth y llyw.

Parch Samuel Roberts.

1

mf O Zion, afflicted
 With wave upon wave,
 Whom no man can comfort,
 Whom no man can save;
 By darkness surrounded,
 By terrors undone,
 In toiling and rowing
dim Thy strength almost gone:

2

mf Thy enemies are many,
 Thy fears overwhelm,
cres But thy blessed Pilot,
 He sits at the helm;
f His wisdom conducts thee,
 His power thee defends,
 In safety and quiet
 Thy warfare He ends.

J. Grant.

Penycae. M. C.

Gwilym Gwent.



1

mf Trwy ddirgel ffyrdd mae 'r uchel Iôr
Yn dwyn Ei waith i ben;
cres Ei ystafelloedd sy'n y môr,
f Mae 'n marchog gwynt y nen.

2

mf Y saint un niwed byth ni chânt;
Cymylau dua 'r nen
Sy'n llawn trugaredd,—gwlawio wnant
Fendithion ar eu pen.

3

cres Bwriadau dyfnion arfaeth grâs
Ar fŷr addfeda 'n llawn:
Gall fod y blodau 'n chwerw eu blâs,
Ond melus fydd y grawn.

4

mf Ond gŵyry mae dychymyg dyn,
Heb gymorth dwyfol ffydd;
cres Gadawn i Dduw esbonio 'i Hun—
f Efe dry 'r nŵs yn ddydd.

(Cyf.) Dr. Lewis Edwards.

1

mf God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
cres He plants His footsteps in the sea,
f And rides upon the storm.

2

mf Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

3

cres His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

4

mf Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
cres God is His own Interpreter,
f And He will make it plain.

William Cowper.

Glandwr. M. B.

Parch Hugh Davies.



A - men.

1

mf Mae 'r iachawdwriaeth rād
Yn ddigon i bob rhai:
Agorwyd ffynon er glanhâd
Pob pechod câs a bai.

2

mf Daw tyrfa rif y gwllith
Yn iach trwy rin y gwaed:
Pwy ŵyr na byddaf yn eu plith,
Yn lân o'm pen i'm traed?

3

mf Er lleted yw fy mhlâ,
Er dyfned yw fy mriw,
cres Y balm o Gilead a'm hiachâ—
Mae Crist yn Feddyg gwiw.

4

p Dàn bŵys euogrwydd du,
Edrychaf tua'r groes,
Lle llifodd gwaed fy Mhriod cu;
cres Anfeidrol Iawn a ro'es.

Pedr Fardd.

1

mf My times are in Thy hand;
My God, I wish them there;
cres My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2

mf My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3

mf My times are in Thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
cres A Father's hand will never cause
dim His child a needless tear.

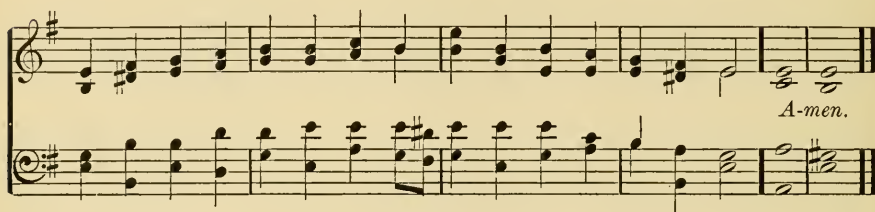
4

mf My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus the Crucified;
cres The hand my cruel sins had pierced
f Is now my guard and guide.

William F. Lloyd.

Narberth. M. 8.7.

J. Ambrose Lloyd.



1

mf Pan yn cerdded trwy'r cysgodion,
 Pwyso ar Dy air a wnaif;
cres Ac ar waethaf pob amheuron,
 Buddugoliaeth gyflawn gaf.

2

mf Dim ond imi dawl aros,
 Goleu geir ar bethau cudd;
 Melus fydd trallodion hinos,
cres Pan geir arnynt oleu'r dydd.

3

mf Os mai egwan yw fy llygad,
 Digon imi gofio hyn—
cres Hollalluog yw Dy gariad,
 Fe wna bob peth fel y myn.

4

mf Meddwl purach, llawnach, goleu,
 Bywyd wedi myn'd yn rhydd,—
 Pan ddêl hyny, mi gaf finau
 Wybod gwerth y pethau cudd.

(Cyf.) Elfed.

1

mf Thou art near, yes, Lord, I feel it,
 Thou art near, where'er I move,
dim And though sense would fain conceal it,
p Faith still whispers it to love.

2

mf Am I weak? (*cres*) Thine arm will lead me
 Safe through every danger, Lord;
mf Am I hungry? (*cres*) Thou wilt feed me
 With the manna of Thy word.

3

mf Am I thirsty? (*cres*) Thou wilt guide me
 Where refreshing waters flow!
mf Faint or feeble, (*cres*) Thou'lt provide me
 Grace for every want I know.

4

f Then, my soul, since God doth love thee,
 Faint not, droop not, do not fear;
 Though His heaven is high above thee,
 He Himself is ever near.

J. S. B. Monsell.

Lorraine. M. 7.6. D.

J. Sebastian Bach.

♩ = 84

A - men.

1

mf O! am gael ffydd i edrych,
 Gyda'r angylion fry,
 I fôr yr iachawdwriaeth,
 Dirgelwch ynddi sy;
 Dwy natur mewn un Person
 Yn gyson yno gaed;
 Anfeidrol a thragwyddol
 Yw rhinwedd dwyfol waed.

2

mf O f'enaïd! gwêl addasrwydd
 Y Person dwyfol Hwn;
 Anturia iddo'th fywyd,
 A bwrw arno'th bŵn:
cres Mae'n ddyn i gydymdeimlo
 Â'th holl wendidau i gyd;
f Mae'n Dduw i fynu'r orsedd
 Ar ddiafol, cnawd, a byd.

Mrs. Ann Griffiths.

1

mf To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour,
 My spirit turns for rest,
 My peace is in Thy favor,
 My pillow on Thy breast.
cres Though all the world deceive me,
 I know that I am Thine,
f And Thou wilt never leave me,
 O blessed Saviour mine.

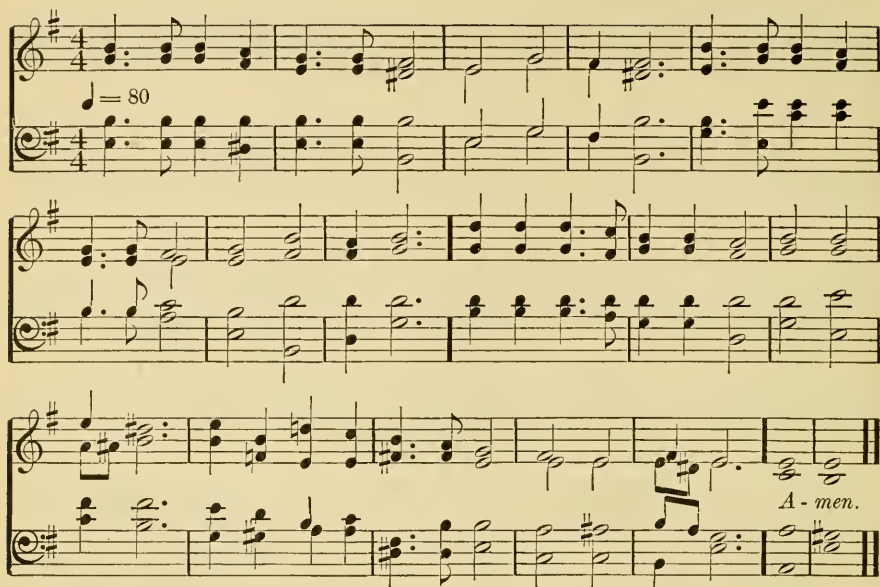
2

mf In Thee my trust abideth,
 On Thee my hope relies,
 O Thou, whose love provideth
 For all beneath the skies;
cres O Thou, whose mercy found me,
 From bondage set me free,
f And then forever bound me
 With threefold cords to Thee.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell.

Cambria. M. 7.4. D.

Daniel Protheroe.



1
mf Nerth i dewi, rho i mi
 Yn fy nhrallod:
cres Gad im wel'd Dy orsedd Di
 Heibio 'r gawod;
f Gloywa lygad gwan fy fydd,
 Gad im gofio
dim Mae y Llaw dyneraf sydd
 Arna' i 'n gweithio.

2
mf Gruddfan mae fy natur wan
 Dan ei loesau,
p A llesmeirio 'n fynych gan
 Ofn y croesau:
cres 'Nôl y dydd, O! rho Dy nerth
 Yn fy adfyd;
 Dyner Dad, dadguddia nerth
 Stormydd bywyd.

3
mf D'wed ei neges wrth y gwynt
 Sydd yn curo;
 Rhodia'r tonau megis cynt
 I'm cysuro:
cres Ac os byth yn Salem lân
 Gwelir finau,
f Try f'ochenaid oll yn gân
 Ar ei glanau.

Penar.

1
mf "Take my yoke and learn of Me,"
 Said my Saviour:
 I would meek and lowly be,
 Like my Saviour.
cres Give me grace that I may see,
 Blesséd Jesus,
 My indebtedness to Thee,
 Gracious Jesus.

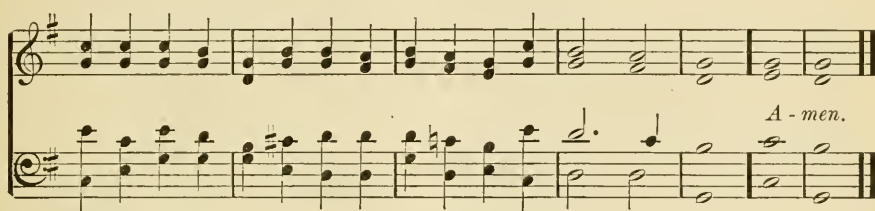
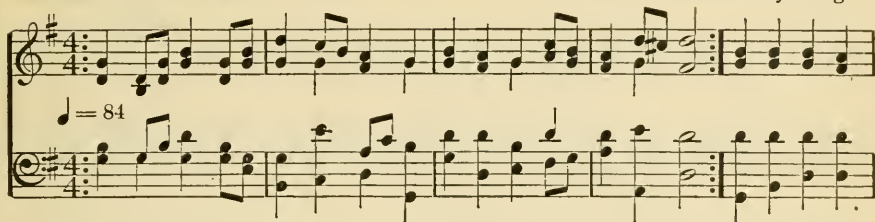
2
mf "Follow Me, I'll give you light,"
 Said my Saviour:
 And the blind receive their sight,
 From the Saviour.
cres Strength He gives for every deed,
 Blesséd Jesus,
 Grace to help in time of need,
 Gracious Saviour.

3
mf "I have overcome the world,"
 Said my Saviour,
cres Though the fiercest darts were hurled
 At my Saviour.
f I will of good comfort be,
 Blesséd Jesus,
 And will trust my all to Thee,
 Gracious Jesus.

Cynonfardd.

Caersalem. M. 8.7.4.

Alaw Gymreig.



1

mf Arglwydd, arwain trwy'r anialwch
 Fi, bererin gwael ei wedd,
 Nad oes ynof nerth na bywyd,
 Fel yn gorwedd yn y bedd:
cres Hollalluog
 Ydyw'r un a'm cwyd i'r lân.

2

mf Colofn dân rho'r nôs i'm harwain,
 A rho'r golofn niwl y dydd;
cres Dal fi pan bwy'n teithio'r manau
 Geirwon yn fy ffordd y sydd;
f Rho i mi fanna,
 Fel na b'wyf yn llwfrhau.

3

f Ymddiriedaf yn Dy allu,
 Mawr yw'r gwaith a wne'st erioed;
 Ti ge'st angeu, Ti ge'st uffern,
 Ti ge'st Satan dân Dy droed:
ff Pen Calfaria,
 Nac aed hwnw byth o'm cof.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
p I am weak (*cres*) but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
f Bread of heaven,
 Feed me now and evermore.

2

mf Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
cres Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
f Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3

f When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of deaths and hell's Destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
ff Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

Pantycelyn.

Dulais. M. 6.6.6.6. D.

Dr. Wm. Rhys Herbert.

$\text{♩} = 80$

A - men.

1
mf Os myni, Iesu mawr,
 Yn eiddo, arwain fi,
 Yr oll a feddai 'n awr,
 'Rwyf am ei roi i Ti.
cres Yn athrist neu yn llon,
 Arweinia fi drwy'r byd,
 A dysg fi'r gyffes hon,
 "Yn foddlon wyf o hyd."

2
mf Os myni, Iesu mawr,
 O! gad i'r seren ddydd,
 Drwy aml ofidiau'r llawr,
 Belydru uwch fy ffydd;
cres A chan it' lawer gwaith
 Ofidio yn y byd,
 Os duo wnaiff y daith,
 "Yn foddlon wyf o hyd."

3
mf Os myni, Iesu mawr,
 Fy enaid ddaw i'r nef,
cres O droion llwybrau 'r llawr,
 Drwy Dy drugaredd gref;
f A thua'r hyfryd wlad
 Y teithiaf yn y byd;
 Bob dydd 'rwyf mewn mwynhad,
 "Yn foddlon wyf o hyd."

1
mf My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 O may Thy will be mine;
 Into Thy hands of love
 I would my all resign.
cres Through sorrow, or through joy,
 Conduct me as Thine own;
 And help me still to say,
 "My Lord, Thy will be done."

2
mf My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
dim Grow dim or disappear.
cres Since Thou on earth hast wept
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 "My Lord, Thy will be done."

3
mf My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 All shall be well for me;
cres Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee.
f Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing, in life or death,
 "My Lord, Thy will be done."

Bryn-y-Groes. M. 8.7. D.

J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac.



1
mf Dal fi'n agos at yr Iesu,
 Er i hyn fod dan y groes;
 Tra yn byw yn myd y pechu,
 Canlyn dani bura f'oes;
cres Os daw gofid a thywyllwch,
 Rho im' argyhoeddiad llwyr,—
'mf Wedi'r nôs a'r loes a'r trallo
dim Bydd goleuni yn yr hwyr.

2
mf Tywys Di fi i'r dyfodol,
 Er na welaf fi ond cam;
cres Cariad Duw fydd eto'n arwain,—
 Cariad mwy na chariad mam;
f Mae Calfaria'n profi digon,
 Saint ac engyl byth a'i gŵyr;
mf Er i'r groes fod yn y llwybr,
 Bydd goleuni yn yr hwyr.

Dr. Herber Evans.

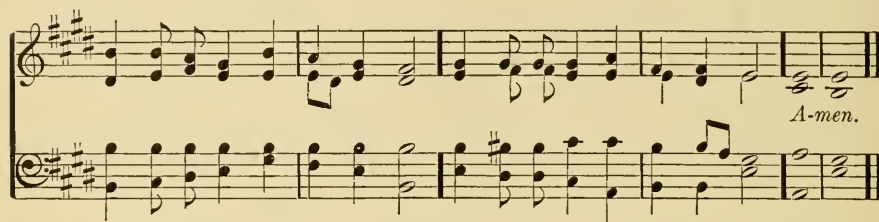
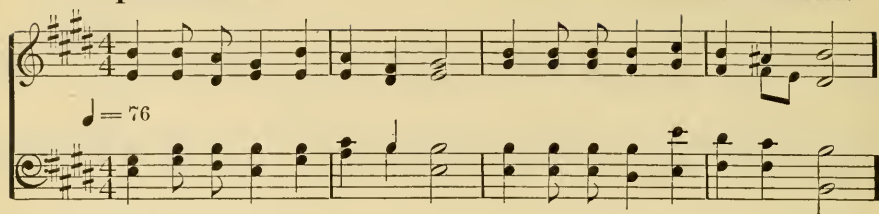
1
mf Keep me near Thee, gentle Saviour,
 Though beneath Thy Cross it be;
 Living in a world so sinful,
 'Tis Thy cross will strengthen me:
cres Doubts and trials may assail me,
 Let my thoughts on Thee abide;
mf After darkness, pain and sorrow,
dim 'Twill be light at eventide.

2
mf Be Thy Spirit ever near me,
 As in fear I onward move;
cres Love divine will safely lead me,
 Love beyond a mother's love:
f Saints and angels all bear witness,
 Calvary hath testified,
mf Though the cross be in thy pathway,
 'Twill be light at eventide.

Dr. Herber Evans.

Hampstead. M. H.

W. Smallwood.



1

mf Ar waetha'r ddrycin fawr a'r nos,
 A'r wybren heb un seren dlos
cres Tu hwnt i'r môr, y garw fôr,
 Caf eto gwrdd fy Arglwydd Ior.

2

mf Ar waetha'r gwynt, ar waetha'r dôn,
p A mil o ofnau'n llwytho'm bron,
cres Tu hwnt i'r lli, y tywyll li,
f Fy Iesu ddaw i gwrdd â mi.

3

p Ar waetha'r dychryn yn y nôs,
 Ac anadl angeu yn y ffôs,
 Uwchlaw pob clwy, pob ofn a chlwy',
 Caf aros gyda'm Harglwydd mwy.

4

mf Dan gwmwl ola'r ddrycin fawr
 Goleua seren blaen y wawr;
cres Daw boreu ddydd, anfarwol ddydd,
f A'm cartref gyda'r Iesu fydd.

Elfed.

1

f God is the refuge of His saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade;
mf Ere we can offer our complaints,
cres Behold Him present with His aid.

2

f Let mountains from their seats be hurled
 Down to the deep, and buried there,
 Convulsions shake the solid world,
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3

mf There is a stream whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God;
 Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
 And watering our divine abode.

4

mf Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
 Secure against a threatening hour;
cres Nor can her firm foundations move,
f Built on His truth, and armed with power.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

Bethany. M. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1 *mf* Diolchaf am y groes,
Er trymed hi,
A'm cyfyd, O fy Nuw!
Yn nes i Ti;

cres Hyn yw fy ngân a'm cri,
Yn nes, fy Nuw, i Ti—
p Yn nes i Ti!

2 *p* Er bod fel teithiwr blin,
A'm bron yn brudd,
Yn huno ar gareg oer
Heb oleu dydd;

cres Mewn breuddwyd 'hedwn i
Yn nes, fy Nuw, i Ti—
p Yn nes i Ti!

3 *mf* Rho yno wel'd fy ffordd
Yn risiau i'r nef,
Ac engyl ar bob gris
Yn llon eu llef,

cres Yn gwadd fy ysbryd i
Yn nes, fy Nuw, i Ti—
p Yn nes i Ti.

4 *mp* Neu, os ehedeg wnawn
Trwy'r wybren fry,
cres Uwchlaw yr haul a'r ser
At nefol lu,

f Hyn fydd fy ngân a'm cri,
Yn nes, fy Nuw, i Ti—
Yn nes i Ti!

1 *mf* Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;

cres Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
p Nearer to Thee!

2 *p* Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;

cres Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
p Nearer to Thee!

3 *mf* There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven:
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given:

cres Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
p Nearer to Thee!

4 *mf* Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
cres Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;

f Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

(Cyf.) Morswyn.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

Tanycastell. M. 8.7. D.

Parch John Jones, Talsarn.

1
f Dyma Babell y cyfarfod,
 Dyma gymod yn y gwaed,
 Dyma Noddfa i lofruddion,
 Dyma i gleifion Feddyg rhâd;
cres Dyma fân yn myml Duwddod
 I bechadur wneyd ei nyth,
 A chyfiawnder pur y nefoedd
 Yn siriol wênû arno byth.

2
f Ffordd a drefnwyd cyn bod amser
 I gael diangfa o ddrygau'r ddraig;
 Mewn addewid gynt yn Eden,
 Fe gyhoeddwyd Hâd y wraig;
 Ffordd i gyfiawnhau'r annuwiol,
 Ffordd i g'odi'r marw'n fyw;
 Ffordd gyfreithlawn i droseddwr
 I hedd a ffafr gyda Duw.

3
f Dyma Frawd a anwyd ini
 Erbyn c'ledi a phob clwy';
mf Ffyddlawn ydyw, llawn tosturi,
 Haeddai gael Ei foli'n fwy:
cres Rhyddhâwr caethion, Meddyg cleifion,
 Ffordd i Seion union yw;
ff Ffynon loyw, Bywyd meirw,
 Arch i gadw dyn yw Duw.

Mrs. Ann Griffiths.

1
mf Love Divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down;
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown;
cres Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
f Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

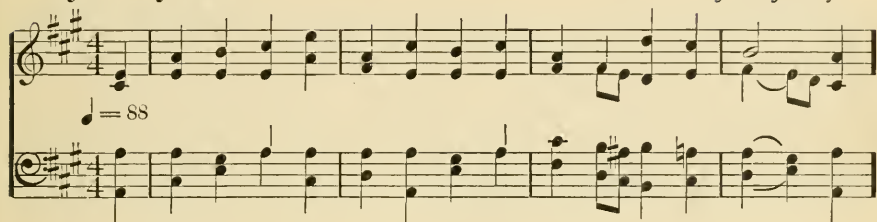
2
mf Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find the promised rest:
 Take away the love of sinning;
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its Beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3
mf Finish, then, Thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee;
cres Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
f Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

Dyfrdwy. M. S.

John Jeffreys.



1

mp Mae Duw yn maddeu a glanhau,
Yn angu'r Oen a laddwyd;
cres A dyma waith efengyl gref,
Adseinio'r llef, "Gorphenwyd!"

2

mp I'r gwân gan Satan lawer gwaith
Colliadau'i daith edliwiwyd;
cres Ond caed diangfa lawer tro
Wrth gofio'r gair "Gorphenwyd!"

3

mf Troes cysgod angu'n foreu ddydd,
Ei 'stormydd a ostegwyd,
Wrth gofio, yn yr oriau blin,
Am rin y gair, "Gorphenwyd!"

4

cres Daw gweiniaid Seion uwch law poen
I wŷdd yr Oen a laddwyd;
Ar ben eu taith cânt hwythau'n wir
Gydwaeddi'r gair, "Gorphenwyd!"

Parch David Jones, Treborth.

1

mf I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
cres He drew me with the chords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him.

2

mf I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
dim He bled, He died to save me;
cres And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.

3

mf I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
So kind, and true, and tender,
cres So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
f So mighty a Defender.

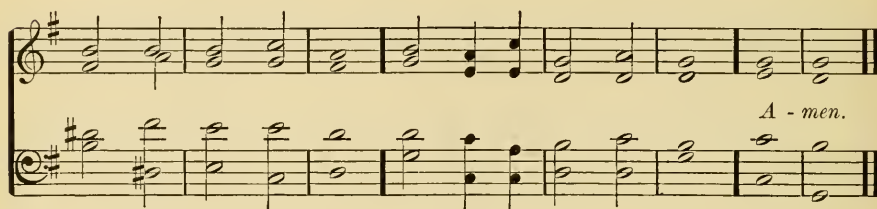
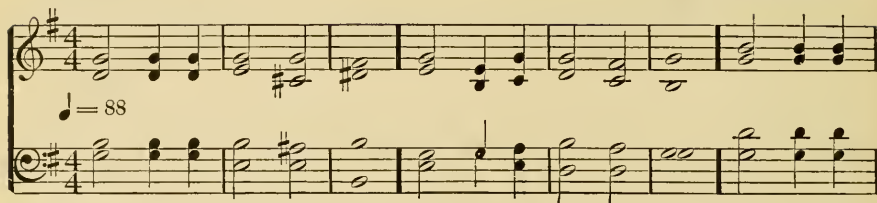
4

f From Him who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life or death, or earth or hell?
No; I am His forever.

J. G. Small.

Penpark. M. B.

J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac.



1

mf Ai am fy meiau i
Dioddefodd Iesu mawr,
Pan ddaeth yn ngrym Ei gariad Ef
O entrych nef i lawr?

2

Cyflawnai'r gyfraith bur,
Cyflawnder gafodd iawn;
cres A'r ddyled fawr, er cymaint oedd,
A dalodd Ef yn llawn.

3

p Dioddefodd angen loes,
Yn ufudd ar y bryn;
cres A'i waed a ylch yr Ethiop du
Yn lân fel eira gwyn.

4

p Pan grymmodd Iesu Ei ben,
Wrth farw yn ein lle,
cres Agorodd ffordd, pan rwygai'r llên,
f I bur drigianau'r ne'.

Parch John Elias.

1

mf Jesus, I live to Thee,
The Loveliest and Best;
cres My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.

2

mf Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me
In my eternal home.

3

mf Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
cres To live in Thee is bliss to me,
dim To die is endless rest.

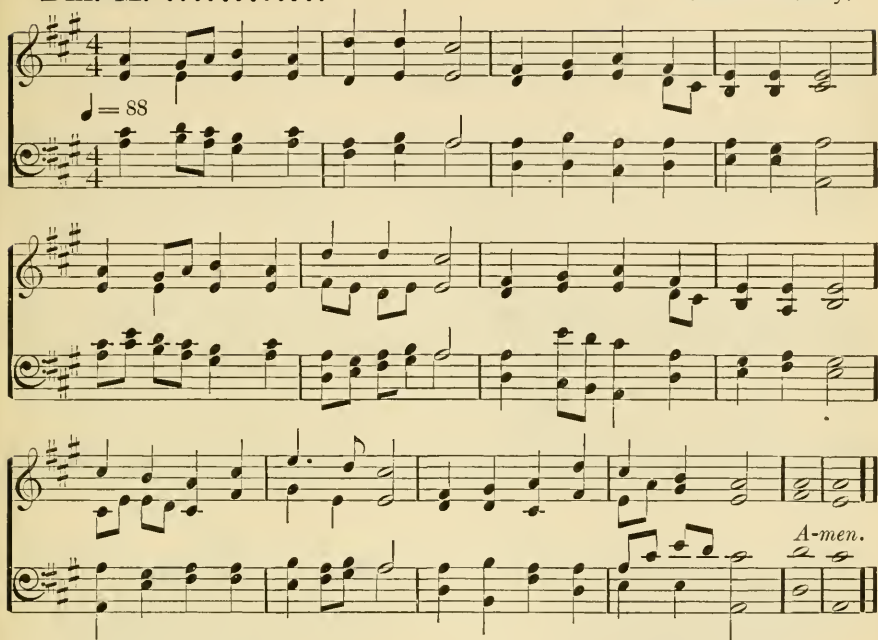
4

f Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine!

Rev. Henry Harbaugh.

Dix. M. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

German Melody.



mf 1 'D oes gyffelyb iddo Ef
Ar y ddaear, yn y nef;
Trech Ei allu, trech Ei rās
Na dyfnderau calon gās:
cres A'i ffyddlondeb sydd yn fwy
Nag angeuol ddwyfol glwy'.

mf 2 Gair o'i enau sanctaidd Ef
'N awr a'm dŵg i ganol nef;
Yn Ei eiriau mae 'r fâth rin,
Dodant nef a dae'r yn un:
Gwrando 'i lais, a gwel'd Ei wedd,
Yw fy mywyd tu yma i'r bedd.

cres 3 Ti Dy Hunan, Iesu mawr!
Yw fy noddfa ar y llawr;
Gād im' gael Dy gwmni cu
Nes myn'd trwy 'r Iorddonen ddu;
f Yna deuaf ger Dy fron,
Heb ddychrynu gan y dòn.

Pantycelyn.

mf 1 Blesséd Saviour, Thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in Thee abide,
Thou my Hope, and naught beside:
cres Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

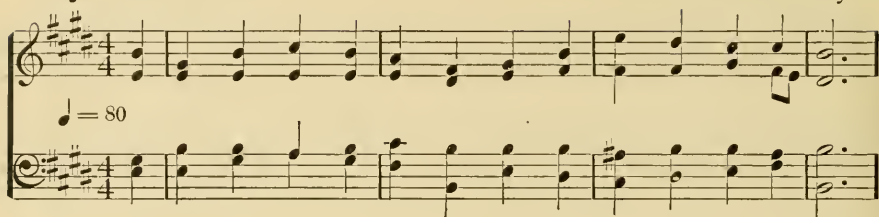
mf 2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
cres Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

f 3 Blesséd Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height or depth, or creature power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
ff Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

Rev. George Duffield.

Hyde Park. M. C.

German Melody.



A - men.

1

mf 'D oes neb ond Ei, fy Iesu hardd,
A ddichon lanw 'mryd;
Fy holl gysuron byth a dardd
O'i ddirfawr anguen drud.

2

'D oes dim yn gwir ddifyru f'oes
Helbulus yn y byd,
cres Ond golwg mynych ar y groes,
Lle talwyd iawn mewn pryd.

3

mf Mi welaf le mewn marwol glwy'
I'r euog guddio'i ben;
cres Ac yma llechaf nes myn'd trwy
Bob aflwydd is y nen.

4

mf Yr iawn a dalwyd ar y groes
Yw sylfaen f'enaidd gwan;
cres Wrth bwyso arno ddydd a nôs
'R wy'n disgwyl d'od i'r lân.

1, 2, 3, William Edwards, Bala. 4, William Jones, Bala.

1

mf Thou art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2

mf Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3

mf Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
cres And those who put their trust in Thee
f Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4

mf Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
f That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Bishop George W. Doane.

Nashville. M. S.S.S.S.S.S.

Salzburg Collection.

mf 1 Nis gall angylion nef y nef
Fynegu maint Ei gariad Ef,
Mae angu'r groes yn drech na'u dawn:
cres Bydd canu uwch am Galfari
Na glywodd yr angylion fry,
Pan ddelo Salem bur yn llawn.

mf 2 Nis teimlodd neb ond Ef Ei Hun
Anfeidrol werth fy enaid cun—
Uwch da, uwch aur, uwch perlau drud:
cres Ni thalai dim ond gwaed fy Nuw—
Angeuol, farwol loes, a byw,
A'm prynai o dragwyddol lîd.

cres 3 Am iddo farw ar y bryn,
Ca'dd f' enaid bach ei brynu'n llyn,
A'i dŷnu o'i gadwynau'n rhydd;
f Wel, bellach, dan Ei haeddiant Ef,
Fel cysgod cedrwydden gref;
Gorphwysaf mwy yn ngwrêr y dydd.

Pantycelyn.

mf 1 Jesus, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thoughtful heart to Thee,
cres And reign without a rival there;
Thine wholly, Thine alone I am,
f Be Thou alone my constant Flame.

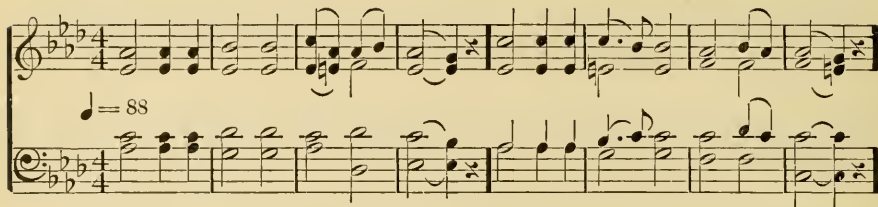
mf 2 Still let Thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!
cres Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my work, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

p 3 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
cres In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
f And save me, Who for me hast died.

P. Gerhardt. (Trans.) Rev John Wesley.

Flemming. M. 8.8.8.6.

Arr. from Friedrich F. Flemming.



1

mf Nid oes ond f' Arglwydd mawr Ei ddawn
A leinw f'enaidd bach yn llawn;
Nis gallwn ddâl dim mwy pe cawn:
Mae Ei yn ddigon mawr;

2

cres A digon, digon, digon yw
Dy hyfryd bresenoldeb gwiw,
Yn anguen ceidw hyn fi'n fyw;
A boddlon wyf yn awr.

3

mf Anfeidrol berffaith, sanctaidd Fôd,
Gwna imi wel'd na chaed erioed,
Ac na cheir pleser dân y rhôd,
Yn rhagor na'th fywnhau;

4

mf Wel, dyma'r oriau gofiai mwy,
A'r pleser gefais ynddynt hwy
cres Ddymunaf bellach byth tra b'wy',
Yn unig i barhau.

Pantylcelyn.

1

mf O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st me lean,
cres Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

2

mf Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to Thee.

3

mf Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

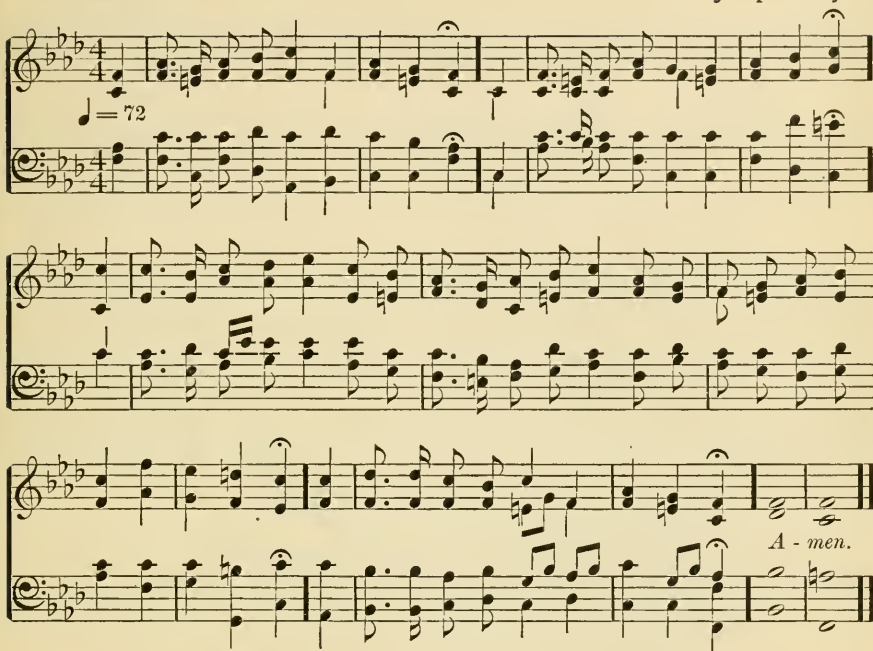
4

mf Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appal,
f While as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
Saviour, I cling to Thee?

Charlotte Elliott.

Columbus. M. 7.3.

Dr. Joseph Parry.



1

mf Myfi 'r pechadur pena',
 Fel yr wyf,
 Wynebaf i Galfaria
 Fel yr wyf;
cres Nid oes o fewn i'r holl-fyd
 Ond Hwn i gadw bywyd;
 Yn nghanol môr o adfyd,
 Fel yr wyf,
mf Mi ganaf gân i' Anwylyd,
 Fel yr wyf.

2

f Mae'r Oen fu ar Galfaria
 Wrth fy modd:
 Efengyl a'i thrysorau
 Wrth fy modd:
 Mae llwybrau Ei orch'mynion,
 A grym Ei addewidion,
 A hyfryd wleddoedd Seion,
 Wrth fy modd;
 A chwmni'r pererinion,
 Wrth fy modd.

1, Casglad y Parch Samuel Roberts.
 2, Y Drysorfa Ysbrydol.

1

mf Yes, I the greatest sinner,
 As I am,
 To Calvary I'll venture,
 As I am;
cres No other in creation
 Can give me such salvation,
 In midst of tribulation
 As I am,
 I'll trust His heart compassion
 As I am.

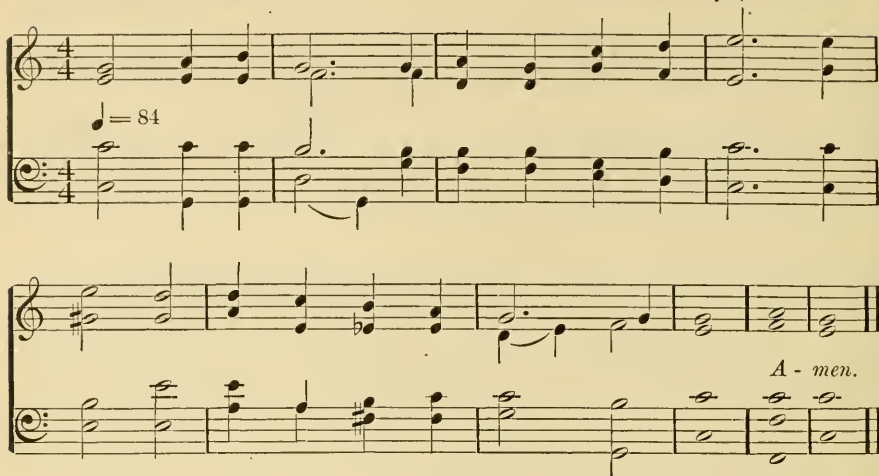
2

f The blood to cleanse the sinner
 I enjoy;
 The gospel as a treasure
 I enjoy;
 The richness of His promise,
 A walk to heavenly places,
 And feast to all the races
 I enjoy;
 God's family, and their graces
 I enjoy.

(Trans.) Rev. Edward Roberts.

Constance. M. 10.10.

C. Francis Lloyd, Mus. Bac.



- 1 *mf* Hedd, perffaith hedd! mewn byd o bechod du?
cres Mae gwaed yr Oen yn sibwrdd (*p*) hedd i ni.
- 2 *mf* Hedd, perffaith hedd! dan groesau o bob rhyw?
cres Tangnefedd sydd o hyd (*dim*) ar fynwes Duw.
- 3 *mf* Hedd, perffaith hedd! i mi fu gynt y'mhell?
cres Mae gofal Iesu 'n ddiogelwch gwell.
- 4 *mf* Hedd, perffaith hedd! heb un dyfodol fraw?
f Mae'r Iesu 'n eistedd ar yr orsedd draw.
- 5 *mf* Hedd, perffaith hedd! yn ngwyneb angu du?
f Diddymwyd angu gan yr Iesu cu.
- 6 *f* Mae'n ddigon byth, yn ngwyneb byd a bedd,
Fod Iesu 'n galw i'w dragwyddol hedd.

(Efel.) Dyfed.

- 1 *mf* Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
cres The blood of Jesus whispers (*p*) peace within.
- 2 *mf* Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
cres On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
- 3 *mf* Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
cres In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 4 *mf* Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
f Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 5 *mf* Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
f Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 6 *f* It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth.

St. Margaret. M. 8.8.8.8.6.

Albert L. Peace.

1

mf O Gariad, na'm gollyngi i,
Gorphwysfa f'enaïd ynot sydd;
cres Yr einioes roddaist, cymer hi,
A llawnach, glanach fyth ei lli
Yn D'eigion dwfn a fydd.

2

mf O Lewyrch yn fy nghanlyn sydd,
Fy nghanwyll wan a rof i Ti;
cres Ei benthyg fflam fy nghalon rydd,
A'i goleu'n loewach, decach fydd,
Yn Dy glaer heulwen Di.

3

mp O Hedd a'm ceisi trwy bob braw,
Ni allaf rhagot gau y drws;
cres 'R wy'n gweld yr enfys trwy y gwlaw,
cres Yn ol D'addewid gwn y daw
Hyfrytaf foreu tlws.

4

mp O Groes a gwyd fy mhen, yn awr
Ni feiddiaf ddeisyf D'ochel Di;
Mi fwriaf falchder i'oes i'r llawr,
cres A thardd o'i lwch â gwridog wawr
f Fy mythol fywyd i.

(Cyf.) D. Tecwyn Evans.

1

mf O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
cres I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2

mf O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
cres My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be

3

mf O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee,
cres I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4

mp O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
cres I lay in dust life's glory dead,
f And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

Rev. George Matheson.

Solomon. M. C.

Handel.

$\text{♩} = 80$

A - men.

1

mf Trwy fydd eheda gweddï'r gwael,
 Ac yntau gyda hi,
 Tŷr ei gadwynau'n chwilriw mân
 Yn ngolwg Calfari.

2

cres O'r dyfnder esgyn gweddï'r ffydd
 O eigion moroedd mawr;
 Ac o gyfamod Duw, a'i wedd,
 Mae'n tynu heddi i lawr.

3

p Trwy fydd mae'n cadw 'nghanol tân
 Er nerth ei anian ef;
mf Yn nghanol llewod, byw mae ffydd,
 Â'i golwg tua'r nef.

4

cres I'r lân, o'r dyfnder du, a'r dôn,
 Daw etifeddion ffydd,
f A'u cân yn un, er chwerw loes,
 Am angyf'roes groes ryw ddydd.
Parch Richard Jones, Llanfrothen.

1

mf Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed;
cres The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

2

p Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
cres The upward glancing of an eye
 When none but God is near.

3

p Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
mf Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

4

cres O Thou by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way,
f The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
 Lord, teach us how to pray.
James Montgomery.

Dymuniad. M. S.

R. H. Williams.

♩ = 72

A - men.

1

mf O'r dyfnder gelwais arnat, Iôn;
O Arglwydd tirion! gostwng
cres Dy glust, ystyria y llais mau,
Clyw fy ngweddïau teilwng.

2

mf Duw, pwy a sai' 'n Dy wyneb Di,
Os creffi ar anwiredh?
Ond fel y'th ofner Di yn iawn,
cres Yr wyt yn llawn trugaredd.

3

mf Disgwyliais f' Arglwydd, wrth fy rhaid,
Disgwyliodd f' enaid wrtho;
f Rho'is fy holl obaith yn Ei air,
Fy enaid geir yn effro.

4

cres Ei drugareddau ânt ar lêd,
Fe rŷdd ymwared ini;
f Fe weryd Isrâel:—fel hyn,
Fe'i tŷn o'i holl ddrygioni.

Archddiacon Edmund Prys.

1

mf My soul in deep that calls to deep,
Is greatly grieved and movéd,
cres I trembling cry to God on high,
My Ruler and Belovéd.

2

mf Jehovah, Lord, if Thou record
And keep my sins afore Thee,
Who in Thy ligl t, O Lord of Might,
Shall ever stand before Thee?

3

mf It is Thy right and Thy delight
To pardon and deliver;
f Thy saving love and soul doth move
To worship Thee forever.

4

mf O Israel! trust Thy Lord is just,
And full of love paternal;
f For He from sin, without, within,
Will give release eternal.

J. Williams.

Randolph. M. H.

Daniel Protheroe.



1

mf Tra yn Dy gwmni, f' Arglwydd mawr,
'R wyf wrth fy modd bob mynyd awr;
A blino 'r wyf, fy Nuw, o hyd,
Yn nwndwr ac yn nhwrf y byd.

2

cres Iach wyf pan byddwyf yn dy âydd,
A'm henaid yn Dy foli'n rhwydd;
Tra yma'n byw, gwna Di fy lle
Yn agos iawn at borth y ne'.

3

mf A dyro im' Dy gwmni o hyd
Tra rhaid im' aros yn y byd;
Diddana fi mewn anial dir
A ffyrddiau o ddiddanwch pur.

4

mf Gâd imi wel'd mai Ti yw'm rhan,
Gâd imi'th ganfod yn mhob mân,
cres Gâd imi'n wastad blygu i lawr
I'th lân ewyllys bob yr awr.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2

cres There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3

mf There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
cres Though sundered far; by faith they meet
Around the common mercy-seat.

4

f There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell.

Dolgellau. M. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Alaw Gymreig.

$J = 80$

A-men.

mf I fyny at fy Nuw,
Fy enaid, c'od dy lef,
Heibio i'r euraidd lu,
I eithaf nef y nef;
cres Gostwng Dy glust o'r bryniau fry,
O! Arglwydd grasol, cofia fi.

2

p 'R wyf yma yn wael fy ngwedd,
Yn euog ac yn wân,
Gelynlion creulon sydd
O'm hamgylch yn mhob mân:
cres Bydd imi'n blaid yn erbyn llu,
O! Arglwydd grasol, cofia fi.

3

mf Yn wyneb uffern ddu,
Ac angeu mawr ei rym,
cres Rho imi nerth wrth raid,
Bydd Di yn noddod im':
f Yn nyfroedd cry'r Iorddonen ddu,
O! Arglwydd grasol, cofia fi.

Parch David Charles, Caerfyrddin.

mf I bring my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleanséd be
In Thy once opened Fount:
cres I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;
The burden is too great for me.

2

mf My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed:
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

3

mf My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone:
f My heart, my life, my all I bring,
To Thee, my Saviour, and my King!

Frances R. Havergal.

Castell y Bere. M. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

David DeLloyd, Mus. Doc.

♩ = 84

A-men.

1

p Er imi grwydro 'n ffol,
I estron wlad;
cres Anturiaf yn fy ol,
Fy nhirion Dad!
mf Trugarog ydwyf Ti,
cres O! derbyn, derbyn fi;
O! derbyn fi.

2

p 'R wy'n dyfod fel yr wyf,
Yn wael fy ngwedd;
Nid oes a wella 'm clwyf
Ond balm dy heddi!
mf Fy mywyd ydwyf Ti!
cres O! derbyn, derbyn fi;
O! derbyn fi.

3

p Mi glywais am yr Iawn,
Roed ar y groes,—
cres Anfeidrol daliad llawn
Dros feiau f'oes.
mf Yn haeddiant Calfari,
cres O! derbyn, derbyn fi;
O! derbyn fi.

Meigant.

1

mf More love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee!
cres Hear Thou the prayer I make
dīm On bended knee;
cres This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

2

mf Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek;
Give what is best:
cres This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3

p Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
cres This still its prayer shall be,
f More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Prentiss.

Dakota. M. 8.7.4.

Parch Peter Edwards, Mus. Bac. (Pedr Alaw.)

$\text{♩} = 84$

A - men.

1

mf Wrth Dy orsedd 'r wyf yn gorwedd,
 Disgwyl am y ddedwydd awr,
 Pan gaf glywed llais gorfoledd,
 Pan gaf wel'd fy meiau i lawr:
cres Ti gai enw,
 Ti gai enw
f 'R fuddugoliaeth it' Dy Hun.

2

mf Bywyd perffaith yw'th gymdeithas,
 Diliau mël yw'th heddwch drud;
 Gwerthfawrocach yw Dy gariad
 Na holl berlau'r India i gyd:
cres Gwlad o gyfoeth,
 Gwlad o gyfoeth,
f Yw yn unig Dy fwynhau.

Pantycelyn.

1

mf Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
cres Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee:
f Yet possessing
 Every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.

2

mf Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy:
cres Thus provided,
 Pardoned, guided,
f Nothing can our peace destroy.

J. Edmeston.

Sweet Hour of Prayer. M. S. D.

William B. Bradbury.

♩. = 66

A-men.

1

mf Awr weddi fwyn, awr weddi fwyn!
 Pan af at Dduw i ddweyd fy nghwyn;
 O fyd y cur at dyner Dad,
 Lle caf i'm loesau esmwythad:
cres Ar adeg drist mewn gwae a phoen,
 Caf yno'n wastad hedd a hoen:
 Rhag maglau'r temtiwr caf fy nwyn,
 Pan ddaw'n ei thro'r awr weddi fwyn.

2

mf Awr weddi fwyn, awr weddi fwyn!
 Rho im' dy gysur a dy swyn,
cres Nes o ben Pisgah, ddiwedd oes,
 Y gwelaf draw y wlad ddiloes:
f Y wisg o gnawd adawaf mwy;
 A chyda hi bob marwol glwy';
 I'r nef yn iach pan gaf fy nwyn,
 Dy foli wnaaf, awr weddi fwyn!

(Cyf.) Harwen.

1

mf Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me, at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known!
cres In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2

mf Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer.
 May I Thy consolation share,
cres Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home, and take my flight;
f This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 And shout, while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

William W. Walford.

Sarum. M. 10.10.10.4.

Sir Joseph Barnby.

♩ = 116

A - men.

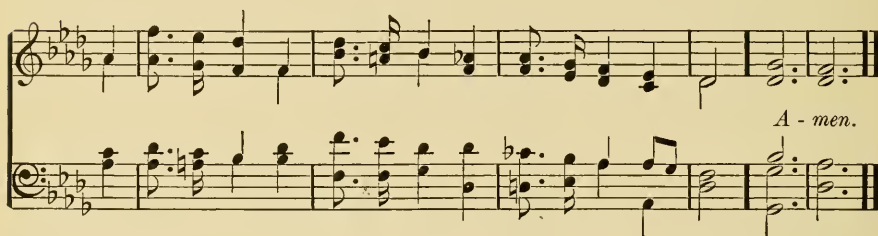
- 1 *f* Am bawb o'r saint sy'n gorphwys uwch pob clwy',
Tydi gerbron y byd gyffesent hwy,
Dy Enw Iesu gaiſſ y clôd byth mwy. Halleluia! Halleluia!
- 2 *f* Ti oedd eu Craig, eu Noddfa glyd, a'u Nerth,
Eu Cadben yn y frwydr fawr ei gwerth;
Eu Goleu gwir mewn gwyll ar lwybrau serth. Halleluia! Halleluia!
- 3 *mf* O fwyn gymundeb a chymdeithas gref,
Gwan grwydrwn ni, tra hwy yn ngawl y Nef;
cres Ond oll yn Iesu 'n un, ac eiddo Ef. (*f*) Halleluia! Halleluia!
- 4 *f* O gyrau'r ddaear, o draethau'r mor, a thrwy
Y perlog byrth, daw torf ddirif, ddiglwy',
I'r Tad, a'r Mab a'r Ysbryd canant mwy, Halleluia! Halleluia!
(*Cyf.*) *Parch J. C. Jones.*

- 1 *f* For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blessed. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
- 2 *f* Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
- 3 *mf* O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
cres Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
- 4 *f* From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Bishop W. Walsham How.

Birchgrove. M. C.

I. W. Prosser.



1

1

mf Mae brodyr imi aeth yn mlaen
Yn holliach a chytân;
Deng mil o filoedd yw eu cân,
Er hyn nid yw ond un.

mf The Church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
f They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

2

2

mf Mae pawb o'r brodyr yno'n un
Heb neb yn tynu'n groes;
f Yn moli'r Duwddod yn y dyn,
A chofio'i angu loes,

mf Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise
And bow before Thy throne,
cres We in the kingdom of Thy grace;
The kingdoms are but one.

3

3

cres Ni theimlir yno unrhyw boen,
Na chwyño gan un clwy';
f Ond pawb mewn hwy! yn moli'r Oen
I dragwyddoldeb mwy.

f The holy to the holiest leads;
From hence our spirits rise;
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

St. Catherine. M. S.S.S.S.S.S.

Henry F. Hemy.

$\text{♩} = 92$

A - men.

1
f Ffydd ddewr ein tadau! hynod yw,
 Er carchar, tân a chlêdd, mae'n fyw,
 Mor uchel gura'n calon lon
 Gan rymus swyn y geiriau gwiw:
cres Ffydd ddewr ein tadau—sanctaid ffydd!
ff Parhawn yn ffyddlon i ti byth.

2
mf Ein tadau, caeth mewn carchar du,
 Addolent Dduw yn ddewr a rhydd;
 Mor felus ffawd eu plant, pe rho'ent,
 Fel hwy, eu bywyd dros eu ffydd:
cres Ffydd ddewr ein tadau—sanctaid ffydd!
ff Parhawn yn ffyddlon i ti byth.

3
f Ffydd ddewr ein tadau! caru wnawn
 Ein câr a'n gelyn yn mhob cur;
 Ein cariad gaiff dy ganmol di
 Mewn geiriau mwyn a bywyd pur:
cres Ffydd ddewr ein tadau—sanctaid ffydd!
ff Parhawn yn ffyddlon i ti byth.

(Cyf.) Parch J. C. Jones.

1
f Faith of our fathers! living still
 In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
 O how our hearts beat high with joy
 Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
cres Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
ff We will be true to thee till death.

2
mf Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
 Were still in heart and conscience free;
 And blest would be their children's fate
 If they, like them, should die for thee:
cres Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
ff We will be true to thee till death.

3
f Faith of our fathers! we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife,
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
 By kindly words and virtuous life:
cres Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
ff We will be true to thee till death.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber.

Dole. M. B.

J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac.



1

p Ai marw raid i mi,
A rho'i fy ngorph i lawr?
cres A raid i'm henaidd ofnus ffoi
dim I dragwyddoldeb mawr?

2

p 'Beth ddaw o honof fi
'R ôl gadael daear lawr?
cres Tra gwyddol wae neu heddiu dilyth,
A fydd fy rhan ryw awr.

3

mf Deffroir fy nghysglyn lwech
Pan seinio udgorn Duw;
cres Y byd ar dân, a'r nef yn ffoi
Rhag Barnwr meirw a byw.

4

f O! am gael treulio f'oes
Er clôd i'm Harglwydd mawr;
A rhodio'n isel gyda Duw,
Tra byddwyf ar y llawr.

C. Wesley, (Cyf.) Pwll John Hughes, Pontrobert.

1

mf It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

2

p It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
cres And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3

mf It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
f And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

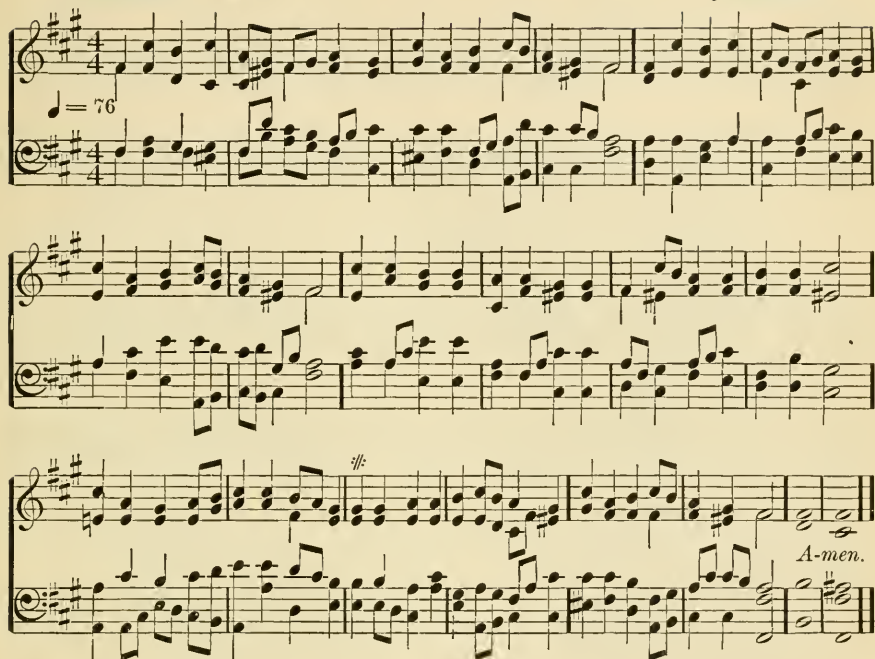
4

f Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die:
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

Rev. H. A. C. Malan

Alexander. M. 8.7. D.

John Roberts.



1

1

mf O! anfeidrol rym y cariad,
 Anorchfygol ydyw'r grâs;
 Digyfnawid yw'r addewid,
 Bery byth o hyn i maes;
cres Hon yw'm hangor ar y cefnfor,
 Na chynnewid meddwl Duw;
 Fe addawodd na chawn farw,
 Yn nghlwyfau'r Oen y cawn i fyw.

2

mf Yn y dyfroedd mawr a'r tönau,
 Nid oes neb a ddeil fy mhen
 Ond fy anwyl Brïd Iesu,
p A fu farw ar y pren:
cres Cyfaill yw yn afon angyu,
 Ddeil fy mhen i uwch y dôn:
f Golwg arno wna i mi ganu
 Yn yr afon ddofn hon.

David Williams.

f Great Redeemer, Friend of sinners,
 Who hast glorious power to save,
 Grant me light, and still conduct me
 Over each tempestuous wave:
cres May my soul with sacred transport
 View the dawn while yet afar,
 And until the sun arises
 Lead me by the Morning Star.

2

mf 'Whelmed by mighty foaming waters,
 There is none to hold my head,
 But my loving Savior, Jesus,
cres Ever living, though once dead;
 What a Friend in death's cold river!
 On His face if I but gaze,
f O'er the flood my head uplifted,
 Songs of praise to Him I'll raise.

(Trans.) I, W. Griffiths.
 2, Rev. John Hammond.

Lausanne. M. 8.7.

Rev. C. H. A. Malan.



1

mp Mae 'nghyfeillion adre'n myned,
O fy mlaen, o un i un,
Gan fy ngadael yn amddifad,
Fel pererin wrtho'i hun.

2

mf Wedi bod yn hir gyd-deithio
Yn yr anial dyrys, maith,
Gormod iddynt oedd fy ngado
Bron ar derfyn eitha'r daith.

3

mf Byddaf yn dych'mygu, weithiau,
Fry eu gwel'd yn Salem lân,
p Ac y clywaf, ar rai prydiau,
Adsain odlau pêr eu cân.

4

f Ond mae'r amser bron a dyfod
Y câf uno gyda hwy,
Yn un peraidd gôr diddarfod,
Uwch law ofn ymadael mwy.

Ieuan Glan Geirionydd.

1

mf This is not my place of resting—
Mine's a city yet to come,
cres Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.

2

mf In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse hath passed away.

3

mf There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us,
By the streams of life along,—
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4

cres Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
f Nevermore are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again!

Horatius Bonar.

Glan Geirionydd. M. 6.6.8.6.8.6.8.8.6. Ieuan Glan Geirionydd.
 • Trefniad David Jenkins, Mus. Bac.

1 *mf* O Dduw, rho im' dy hedd,
 A golwg ar dy wedd,
 A maddeu 'n awr, fy meiau mawr,
 Cyn 'r elwyf lawr i'r bedd;
cres Ond im' gael hyn, nid ofnau'r glyn,
 Na cholyn angu 'n hŵy;
f Doi yn Dy law i'r ochr draw,
 Heb friw na braw, ryw ddydd a ddaw,
 Uwchlaw pob loes a chlwy.

2 *mf* Dy gymorth, Arglwydd, dod,
 I rodio er dy glod,
cres A byw trwy ffydd, o ddydd i ddydd,
 Gan estyn at y nôd;
f Cael treulio 'm hoës i Grist a'i groes,
 Er pob rhyw loes a chlwy',
 A byw heb wâd i roi mawrhad
 I gariad rhad fy lesu mād,
 Fydd fy nymuniad mwy.

Ieuan Glan Geirionydd.

1 *mf* O God! Thy peace grant me,
 And Thy sweet face to see;
 Oh, take away my guilt, I pray,
 Ere in my grave I be;
cres If Thou art near my soul to cheer,
 Then I'll not fear death's sting;
 Safe in Thine hand, soon shall I land
f On heaven's bright strand, without sin's
 To stand with Christ our King! [brand,

2 *mf* Thy strength to me, Lord, give,
 That I may near Thee live,
cres By faith, each day, to watch and pray,
 And for the prize to strive;
f In woe and weal, with holy zeal,
 Christ's healing power to tell,
 Until I die, help me to try
 To magnify His love, for why
 Should I on naught else dwell?

(Trans.) J. D. Evans, (Aph Daniel.)

Gnoll Avenue. M. 8.7.4.

David Jenkins, Mus. Bac.

1

mp Derfydd imi deithio'r ddaear,
 Tragwyddoldeb sydd ger llaw;
 Ni châf aros, ni châf orphwys,
 Nes im' fyn'd i'r ochr draw:
cres O! Iachawdwr,
 Paid a'm gadael yn y glŷn.

2

mp Pan i'o dyfroedd oer marwolaeth
 O fy amgylch yn crynhôl,
 Pwy a ddeil fy mhen i fyny?
 Pwy a wna i'm hofnau ffioi?
f Neb ond Iesu:
 Gwênaf yno yn Ei law.

Thomas Williams, Bethesda Morganwg.

1

mf Hear, O sinner! Mercy hails you;
 Now with sweetest voice she calls;
 Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
 Ere the hand of justice falls:
cres Trust in Jesus;
 'Tis the voice of Mercy calls.

2

mf Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour;
 Seek His mercy while you may;
 Soon the day of grace is over;
dim Soon your life will pass away:
cres Haste to Jesus;
 You must perish if you stay.

(Trans.) Rev. Edward Roberts.

Capel Tygwydd. M. 6.5.6.5.6.6.6.5.

David Jenkins, Mus. Bac.



1

p Ar lân Iorddonen ddofn
 'R wy'n oedi'n nychlyd,
 Mewn blŷs myn'd trwy, ac ofn
 Ei stormydd enbyd:
cres O! na b'ai modd i mi
 Ysgoi ei hymchwylld hi,
f A hedfan uwch ei lli'
 I'r Ganaan hyfryd.

2

p Wrth gofio grym y dŵr,
 A'i thônog genlli',
 A'r mynych rymus ŵr
 A suddodd ynddi,
cres Mae braw ar f'enaidd gwân
 Mai boddi fydd fy rhan,
dim Cyn cyrhaedd tawel lân
p Bro y goleuni.

3

mf Ond pan y gwelwyf draw,
 Ar fynydd Seion,
 Yn iach, heb boen na braw,
 Fy hên gyfeillion,
f Paham yr oinaf mwy?
 Y Duw a'u daliodd hwy
 A'm dyga inau drwy
 Ei dyfroedd dyfinion.

Ieuan Glan Geirionydd.

1

p Deep Jordan's bank I tread,
 And trembling waver;
 I long to cross, but dread
 The stormy river:
cres Oh, would 'twere given that I
 Might shun these swellings high,
f And o'er the flood might fly
 To rest forever.

2

p The stream in might along
 Its waters urges,
 And many are the strong
 The wave submerges;
cres I fear the land of light
 Will never greet my sight,
dim And I shall sink tonight
p Beneath these surges.

3

mf But who are these I see
 In crowds appearing?
 Old friends from peril free,
 My spirit cheering;
f I'll linger here no more,
 But trust to God that bore
 Them safe to yonder shore,
 No danger fearing.

(Trans.) Rev. William Howells.

Liverpool. M. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

Ieuan Gwyllt.

1
mf Nis gallodd angu du
 Ddâl Iesu'n gaeth
 Ddim hwy na'r trydydd dydd,
 Yn rhydd y daeth;
cres Ni ddêlir un o'i blant,
 Er myn'd i bant y bedd;
f Fe'u gwelir ger Ei fron
 Yn llon eu gwedd.

2
mp Dy gwmni i ddwyn y groes,
 O! moes i mi;
 Er gwaethaf angu a'i frâd,
 Ein Tad wyt Ti;
cres Ac er fy rho'i'n y llwch,
 Mewn t'w'llwch dros ryw hyd,
 Ni'm cleddir o'i wyydd E',
 Mewn lle'n y byd.

3
mp Er pydru yn ngwaelod bedd,
 Yn farwaidd, fud,
cres Daw Iesu i'm c'odi'n llon
 Ger bron ryw bryd;
mf A'm llygaid i a'i gwel,
 Mae'r gair dân sêl yn wir,
cres Ar newydd ddedydd ddydd,
 Boreuddydd clir.

Gwilym ab Ellis.

1
mf I'm but a stranger here,
 Heaven is my home;
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heaven is my home:
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand;
cres Heaven is my fatherland,
 Heaven is my home.

2
mf What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home;
cres And time's wild wintry blast
 Soon shall be overpast;
f I shall reach home at last,
 Heaven is my home.

3
f There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home.
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I love most and best;
 And there I, too, shall rest,
 Heaven is my home.

Rev. Thomas R. Taylor.

Dies Irae. M. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

Dr. Joseph Parry.



1

mf Dduw mawr! pa beth a welaf draw?
 Diwedd a braw yr hollfyd!
 Mi wela'r Barnwr yn neshau
 Ar glaer gymylau tanllyd!
f Yr udgorn mawr yn seinio sydd,
 A'r beddau'n rhoddi eu meirw'n rhydd,
 I wae, neu ddydd o wynfyd!

2

p O Farnwr cyflawn! gwrando'n cri
 Sydd mewn trueni'n gorwedd;
 O'th nerthol ras tosturia Di,
 A dod i ni drugaredd!
cres O fewn y noddfa caffer ni,
 Agorwyd gynt ar Galfari,
 Cyn delo dydd dialedd!
1, (Cyf.) Bardd Nantglyn. 2, Anadnabyddus.

1

mf Great God! what do I see and hear?
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of mankind doth appear
 On clouds of glory seated!
f The trumpet sounds: the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2

p Great God! what do I see and hear?
 The end of things created!
mf The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated!
cres Beneath His cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
f And thus prepare to meet Him.
Verse 1, Anon. 2, Rev. William B. Collyer.

Mair. M. 8.8.8.8. D.

Tom Price.

$\text{♩} = 92$

A-men.

1 1

mf Dwy aden colomen, pe cawn,
 Mi grwydrwn, mi 'hedwn y'mhell;
 I gopa bryn Nebo mi awn,
 I welod ardaloedd sydd well;
cres A'm golwg tu arall i'r dŵr,
 Mi dreuliwn fy nyddian i ben,
f Dan ganu wrth gofio y Gŵr
 Fu farw dan hoelion ar bren.

2

mf 'R wy'n tynu tuag ochr y dŵr,
 Bron gadael yr anial yn lân;
cres Mi glywais am gonewest y Gŵr
 A rydiodd yr afon o'm blaen;
mf Fe dreiglodd y maen oedd dan sêl,
 Fe gododd y Cadarn i'r lan;
cres Mi ' caraf Ef, deued a ddêl,
 Mae gobaith i'r truan a'r gwan.

Thomas Williams. Bethesda, Morganwg.

mf Oh, that I had wings like a dove!
 I'd fly, and afar I would roam,
 From Nebo's high summit I'd love
 To look on to Canaan, my home;
cres My life's fleeting moments I'd spend
 In gazing beyond the swift tide,
 And longing to see the sweet Friend
 Who, on the cross, suffered and died.

2

mf I'll soon leave the wilderness grim,
 I'm nearing deep Jordan's bleak shore:
 My hope's in the triumph of Him
 Who passed o'er the river before;
cres In vain were the guard, stone, and seal,
 The Victor came forth from the grave!
f I'll love Him in woe and in weal,
 The Friend who is mighty to save.

(Trans.) J. D. Evans, (Ap Daniel.)

Babel. M. 7.6. D.

Alaw Gymreig.
Trefniad J. H. Roberts, Mus. Bac.

♩ = 80

1st time. 2d time.

A - men.

mf Bydd myrdd o ryfeddodau
Ar dōriad boreu wawr,
Pan ddelo plant y tōnau
Yn iach o'r cystudd mawr;
cres Oll yn eu gŷnau gwŷnion,
Ac ar eu newydd wedd,
f Yn debyg idd eu Harglwydd
Yn d'od i'r lân o'r bedd.

Anad.

mf Unnumbered are the marvels
The last Great Day shall see,
With earth's poor storm-tossed children
From tribulation free;
cres All in their shining raiment
Transfigured, bright, and brave,
f Like to their Lord ascending
In triumph from the grave.

(Trans.) Rev. Robert Parry.

Philadelphia. M. 8.7.4.

Daniel Protheroe.

♩ = 88

A - men.

mf Gwêl, uwchlaw cymylau amser,
 O fy enaid! gwêl y tir,
 Lle mae'r awel fyth yn dynyr,
 Lle mae'r wybren fyth yn glir:
cres Hapus dyrfa!
 Sydd yn nofio yn Ei hedd.

2

mf Ynddi tardd ffynonau bywyd,
 Trwyddi llif afonydd hedd,
 I ddyfrhau ei bröydd hyfryd,
 Ac i anfarwoli ei gwedd:
cres Iachawdwriaeth
 Ar ei glân anedlir mwy.

3

f Mae fy nghalon brudd yn llâmu
 O orfoledd dân fy mron,
 Yn y gobaith am feddianu
 Yr etifeddiaeth ddwyfol hon;
cres Hapus dyrfa
 Sydd â'u hwyneb tua'r wlad!

Islwyn.

mf Far above earth's cloudy regions,
 O my soul, behold the sphere!
 Where the breeze is ever tender,
 Where the sky is ever clear;
 Happy myriads
mp Resting there in perfect peace.

2

mf In it spring life's sparkling fountains,
 Through it flow the streams of peace,
 Its delightful glades to water
 And give joys that never cease;
cres Full salvation
 There shall evermore be sung.

3

f Now my heart, (*p*) once sunk in sadness,
cres Leaps with joy within my breast,
f In the hope of soon possessing
 That divine and glorious rest;
 Happy pilgrims,
 Those who journey to that land.

(Trans.) W. Williams.

Crugybar. M. 9.8.9.8. D.

Welsh Melody.

♩ = 96

A - men.

1

mf Cawn esgyn o'r dyrys anialwch,
 I'r beraidd Baradwys i fyw;
 Ein henaid lluddedig gaiff orphwys
 Yn dawel ar fynwes ein Duw:
f Diangfa dragwyddol geir yno
 Ar bechod, cystuddiau, a phoen;
 A gwledda i oesoedd diderfyn
 Ar gariad anhraethol yr Oen.

2

mf O fryniau Caersalem ceir gweled
 Holl daith yr anialwch i gyd;
 Pryd hyny daw troion yr yrfa
 Yn felus i lanw ein bryd;
cres Cawn edrych ar stormydd ac ofnau,
 Ac angu dychrynlyd a'r bedd,
f A ninau'n ddiangol o'u cyrhaedd,
 Yn nofio mewn cariad a hedd.

Rev. David Charles.

1

mf We'll soar from the wilderness dreary
 To Paradise, home of the blest,
 Our souls from their pilgrimage weary,
 On God's sheltering bosom shall rest;
f We there shall find refuge forever
 From sin, from affliction, from pain,
 Enjoying through ages unnumbered
 The love of the Lamb that was slain.

2

mf From Salem's hills yonder in glory
 Our course through the desert we'll view,
 Our winding and wavering journey,
 How sweet to survey it anew;
cres To look on the storms once encountered,
 And torrents of death and the grave,
f While we shall be free from their power,
 Reposing in Love's blissful wave.

(Trans.) J. D. Evans. (Ap Daniel)

Y Nefoedd. M. 8.7.8.8.7.

J. Mainzer.

1

mp Ar ôl gofidiau dyrys daith,
A gorthrymderau, filoedd,
cres Hyfrydol falm o neiol ryw
I'r wân, flinedig, fynwes yw
mf Cawn orphwys yn y nefoedd.

2

mp Mor felus meddwl ambell awr,
Yn nghanol blin dymhestloedd,
cres Os gwyntoedd geirwon geir o hyd
Tra'n hwylio tŷnog fôr y byd,
p Mae'n dawel yn y nefoedd.

3

p Cyfeillion ini heddyw sydd
O fewn y fro yn lluoedd,
Heb deimlo yno unrhyw loes,
cres Na gofid blin, na chur, na chroes,
f Yn canu yn y nefoedd.

4

mf Hiraethu mae fy nghanol drist
Am wel'd y teg ardaloedd;
cres Fy Nuw, fy Iesu, O fy Nhad!
A gâf fi dd'od i'r hyfryd wlad,
f I'th foli yn y nefoedd!

Ieuan Gwyllt.

1

mp When life's long pilgrimage is past
And we with griefs have striven,
cres How soothing to the wounded heart,
The healing balm these words impart—
mf We soon shall rest in heaven.

2

mf How cheering often times to think
When we by storms are driven,
cres Though rudest winds should ever blow,
While we are tossed on waves below—
p 'Tis always calm in heaven.

3

p The name of loved ones thither gone,
Upon our hearts are graven,
cres Who now from every trouble free,
No pain, no cross, again shall see—
f To mar the praise of heaven.

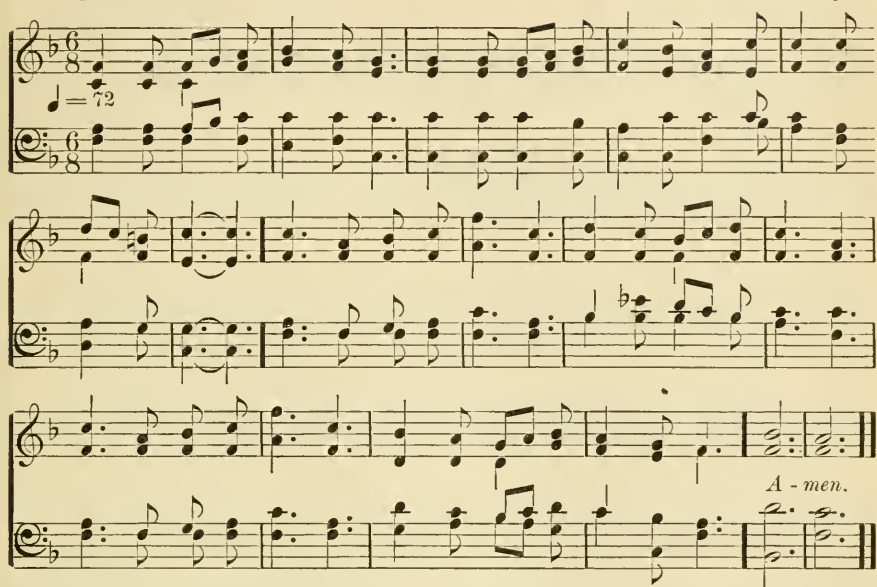
4

mf When shall the vision of that place
To this sad heart be given?
cres O God! my Father, Saviour, Friend!
An ear to this petition lend—
f Prepare my soul for heaven.

(Trans.) Rev. William Howells

Joyful. M. 7.7.6.6.6.6.7.

T. Bilby.



mp Yma cur a blinder gawn,
Yma cwrdd i 'mado wnawn;
cres Nid felly yn y nef.
f O! hyn fydd yn hyfryd!
Hyfryd, hyfryd, hyfryd!
O! hyn fydd yn hyfryd—
Cwrdd heb byth ymadael mwyl!

mf Pawb sydd yma 'n caru Duw,
cres Gwedi marw, hwy gânt fyw,
A chanu yn y nef.
f O! hyn fydd yn hyfryd, &c.

mf Pawb brofasant rās a hedd
Iesu, hwy gânt wel'd Ei wedd,
cres A chanu iddo byth.
f O! hyn fydd yn hyfryd, &c.

f Yno ni gawn ganu byth,
Mewn gogoniant pur di-lŷth,
I Grist, yr Arglwydd Iôr!
f O! hyn fydd yn hyfryd, &c.

(Cyf.) Parch James Hughes, Llundain.

mp Here we suffer grief and pain;
Here we meet to part again:
cres In heaven we part no more.
f Oh, that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

mf All who love the Lord below,
cres When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above,
f Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

mf Oh, how happy we shall be!
cres For our Saviour we shall see
f Exalted on His throne;
f Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

f There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord;
f Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

T. Bilby.

Nes i Dre. M. B. D.

Isaac Woodbury.

1
mf Mor agos ambell waith
 I dreiddgar olwg ffydd,
 Yw tŷ fy Nhad, a phen fy nhaith,
 A thoriad nefol ddydd!
p Wyf yma heb fy Naf,
 Y'mhell o'm nefol wlad—
cres Er hyn, bob nos, fy mhabell wnaf
f Yn nes i dŷ fy Nhad.

2
mf Pan rwygo 'r llên yn ddwy,
 O dan fy olaf chwyth,
cres Nid angu fydd fy angu mwy,
 Ond bywyd bery byth;
p Wyf yma heb fy Naf,
 Y'mhell o'm nefol wlad—
cres Er hyn, bob nos, fy mhabell wnaf
f Yn nes i dŷ fy Nhad.

(Efel. o) Montgomery.

1
mf "Forever with the Lord!"
 Amen, so let it be;
cres Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality:
p Here in the body pent
 Absent from Him I roam,
cres Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
f A day's march nearer home.

2
p So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
cres By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.
mf Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
f And oft repeat before the throne,
 "Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery.

Y Delyn Aur. M. 8.7.4.

Alaw Gymreig.
Trefniad D. Emlyn Evans.

♩ = 76

1

f Dechreu canu, dechreu canmol,
Yn mhen mil o oesoedd maith,
Iesu, bydd y pererinion
Hyfryd draw ar ben eu taith:
cres Ni bydd diwedd
Byth ar sŵn y delyn aur.

2

mf Nid oes yno ddiwedd canu,
Nid oes yno ddiwedd clôd,
Nid oes yno ddiwedd cofio
Pob cystuddiau fu yn bôd;
f Byth ni dderfydd
Canmol Duw yn nhŷ fy Nhad.

Pantycelyn.

1

f Singing through the countless ages,
Just rehearsing it shall be
Of the Lamb's eternal Anthem,
Who had died upon the tree;
Without ending
Will resound the golden harp.

2

mf Meditating on the journey
Over there will give us peace;
When we'll see the crown of crosses,
Our song will never cease;
f Without ending
Will resound the golden harp.

(Trans.) Rev. Edward Roberts.

Danville. M. 2.8.

Dr. Joseph Parry.

♩ = 88

A - men.

1

f Bydd, bydd,
 Rhyw ganu peraidd iawn ryw ddydd
 Pan ddelo'r caethion oll yn rhydd!
 Fe droir eu ffydd yn olwg fry;
cres Cydunant byth, heb dewi a sôn,
ff I foli'r Oen fu ar Galfari.

2

f Ond gwledd
 Sydd eto'n bod tu draw i'r bedd,
 Dros byth i'w chael i'r gwael eu gwedd;
 Lle bydd mewn hedd ganiadau lu,
 I bara beunydd yn ddi-boen,
 Gan foli'r Oen fu ar Galfari.

Grawnsypiau Canaan 2.
A Chasgliad Parch John Hughes, Pontrobert 1.

1

f Through grace,
 And faith in Christ, I'll end my race,
 And see my Saviour face to face;
 And of that grace, His love divine,
cres What joy to drink, and thirst no more,
ff All sorrow o'er—heaven ever mine.

2

f Great King!
 To Thee my heart and all I bring;
 Through Thee, to me death has no sting,
 Thy love I sing; for Thou didst give
cres For me Thy blood, to cleanse from sin
 And heaven to win—with Thee to live.

Jonathan Nicholas.

Builth. M. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

David Jenkins, Mus. Bac.

A - men.

1

mf Rhagluniaeth fawr y Nef,
 Mor rhyfedd yw
 Esboniad helaeth hon
 O arfaeth Duw:
cres Mae'n gwylied llwch y llawr,
 Yn trefnu llu y nef,
f Cyflawna'r cwbl oll
 O'i gyngor Ef.

2

mf Ei th'w'llwch dudew sydd
 Yn oleu gwir,
 Ei d'ryswch mwyaf, mae
 Yn drefn glir:
cres Hi ddaw â'i throion maith
 Yn fuan oll i ben,
f Bydd sŷnu wrth olrhain rhai'n
 Tu draw i'r llên.

Parch David Charles.

1

mf The Providence of Heaven,
 How wondrous art:
 Thine open vision shows
 God's loving heart.
cres Thou watchest o'er the earth,
 And guidest all above,
f Fulfilling all commands
 Of God in love.

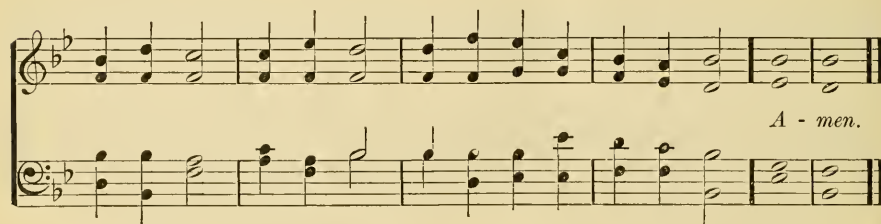
2

mf Though strange and dark the way,
 Yet purest light
 Will shine upon our day,
 With beams so bright;
cres The winding path seen clear,
 All ends in joy and love,
f We'll ever sing Thy praise
 In Heaven above.

(Trans.) D. P.

Groeswen. M. 8.7.3.(7.7.7.7.6.7.)

J. Ambrose Lloyd.



A - men.

1

mf Deuwn, Arglwydd, i'th gynteddau,
 Ac ymgrymwn ger Dy fron,
 Er rhoi i Ti aberth moliant
 Am gynbaua'r flwyddyn hon;
cres Gweddus yw, Arglwydd Dduw,
 I ni foli'th enw gwiw.

2

mf Beth a dalwn i Ti, Arglwydd,
 Am Dy ddoniau yn mhob modd?
 Nerth rho ini yn wastadol
 Ar eu pwys i ryngu'th fodd:
cres Gweddus yw, Arglwydd Dduw,
 I ni foli'th enw gwiw.

G. ap Gwilym Ddu.

1

f Praise to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days:
 Bounteous Source of every joy,
 Let Thy praise our tongues employ:
cres God, to Thee praises be
ff For the gifts Thou gavest free.

2

mf Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of whitened grain,
 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:
cres God, to Thee praises be
f For the gifts Thou gavest free.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

Samson. M. H.

Handel.



1

1

mf Trugarog wyt, O Arglwydd Dduw;
Ein gwlad sy'n llawn o'th roddion gwiw;
Yn llaw yr hauwr roddaist hâd,
A'r ffrwyth addfedaist ini 'n rhâd.

mf Great God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favor still has crowned our days,
cres And we would celebrate Thy praise.

2

2

mf Dy drugareddau sy'n parhau,
A'th law haelionus nid yw'n cau;
cres Mae myrdd o leisiau'n tystio'n un
Dy fod yn hoffi cynal dyn.

f The harvest song we would repeat;
Thou givest us the finest wheat;
The joys of harvest we have known;
The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.

3

3

f I Ti, O Dduw, rhown fawl yn llon,
Am drugareddau'r flwyddyn hon;
Aneiriŷ yw Dy roddion rhâd—
Dy glod fo'n adsain trwy bob gwlad.

mf Our tables spread, our garners stored,
O give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord:
cres Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove,

O'r Gwladgarwr.

E. Butler.

Highgate. M. 7.6. D.

E. D. Lloyd.

1
mf O'th flaen, O Dduw! dyneswn,
 I ddiolch iti'n awr,
 Am Dy ddaionus ofal
 Am danom, lwch y llawr;
cres Cynhauaf da, toreithiog,
 A gawsom o Dy law:
 Mae'n celloedd oll yn llawnion—
 Ti gedwaist newyn draw.

2
f P'le bynag trown ein golwg,
 Mae'th ddoniau yn ddiri'
 O'n blaen, yn galw arnom
 I'th ogoneddu Di;
cres O! Arglwydd, dyro gymorth
 I draethu'th deilwng glôd,
 A'th ogoneddu beunydd,
 Tra byddom is y rhôd

G. ap Gwilym Lleyn.

1
f Sing to the Lord of harvest,
 Sing songs of love and praise;
 With joyful hearts and voices
 Your Hallelujahs raise:
cres By Him the rolling seasons
 In fruitful order move;
 Sing to the Lord of harvest
 A song of happy love.

2
f Heap on His sacred altar
 The gifts His goodness gave,
 The golden sheaves of harvest,
 The souls He died to save:
cres Your hearts lay down before Him,
 When at His feet ye fall,
 And with your lives adore Him,
 Who gave His life for all.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell.

Minneapolis. M. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.6.6.8.4. Dr. W. Rhys Herbert.

♩ = 84

A-men.

1
f Pob peth, y'mhell ac agos,
 Sy'n dangos Duw i'r byd;
 Ei enw sydd yn aros
 Ar waith Ei law i gyd;
mf Efe a wnaeth y seren
 Yn ddisglaer yn y nen;
 Efe a wnaeth y ddeilen
 Yn werddlas ar y pren.
cres Ar Ei drugareddau
 Yr ydym oll yn byw;
f Gan hyny dewch a llawenhewch,
 Can's da yw Duw.

2
mf Mae'n newid Ei fendithion
 I gwrdd âg angen dyn:
 Mae'n ddoeth yn mhob dybenion,—
 Erioed ni fethodd un;
 Ein bara sydd bob boreu
 Yn dod o'i ddwylaw Ei;
cres A chynal ein heneidiau
 Wna byth â bara'r nei.
 Ar Ei drugareddau, etc.

Elfed.

1
f We plough the fields, and scatter
 The good seed on the land,
 But all is fed and watered
 By God's almighty hand;
mf He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain,
 The breezes and the sunshine,
 And soft refreshing rain.
cres All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above;
f Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all His love.

2
f We thank Thee, then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food:
 No gifts have we to offer
 For all Thy love imparts,
 But that which Thou desirest,
 Our humble, thankful hearts.
 All good gifts, etc.

Matthias Claudius. (Tr.) Jane M. Campbell.

Illinois. M. 7.6.7.6. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes.

♩ = 88

A-men.

mf O Ysbyrd pur dyddanwch
 Anadla arnynt hwy
 Yn ngyfoeth Dy ddedwyddwch
 Ac yn Dy gariad mwy;
cres I'w gwylio rhag gelynion,
 I droi gofidiau draw;
 A'th ddeddfau yn eu calon
 A'u bywyd yn Dy law;

mf God bless these hands united;
 God bless these hearts made one!
 Unsevered and unblighted
 May they through life go on;
cres Here in earth's home preparing
 For the bright home above,
 And there forever sharing
 Its joy where God is Love.

*Dyfed.**Rev. John S. B. Monsell.*

Williamsburg. M. 7.6.7.6.

David deLloyd, Mus. Doc.



1

mf O Arglwydd nef a daear,
Ymgeledd teulu'r llawr,
Tywyned haul Dy fendith
I'th blant sydd yma'n awr.

2

mf Rho'th sêl i'w haddewidion
A'u haddunedau gwir,
cres A gwna holl daith eu bywyd
Yn ffordd i'r nefol dir.

3

mf Amddiffyn hwy a'u cartref,
Boed Iesu yn y lle;
cres Pan ballo goreu'r ddaear
Na pheidied goreu'r Ne.

Parch J. Lloyd Williams.

1

mf The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

2

mf Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
cres The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3

mf O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
cres While onward to Thy presence
Their hallowed path they trace.

Rev. John Keble.

America. M. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Harmonia Anglicana.

♩ = 84

A - men.

1

f My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing:
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
cres From every mountain-side
 Let freedom ring.

2

f My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love:
mf I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
cres My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

3

f Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song:
 Let mortal tongues awake;
 Let all that breathe partake;
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

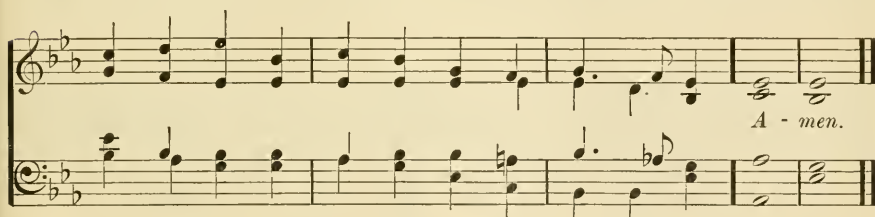
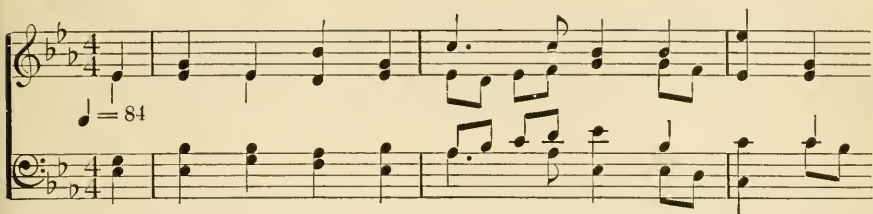
4

f Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing:
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
rit e cres Great God, our King.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.

Mayflower. L. M.

Daniel Protheroe.



1

mf O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
cres And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped Thee.

3

f Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

2

mf Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the
prayer:
Thy blessing came; and still its power
cres Shall onward, through all ages, bear
The memory of that holy hour.

4

f And here Thy Name, O God of love,
cres Their children's children shall adore,
ff Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Rev. Leonard Bacon.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Anon.

mf *Tempo marziale.*

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the

Lord; He is tram - pling out the vint - age where the

cres.

grapes of wrath are stored, He hath loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His

f

ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march - ing on.

National.

f CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry!

cres.

glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le -

ff

lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on. A - men.

- 2 *f* He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him—be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.—Chorus.

- 3 *mf* In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
cres As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
f While God is marching on.—Chorus.

O Dysg Dy Ffordd.—Teach me Thy way.

Daniel Protheroe.

mf ♩ = 80



O dysg Dy ffordd, O Dduw, mi a rod - iaf yn Dy air; O

Teach me Thy way, O Lord, I will walk in Thy truth; O

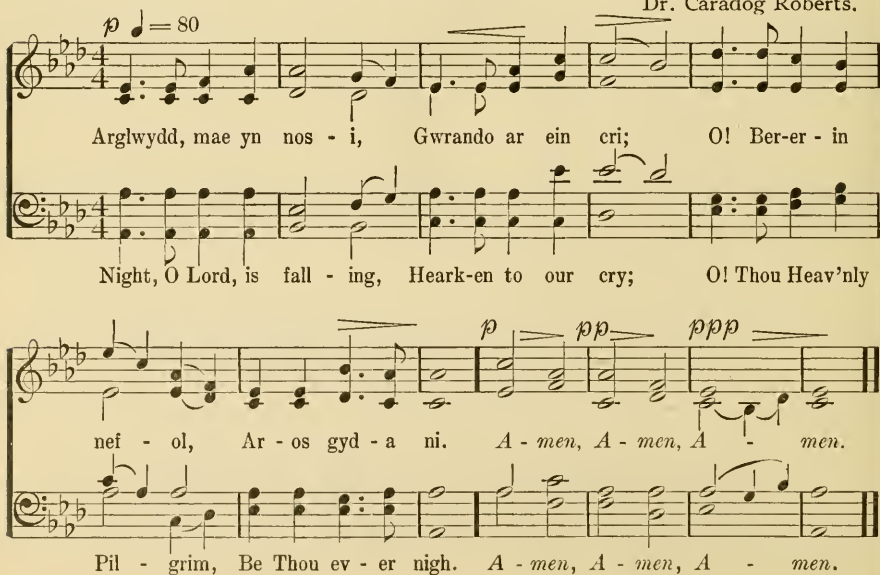
en - ill Di fy serch i of - ni'th E - nw mwy. A - men.

knit my heart to Thee that I may fear Thy Name. A - men.

Hwyröl Weddi.—Vesper Hymn.

Dr. Caradog Roberts.

p ♩ = 80



Arglwydd, mae yn nos - i, Gwrandd ar ein cri; O! Ber-er - in

Night, O Lord, is fall - ing, Hearn-en to our cry; O! Thou Heav'nly

nef - ol, Ar - os gyd - a ni. A - men, A - men, A - men.

Pil - grim, Be Thou ev - er nigh. A - men, A - men, A - men.

Responses and Doxology.

Y. Fendith Apostolaidd.—The Apostolic Benediction.

Dr. David Evans.

p

Gras - - - ein Har - glwydd Ie - su Grist,...

The grace.... of our Lord..... Je - sus Christ,..

.... a - - - char - iad Duw..... a chym-

.... and the love of God..... and the

deith - - as yr..... Ys - bryd Glân,..... a

fel - low - ship of the Ho - ly Spir - it, be

fydd - o gyd - a chwi oll..... A - - - - men.

with you now and for - ev - er. A - - - - men.

pp

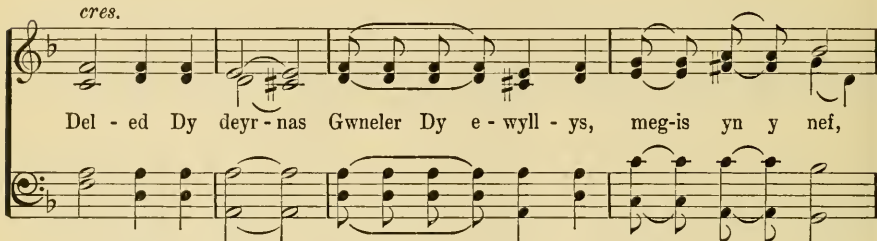
Gweddi'r Arglwydd.—The Lord's Prayer.

J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac.

p $\text{♩} = 76$ 

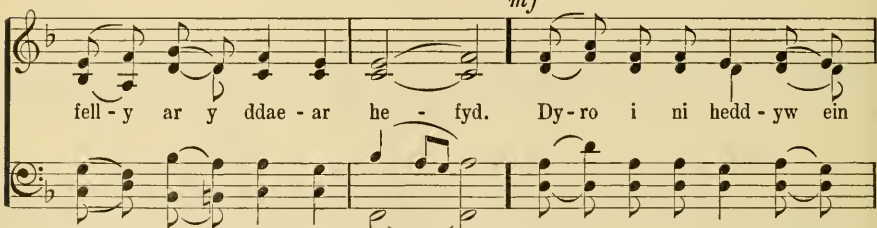
Ein Tad, yr Hwn wyt yn y nef-oedd, Sanct-eidd.... ier Dy En - w.

Our Fa-ther, Who art in... heaven,.... Hal-low-ed be Thy Name;....

cres.

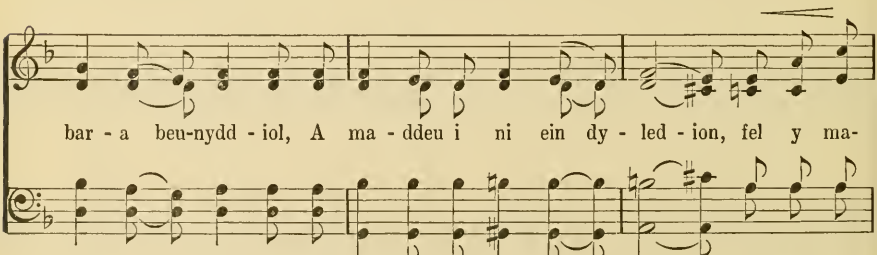
Del - ed Dy deyr - nas Gwneler Dy e - wyll - ys, meg-is yn y nef,

Thy king-dom come, Thy..... will be done on... earth

mf

fell - y ar y ddae - ar he - fyd. Dy-ro i ni hedd - yw ein

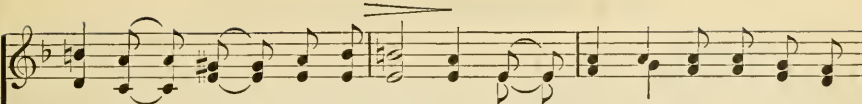
as.... it.... is in heav - en. Give us this day our....



bar - a beu-nydd - iol, A ma - ddeu i ni ein dy - led - ion, fel y ma-

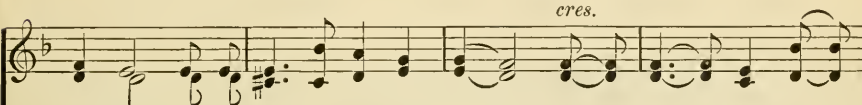
dai - ly.... bread, and for-give us our tres - pass - es,.... as we for-

Responses and Doxology.



ddeu - wn... ni - nau i'n dy - led - wyr Ac nac ar - wain ni i bro - fed -


give them that tres - pass a - gainst us. And lead us not in - to temp -



cres.

ig - aeth, ei - thr gwar - ed ni rhag drwg. Can - ys ei - ddo Ti yw y

ta - tion, but de - liv - er us from e - vil; For... Thine is the...



f

deyrn - as, a'r.... nerth, a'r go - gon - iant yn oes - oes - oedd, A -

king - dom, and the pow'r, and the glo - ry for - ev - er, A -



p *dim.*

men, ac A - men, A - - - - men, A - - - - men.

men, and A - men, A - - - - men, A - - - - men.

Rho'th Hedd, O Dduw.—Grant us Thy Peace.

Daniel Protheroe.

mf ♩ = 92

Rho'th hedd, O Dduw! ar lwy - brau'n by - wyd ni, Y

Grant us Thy peace up - on our home - ward way; With

dydd i gyd a dreu - liwn gyd - a Thi; Cal-

Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day.....

cres.

on - au..... a gwef - us - au glân rho'n awr....

Guard Thou our lips from sin, our hearts from shame,....

p

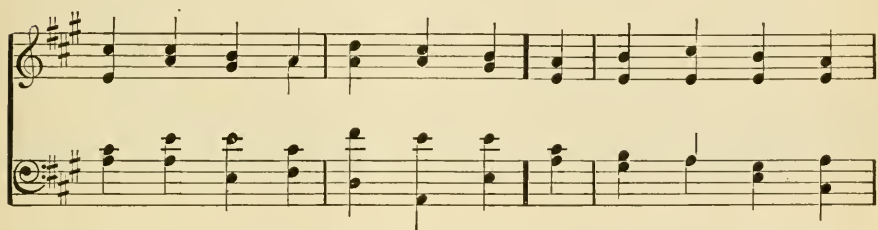
I ni sydd ym - a'n mo - li D'e - nw mawr. A - men.

That in this house have called up - on Thy name. A - men.

The Doxology.

Yr Hen 100. M. H.

Psalmydd Geneva.



f I Dad y trugareddau i gyd
 Rho'wn foliant, holl drigolion byd;
 Llu'r nef, molienwch Ef ar gân,
 Y Tad, y Mab, a'r Ysbryd Glân.

(Cyf.) Robert Davies.

f Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Thomas Ken.

Rhan II. Part II.

Tonau 'r Plant a'r Bobl Ieuainc.

Children's and Young People's Tunes.

265

Sychu y Dagrau.—I Love to Hear the Story.

L. J. Roberts, M. A.

mf $\text{♩} = 96$

1. Bydd can - u yn y nef - oedd, Pan ddel - o'r saint yn nghyd,....
 1. I love to hear the sto - ry, Which an - gel voi - ces tell,.....

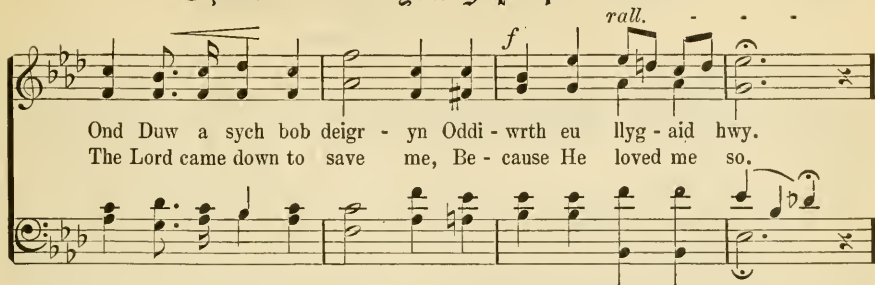
Y rhai fu odd - i car - tref, O dŷ eu Tad cy - hyd:
 How once the King of Glo - ry, Came down on earth to dwell;

Con espress.
p

Dech - reu - ir y gy-nghan - edd, Ac ni bydd wy - lo mwy:
 I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,

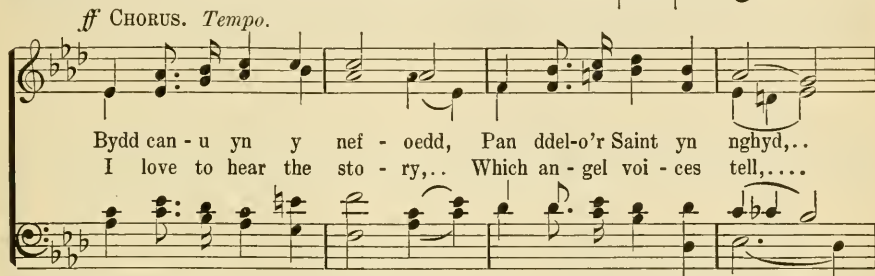
Children's and Young People's Tunes.

rall.

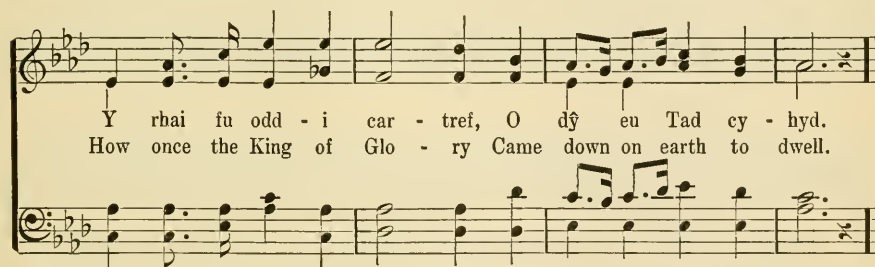


Ond Duw a sych bob deigr - yn Oddi - wrth eu llyg - aid hwy.
The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.

ff CHORUS. *Tempo.*



Bydd can - u yn y nef - oedd, Pan dd-el-o'r Saint yn nghyd...
I love to hear the sto - ry,.. Which an - gel voi - ces tell,...



Y rhai fu odd - i ear - tref, O dŷ eu Tad cy - hyd.
How once the King of Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.

2
mf Mae Iesu yn darparu
Trigfau yn y nef,
I wneuthur croesaw helaeth
I'w holl ddilynwy'r Ef;
cres Dechreuant fod yn llawen,
Ac ni bydd gofid mwyr;
Ond Duw a sych bob deigr yn
Oddiwrth eu llygaid hwy.—Cyddan.

3
mf Pan ddelo'r pererinion
I gwrddyd yn y nef,
f Rhyw ganu mawr diddiwedd
A glywir "Iddo Ef!"
Pob un a'i danau'n dynion
Yn seinio marwol glwy';
A byth ni chlywir diwedd
Ar eu canïadau hwy.—Cyddan.

2
mf I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
cres And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.—Chorus.

3
mf To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And, though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
cres For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
f To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.—Chorus.

Ar y Lan.—On the Shore.

J. Rees, L.T.S.C.

mf Moderato. $\text{♩} = 84$ *cres.*

1. Mae llu o blant yr ys - gol ar y lan, Yn - mhlith y dyr - fa
 1. Sweet chil - dren gone be - fore us on the shore, Have joined the heav'n - ly

nef - ol ar y lan, Ac yn - o maent yn can - u. Ho -
 cho - rus on the shore, And there they sing for - ev - er. Ho -

san - na byth i'r Ie - su, Yn - mhlith y llu an - eir - if ar y
 san - na to the Sav - iour, Great myr - iads with - out num - ber on the

lan, Sydd yn - o'n awr yn mol - i ar y lan.
 shore, All thrilled with love and won - der on the shore.

Children's and Young People's Tunes.

CHORUS.

Ar y lan, ar y lan, Mae llu o hen gyf-
On the shore, on the shore, Old friends are there to

Ar y lan,..... ar y lan,
On the shore,..... on the shore,

eill - ion ar y lan, (ar y lan,) Ar y lan, ar y
meet us on the shore, (on the shore,) On the shore, on the

Ar y lan,
On the shore,

lan, (ar y lan,) Mae'r Ie - su'i hun - an yn - o ar y lan.
shore, (on the shore,) Our Lord Him - self will greet us on the shore.

2

mf Mae seintian ac angelion

Ar y lan,

Yn disgwyl yno'n gyson

Ar y lan,

cres Am weled llu yn dyfod

I'r nef o'r ddaear isod,

I felus gyd-gyfarfod

Ar y lan,

f Uwchlaw pob poen a thralloed

Ar y lan.—Cydgan.

2

mf Fair angels there are watching

On the shore,

And saints are always waiting

On the shore,

cres To see the white-robed legions,

That come from earthly regions,

Escaped from sin's dominions

On the shore,

f To join in sweet reunions

On the shore.—Chorus.

Dring i Fyny.—Hear Him Calling.

Gwilym James, A.C.

mf Andante cantabile. ♩. = 84

1. Clyw - af lais yn gal - w ar - naf fi o'r nef,
 1. Je - sus, Friend of chil - dren, wants to be our guide,

Llais fy Nhad yn cy - mhell f'en - aid tu - a thref;
 Al - ways shel - tered by Him, al - ways by His side;

cres.
 Dring i fyn - y ym - a yw'r hyf - ryd - lais sydd,
 Hap - py are the chil - dren who have heard His call,

Yn croes - aw - u'r gwan - af tu - a gwlad y dydd.
 Here to - day He's call - ing, hear Him, one and all.

Children's and Young People's Tunes.

f CHORUS.

Dring i fyn - y ym - a, Dring, dring, dring, Dring i fyn - y
Don't you hear Him call - ing, Come, come, come? Won't you heed His

cres.

ym - a, Dring, dring, dring, Dring i fyn - y ym - a tu - a
call - ing, Come, come, come? Don't you hear Him call - ing,...

gwlad y dydd, Dring i fyn - y, Dring, dring, dring.
Come, come, come? Heed His call - ing, Come, come, come!

2 *mf* Tywys ty ngerddediad, cyfarwydda'm traed
Tua'r heirdd drigfanau brynwyd i'm â gwaed;
cres Yno mae myrddynau welwyd gynt yn wan,—
Iesu, dringaf finau yn Dy law i'r lan.—Cyddgan. *An.*

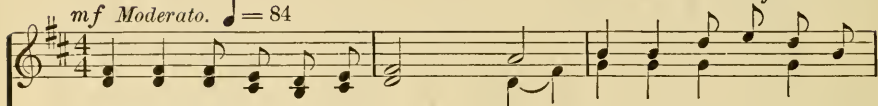
2 *mf* Dangerous paths before us, as we older grow,
Often in the darkness, wondering where to go,
cres Nothing helps us onward like obeying His call,
Here to-day He's calling, hear Him one and all.—Chorus.

Cofio'r Iesu.—Blessed Jesus.

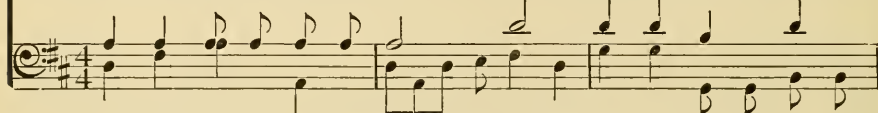
D. J. DeLloyd, Mus. Doc.

Tra ar yr - fa fer ein
 Much we need Thy ten - der

mf Moderato. ♩ = 84

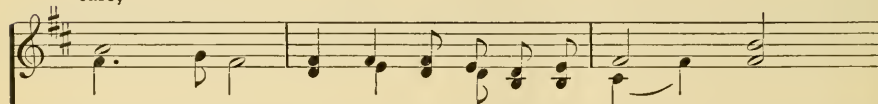


1. Arglwydd, gad i ni, rai eu - - og, ... Tra ar yr - fa
 1. Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us, ... Much we need Thy



Arglwydd, gad i ni, rai eu - og, Tra ar yr - fa fer ein
 Sav - iour, like a shep - herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der

hoes,
 care;



fer ein hoes, Gael yn mreint-iau Sei - on hyf - - ryd,
 ten - der care; In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed . . . us,



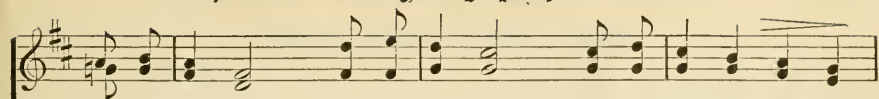
hoes, Gael ym mreint - iau Sei - on hyf - ryd,
 care; In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us,



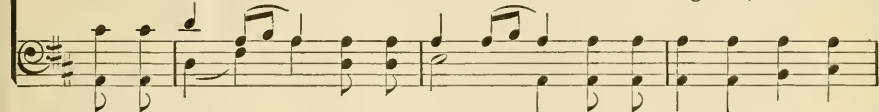
Flas ar gof - io ang - eu'r groes, Flas ar gof - io ang - eu'r groes:
 For our use Thy fold pre - pare; For our use Thy fold pre - pare;



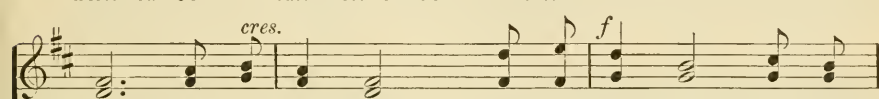
Children's and Young People's Tunes.



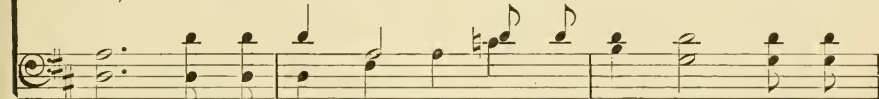
Cof - io'r Ie - su, Cof - io'r Ie - su, Er - nes deg o'r nef - oedd
Bless - ed Je - sus! Bless - ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we



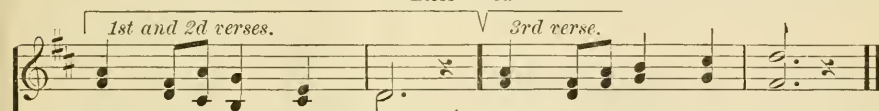
Cof - io'r Ie - su, Cof - io'r Ie - su,
Bless - ed Je - sus! Bless - ed Je - sus!



yw, Cof - io'r Ie - su, Cof - io'r Ie - su, Er - nes
are, Bless - ed Je - sus! Bless - ed Je - sus! Thou hast



Cof - io'r
Bless - ed



deg o'r nef - oedd yw. deg o'r nef - oedd yw.
bought us, Thine we are. bought us, Thine we are.



mf Cofio Iesu dry awelon
Glyn marwolaeth oll yn hedd,
Cofio'r Iesu wasgar flodau
Ar ymylon oer y bedd;
cres Cofio'r Iesu,
Ernes deg o'r nefoedd yw.

cres Cofio'r Iesu yn Ei fywyd,
Yn Ei eiriau, yn Ei groes,
Wna fy ngyrfa oll yn goncwest,
Dyma wynfyd pena i' oes;
cres Cofio'r Iesu,
Ernes deg o'r nefoedd yw.

268-2.

An.

mf We are Thine; do Thou befriend us;
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock; from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray;
cres Blesséd Jesus! Blesséd Jesus!
Hear us children when we pray.

mf Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill;
cres Blesséd Jesus! Blesséd Jesus!
f Thou hast loved us, love us still.

D. A. Thrupp.

Hyfryd Ganaan.—Beautiful Canaan.

David Evans, Mus. Doc.

mp Moderato. ♩ = 92

1. Er blin - der a thra - fferth - ion Sydd yn yr an - ial maith,
1. Tho' care our life should har - row, While in the wil - der - ness;

Er teim - lo an - o - beith - ion, Yn lleth - u law - er gwaith.
Tho' tri - als bring their shad - ow, And sor - row bring dis - tress;

Mel - us gof - io cyn bo hir, Gol - wg gawn ar Ga - naan dir,
Bless - ed glo - rious hopes have we, Boun - teous Ca - naan we shall see;

Cyn hir,..... Cyn hir,.....
Glorious hopes..... have we,.....

Cawn ol - wg ar yr hyf..... ryd swyn - ol Ga - naan dir.
In Ca - naan we'll be hap - py, In Ca - naan we'll be free.

Children's and Young People's Tunes.

mf CHORUS. *Grazioso*.

{ Hyf - ryd Ga - - - naan, swyn - ol Ga - - naan, Hyf - ryd
Boun-teous Ca - - - naan, beau-ti - ful Ca - - naan, Boun-teous

{ Hyf - ryd Ga - - naan, swyn - ol Ga - naan,
Bounteous Ca - - naan, beau-ti-ful Ca - naan,

{ Hyf - ryd Ga - naan, swyn - ol Ga - naan, Hyf - ryd
Bounteous Ca - naan, beau-ti - ful Ca - naan, Boun-teous

{ Ga - - naan, swyn - ol wlad, Gol - wg ar - - - nat lon - a'm
Ca - - naan, land of the free; Land of milk, and land of

{ Hyf - ryd Ga-naan, swyn - ol wlad,..... Gol - - - wg ar - nat
Bounteous Canaan, land of the free;.....Land of milk, and

{ Ga - naan, swyn - ol wlad,..... Gol-wg ar - nat lon - a'm
Ca - naan, land of the free;..... Land of milk, and land of

cal - - on, Hyf - ryd gar - - - tref rhodd ein Tad.....
hon - - ey, Land of love,..... and lib - er - ty.....

lon - a'm cal - on, Hyf - ryd gar - tref rhodd ein Tad.....
land of hon - ey, Land of love, and lib - - er - - ty.....

cal - on, Hyf - ryd gar - tref rhodd ein Tad.....
hon - ey, Land of love, and lib - er - ty.....

mf Er cwrdd a phrofedigaeth
I'm rhwystro ar bob llaw;
Er llawer siomedigaeth
A leinw'm bron a braw,
cres Melus gofio cyn bo hir,
Golwg gawn ar Ganaan dir,
f Cawn olwg ar yr hyfryd
Swynol Ganaan dir.—Cydan.

T. R. Thomas.

mf Though sin through sore temptation
Should hurl his poisoned dart;
Though pain and tribulation
Should overwhelm our heart;
cres Blessed glorious hopes have we,
Bounteous Canaan we shall see;
f In Canaan we'll be happy,
In Canaan we'll be free.—Chorus.

(Trans.) Rev. R. R. Davies.

Ewch dros yr Hen, Hen Hanes.—Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

W. H. Doane.

mf Andante con moto. ♩ = 96

1. Ewch dros yr hen, hen han - es, Am beth - au'r nef - ol fyd;...
 1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove,...

Am Ie - su a'i o - gon - iant, Am Ie - su a'i gar - iad drud:
 Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus... and His love.

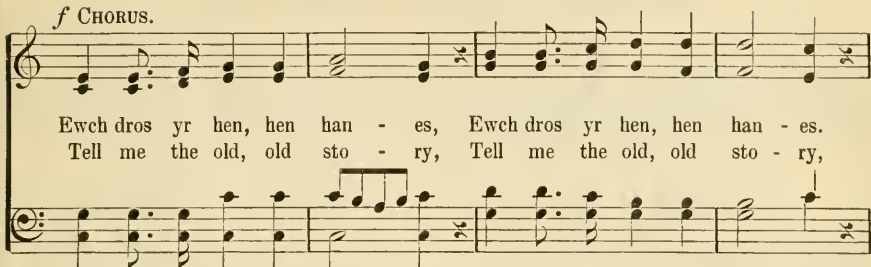
dolce.

Rhowcheir - iau hawdd eu de - all, Dan gof - io plent - yn wyf,....
 Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,...

Sy'n eg - wan a blin - ed - ig, A'm hen - aid bach dan glwyf.
 For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.

Children's and Young People's Tunes.

f CHORUS.



Ewch dros yr hen, hen han - es, Ewch dros yr hen, hen han - es.
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,



ff
Ewch dros yr hen, hen han - es, Am Ie - su a'i gar - iad drud.
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus... and His love.

2

mf Ewch dros yr hen, hen hanes,
Os teimlwch fod fy mryd
Ar werthu f'enaid anwyl,
Am bethau gwag y byd:
cres Ie, pan fod byd arall
Yn gwawrio arnaf fi,
f Ewch dros yr hen, hen hanes—
“Mae'r Iesu drosot ti!”—Cydgan.
(*Efel.*) *Elfed*

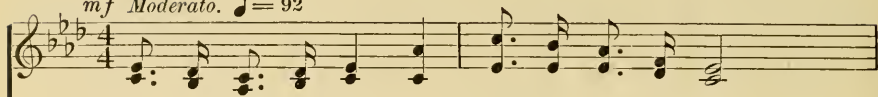
2

mf Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
cres Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
f Tell me the old, old story:
“Christ Jesus makes thee whole.”—Chorus.

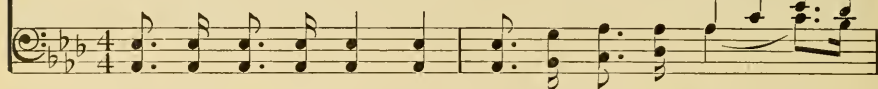
Kate Hankey.

Blodau'r Iesu.—The Fragrant Flowers of Jesus.

Daniel Protheroe.

mf Moderato. ♩ = 92

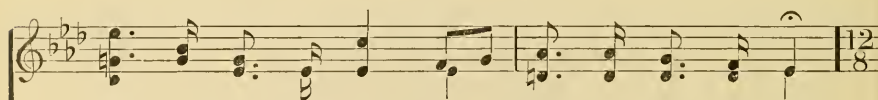
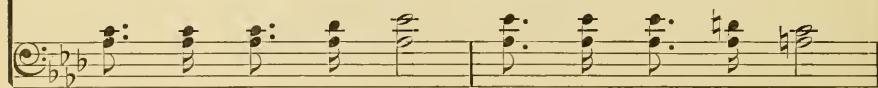
1. Oes, mae gan yr Ie - su Flod - au ar y llawr,
 1. Je - sus' fra - grant flow - ers In the des - ert bloom,.....



Dyf - ant i bryd - ferth - u, Llwybr - au'r an - ial mawr;...
 Smil - ing thro' the show - ers To dis - pel the gloom;...



Blod - au ieu - ainc pêr, Gloew - ach fil na'r sêr,
 Lit - tle chil - dren gay, On the Lord's high - way,



Dyn - a yw rhai bych - ain gar - ant ffyrdd eu Nêr.
 Than the stars in glo - ry, Bright - er far are they.



Children's and Young People's Tunes.

Blod - au'r Ie - su,..... rhos a li - li,..... Car - iad
Sweet as ros - es,..... Fair as lil - ies,..... Per - fume

CHORUS. *Grazioso.*

Blodau'r Ie - su, rhos a li - li,
Sweet as ros - es, Fair as lil - ies,

tyn - er,...
rare, and..

cres.

Car-iad tyn-er, hardd eu... gwedd;... Maent yn hyf - ryd.. ber-ar-
Perfume rare, and ten - der.. love,.... Fill with fra - grance, rich as

ogl - i,..... Ym - a a thu... draw i'r bedd....
spi - ces,.... All the earth and... heaven a - bove....

2

mf Mae yr Iesu'n casglu'i
Flodau yma a thraw,
Dwg hwy i'r goleuni
Yn Ei dyner law;
cres Yn y nef ddiglwy'
Maent yn fyrrd a mwy,
Ac mae lle i ninau
Yno gyda hwy.—Cydgan.

Gwilym ap Lleision.

2

mf When their work is over,
Gathered by His hand,
They will blossom sweeter
In a better land,
cres Where the sweet refrain,
Knows no note of pain;
We are also welcome
To that fair domain.—Chorus.

Rev. R. R. Davies

Fendigedig Iesu.—Jesus, Meek and Gentle.

J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac.

mf Moderato. $\text{♩} = 72$

1. Fen - di - ged - ig Ie - su, Ti yw'r Bu - gail mwyn;
1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God Most High,

Cof - ia yn yr an - ial Am Dy dy - ner ŵyn:
Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren's cry.

Rhag bwyst - fil - od rheib - us Rod - iant yn y byd,
Par - don our of - fen - ces, Loose our cap - tive chains,

Cad - w ni'n was - tad - ol Yn Dy gor - lan glyd.
Break down ev - 'ry i - - dol Which our soul de - tains.

Children's and Young People's Tunes.

mf

Fen - di - ged - ig Ie - su, Ti yw'r Bu - gail mwyn;
 Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God Most High,

p rit.

Cof - ia yn yr an - ial Am Dy dy - ner ŵyn.
 Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren's cry.

- 2 *mf* Fendigedig Iesu,
 Brenin mawr y plant,
 Gwna bob un o honom
 Ni yn ufudd sant:
cres Boed Dy fendith arnom
 Yn yr Ysgol Sul:
 A'th arweiniad ini
 Hyd y llwybr cul.
 Fendigedig Iesu,
 Brenin mawr y plant,
 Gwna bob un o honom
 Ni yn ufudd sant.

Tudno.

- 2 *mf* Give us holy freedom,
 Fill our hearts with love;
 Draw us, Holy Jesus,
 To the realms above.
cres Lead us on our journey,
 Be Thyself the Way
 Through terrestrial darkness
 To celestial day.
 Jesus, meek and gentle,
 Son of God Most High,
 Pitying, loving Saviour,
 Hear Thy children's cry.

Lili y Dyffrynoedd.—The Lily of the Valley.

English Melody.

Moderato. ♩ = 84

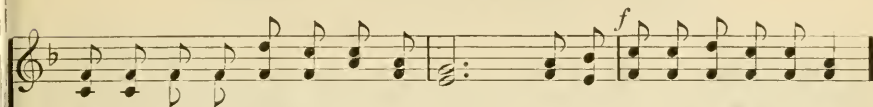
1. Mi... gef - ais gar yn Ie - su, Mae'n fwy o werth na'r byd; Ie'r...
 1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the

tec - af o ddeg mil i'm hen - aid yw! Fe yw Lil - i y Dyff-ryn-oedd,
 fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul; The.. Li - ly of the Val - ley,

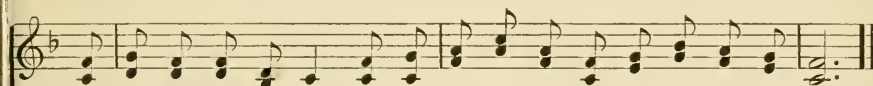
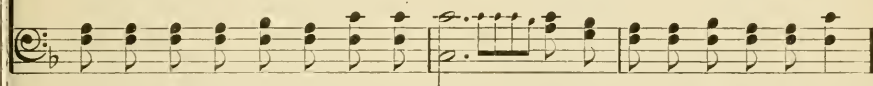
A gwel - af yn-ddo'n nghyd, Ry-fedd ras - au i'm glan-hau a'm cad-w'n fyw.
 In Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me full - y whole.

cres.
 Fy nghys-ur yn fy nghys-tudd, Mewn gof - id mae yn heddi; A iy
 In sor - row He's my com - fort, In troub - le He's my stay, He...

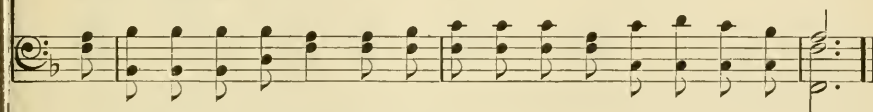
Children's and Young People's Tunes.



ngof - al mawr a dreig-laf ar - no Ef; Fe yw Lil - i y Dyff-ryn-oedd,
tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll: He's the Li - ly of the Val - ley,



a'r Ser - en for - eu glir: Fe yw'r tec - af o holl fod - au claer y nef.
the Bright and Morn-ing Star, He's the fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul.



2 *mf* A mwyach ni'm gadawa,
Ac ni'm gwrthoda mwy
Tra yn rhoi fy flydd a'm gobaith arno ef;
Mae yn fur o dân o'm hamgylch,
'Rwy'n ddedydd yn ei glwy';
Ac i'm henaid Fe yw'r manna ddaeth o'r nef.

cres Pan ddeuaf i ogoniant,
Edrychaf ar Ei wedd;
Gwir hyfrydwch pur nas derfydd ydyw Ef;
f Fe yw Lili y Dyffirnoedd, a'r Seren foreu glir;
rit Fe yw'r tecaf o holl fodau claer y nef,

(Cyf.) Index.

2 *mf* He will never, never leave me,
Nor yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith and do His blessed will;
A wall of fire about me,
I've nothing now to fear,
With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill.

cres Then sweeping up to glory,
To see His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll:
f He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star,
rit He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Casglu yr Ysgubau.—Bringing in the Sheaves.

George A. Minor.

mf Allegretto. ♩ = 92

1. Hau - wn yn y bor - eu, had - au car - ed - ig - rwydd,
1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,

Hau - wn ar awr an - terth, hau - wn hwyr y dydd;
Sow - ing in the noon - tide, and the dew - y eve;

cres.
Wed - i daw'r cyn - hau - af, casg - lu yr ys - gub - au,
Wait - ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,

f
Casg - lu yr ys - gub - au, O! mor fel - us fydd.
We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves.

Children's and Young People's Tunes.

f CHORUS.

O mor fel - us fydd! O mor fel - us fydd! Casg - lu yr ys-
Bring - ing in the sheaves, Bring - ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-

cres.
gub - au, O! mor fel - us fydd! O' mor fel - us fydd!
joic - ing, Bring-ing in the sheaves; Bring - ing in the sheaves,

ff *Repeat Chorus pp*
O mor fel - us fydd! Casg - lu yr ys-gub - au, O! mor fel - us fydd!
Bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring-ing in the sheaves.

- 2 *mf* Hauwn yn ein dagrau, Duw sy'n roddi cynydd,
Haul y neî sy'n gallu troi y nos yn ddydd:
cres Pan y derfydd wylo, pan y daw'r cynhauaf,
Casglu yr ysgubau—O! mor felus fydd!—Cyddgan.

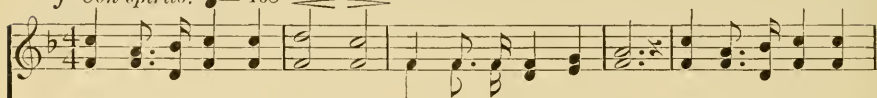
(Cyf.) Watcyn W'yn.

- 2 *mf* Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
cres When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come, rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves.—Chorus.

Knowles Sharw.

Gweithiwn, mae'r Nos yn Dyfod.—Work, for the Night is Coming.

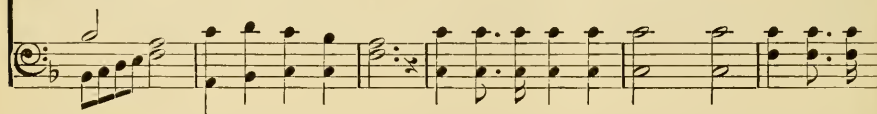
Dr. Lowell Mason.

f *Con spirito.* ♩ = 108

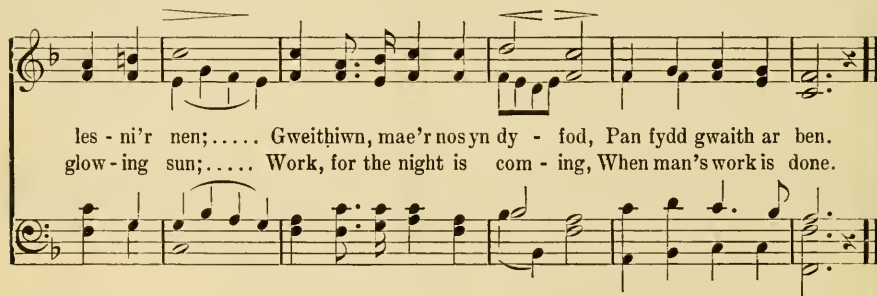
1. Gweithiwn, mae'r nos yn dy - fod, Gweithiwn, y bor - eu braf; Gweithiwn, tra'r gwlith fel
 1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is



- perl - au Heidd ar flod-au'r haf: Gweithiwn, pan glir-ia'r cwm - wl, Gweithiwn, dan
 sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs: Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the



- les - ni'r nen;..... Gweithiwn, mae'r nos yn dy - fod, Pan fydd gwaith ar ben.
 glow - ing sun;..... Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.



2
f Gweithiwn, mae'r nos yn dyfod,
dim Cilia yr haul o'r nen;
 Gweithiwn yn ddyfal, ddyfal,
 Nes daw'r dydd i ben:
cres Gweithiwn, pan gilia'r golen,
 Golen diwedda'r dydd;
f Gweithiwn, pan fo'n tywyllu,—
 Gweithio mwy ni fydd.

2
f Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies,
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies;
cres Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
f Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

(Cyf.) Eliza Evans

Sidney Dyer.

Iesu Bia'r Gân.—To Christ We'll Sing.

J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac.

mf *Leggiero* ♩ = 104*f*

1. A oes gen - ych chwi del - yn - au? Oes, oes, tel - yn - au glân;
 1. Shall we sing to Christ our prais - es? Yes, Him, our prais - es give:

f *rit.*
 Pwy gaiff od - lau pêr y tan - au? Yr Ie - su bi - a'r gân...
 We shall sing to Christ our prais - es, While here on earth we live....

CHORUS.
Tempo. *f* *cres.*
 Yr Ie - su, yr Ie - su, Un-wn yn y cyd-gan, Rhown glod i'w
 To Je - sus, to Je - sus, Let us sing in cho - rus, And praise His

rit. *ff tempo.*
 En - w glân Geid-wad ben - di - ged - ig, Ie - su bi - a'r gân.
 ho - ly Name, Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour, We will praise His Name.

Geid - wad,
 Sav - iour,

2

mf Garech chwi oll fyned ato?

Ni garem fyn'd i'r nef;

cres Beth fydd y beroriaeth yno?*f* Yr anthem "Iddo Ef."—Cydgan.

Gwilym ap Lleision.

2

mf Would you care to live near Jesus?

Yes, yes, we love Him so:

He is tender, and so gracious;

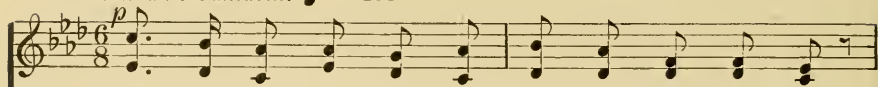
To Jesus then we'll go.—Chorus.

(Trans.) I. W. P.

Tonau 'r Plant a'r Bobl Ieuainr.

Galw yu Dyner.—For You, and for Me.

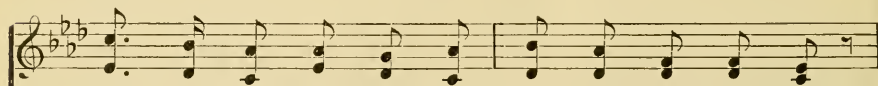
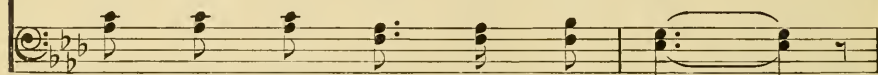
Will L. Thompson.

Andante Cantabile. ♩ = 104

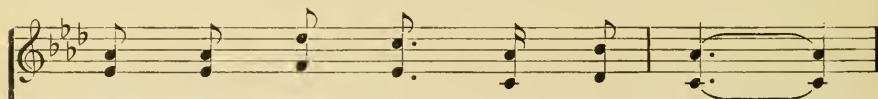
1. Tyn - er ac an - wyl y geil - w yr Ie - su;
 1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing,



Geil - w dy - di a my - fi;.....
 Call - ing for you and for me;.....



Gwel ar y cyn - tedd mae'n dys - gwyl a gwyl - io,
 See, on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing,



Dys - gwyl am dan - - om yn gu.....
 Watch - ing for you and for me.....



Children's and Young People's Tunes.

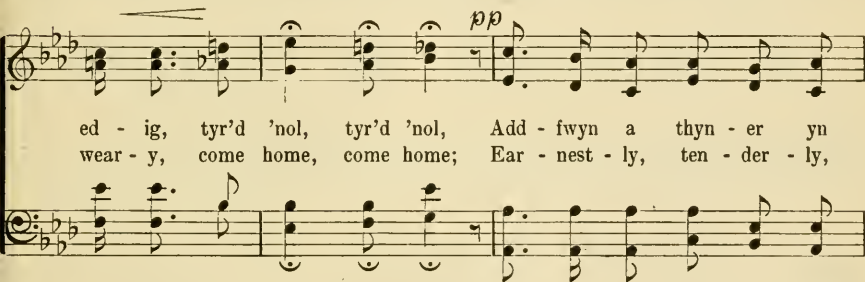
CHORUS.

Tyr'd 'nol,..... tyr'd 'nol,.....
Come home,..... come home,.....

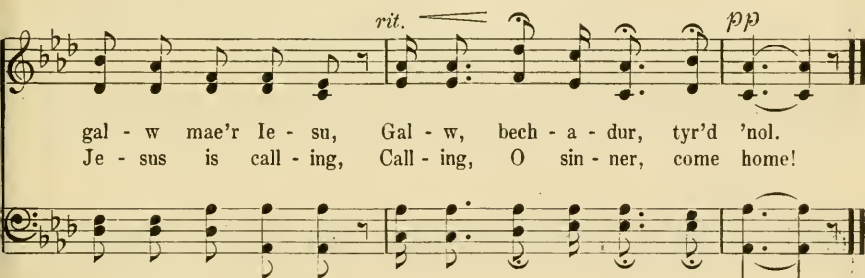


Tyr'd 'nol, tyr'd 'nol, Ti sy'n flin-
Come home, come home, Ye who are

Tyr'd 'nol, tyr'd 'nol,
Come home, come home,



ed - ig, tyr'd 'nol, tyr'd 'nol, Add - fwyn a thyn - er yn
wear - y, come home, come home; Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly,



gal - w mae'r Ie - su, Gal - w, bech - a - dur, tyr'd 'nol.
Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

2

mf O am y cariad mae Ef wedi addaw,
Addaw i ti a myfi;
cres Er i ni bechu rhydd Ef i ni bardwn,
Pardwn i ti a myfi.—Cydgan.

277-2. (Cyf.) Rev. J. A. Jones.

2

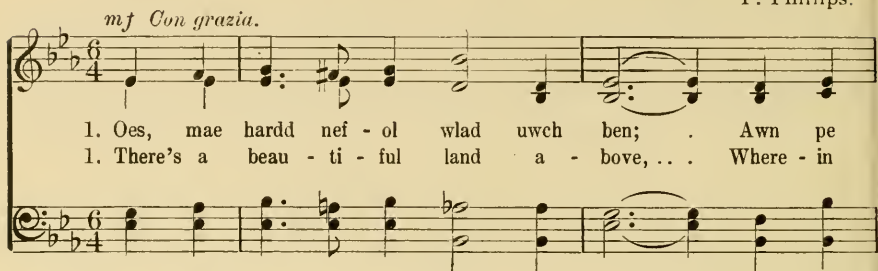
mf Oh, for the wonderful love He has promised,
Promised for you and for me; [pardon,
cres Though we have sinned He has mercy and
Pardon for you and for me.—Chorus.

Will L. Thompson.

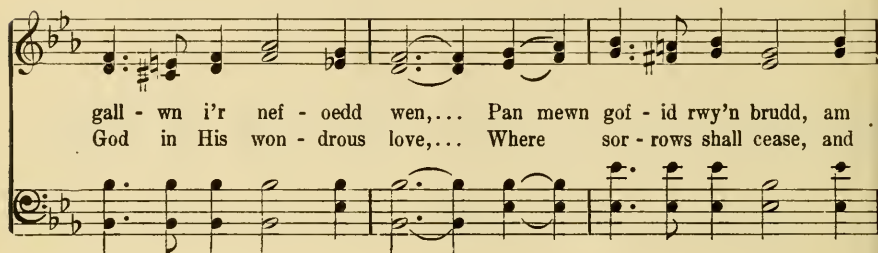
Oes, mae Hardd Nefol Wlad Uwch Ben.—There's a Beautiful Land Above.

P. Phillips.

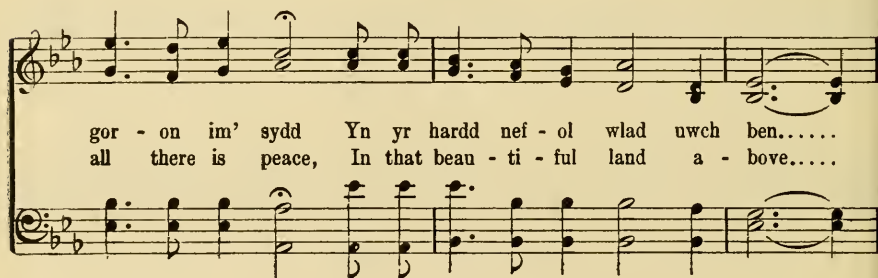
mf Con grazia.



1. Oes, mae hardd nef - ol wlad uwch ben; Awn pe
1. There's a beau - ti - ful land a - bove, . . . Where - in

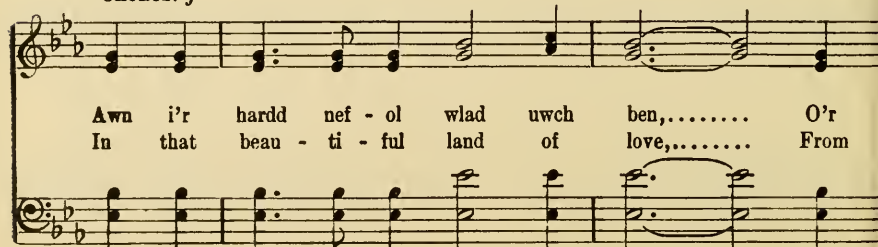


gall - wn i'r nef - oedd wen, . . . Pan mewn gof - id rwy'n brudd, am
God in His won - drous love, . . . Where sor - rows shall cease, and



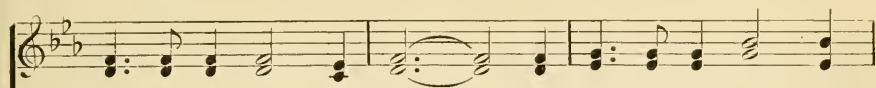
gor - on im' sydd Yn yr hardd nef - ol wlad uwch ben. . . .
all there is peace, In that beau - ti - ful land a - bove. . . .

CHORUS. *f*

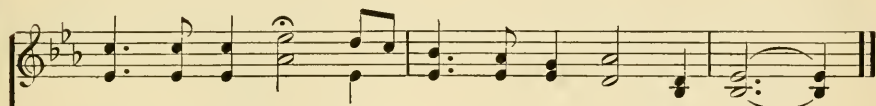
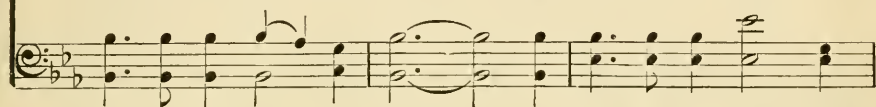


Awn i'r hardd nef - ol wlad uwch ben, O'r
In that beau - ti - ful land of love, From

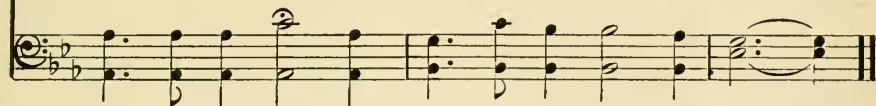
Children's and Young People's Tunes.



byd a'i of - id - iau'n rhydd;... Mae'r Ie - su'n y ne', yn
tri - als and sor - row free,..... My Je - sus is there, a



dar - par in' le,— Ein car - tre'n y nef - oedd fydd.....
place to pre - pare, A home - land for you and me.....

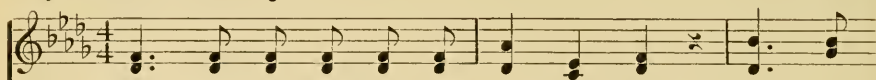


- 2 *mf* Oes, mae hardd nefol wlad uwch ben;
Pan gyrhaeddwn i'r nefoedd wen,
cres Ni gawn aros dros byth, mewn gwynfyd di lŷth,
Yn yr hardd nefol wlad uwch ben.—Cydgan.
(Cyf.) Eliza Evans.

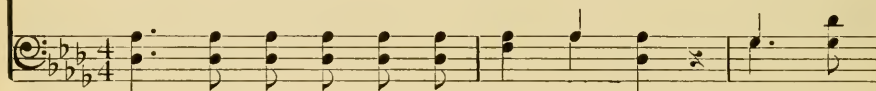
- 2 *mf* I am longing to see the place,
And to meet Him there face to face;
cres With the ones I adore, to part nevermore
From that beautiful land of grace.—Chorus.
(Trans.) I. W. P.

Nes Cawn Eto Gwrdd.—God be With You Till We Meet Again.

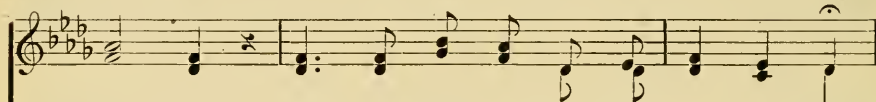
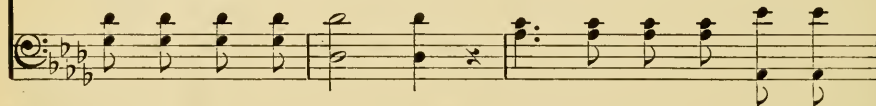
W. G. Tomer.

mf Andante con moto. ♩ = 84

1. Duw fo'ch nodd - fa, nes cawn et - o gwrdd, Trwy Ei
 1. God be with you till we meet a - gain! By His



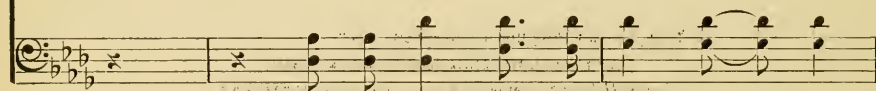
gyng - or yn eich nerth - u, Gyd - a'i braidd eich sir - iol
 coun - sels guide, up - hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly



gas - glu, Duw fo'ch nodd - fa, nes cawn et - o gwrdd!
 fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!

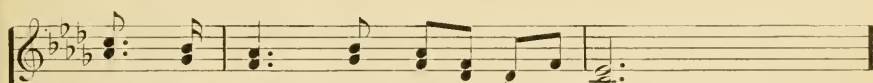
CHORUS. *cres.*

Nes cawn gwrdd,..... nes cawn gwrdd,...
 Till we meet!..... till we meet!....



Nes cawn gwrdd, nes cawn gwrdd, nes cawn gwrdd,
 Till we meet! till we meet a - - gain,

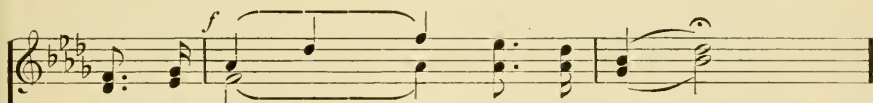
Children's and Young People's Tunes.



Nes cawn gwrdd wrth or - sedd Crist,
Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;



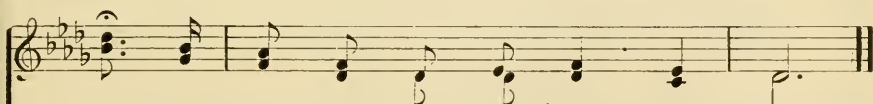
Nes cawn gwrdd wrth or - - sedd Crist, nes cawn gwrdd,
Till we meet at Je - - sus' feet, till we meet!



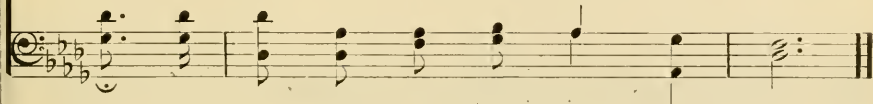
Nes cawn gwrdd,..... nes cawn gwrdd,...
Till we meet!..... till we meet!....



Nes cawn gwrdd, nes cawn gwrdd, nes cawn gwrdd,
Till we meet! till we meet a - - gain!



Duw fo'ch nodd - fa, nes cawn et - - o gwrdd.
God be with you till we meet a - - gain!



2

mf Duw fo'ch noddfa, nes cawn eto gwrdd,
Baner cariad dros och chwifio,
Ac yn angen'r don i gilio,
Duw fo'ch noddfa, nes cawn eto gwrdd.—
Cydgan.

2

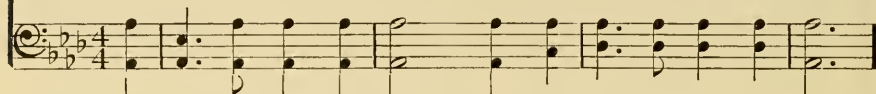
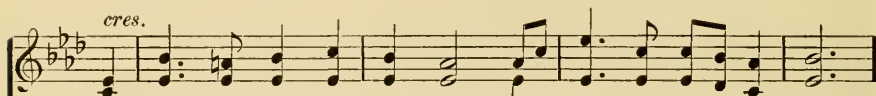
mf God be with you till we meet again!
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again!—
Chorus.

'Rwy'n Caru D'weyd yr Hanes.—I Love to Tell the Story.

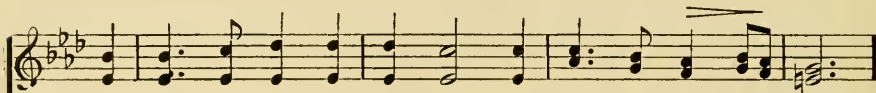
W. G. Fischer.

mf Con moto. ♩ = 96

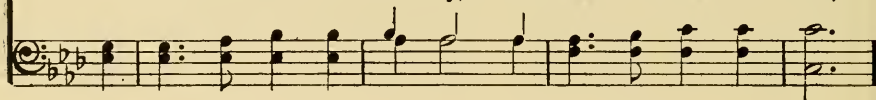
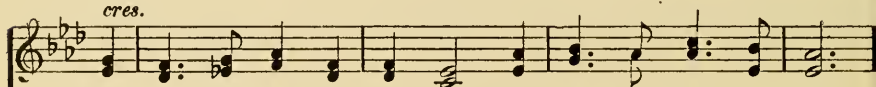
1. 'Rwy'n car - u d'weyd yr han - es Am fawr - ion beth - au'r nef,
 1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove,

*cres.*

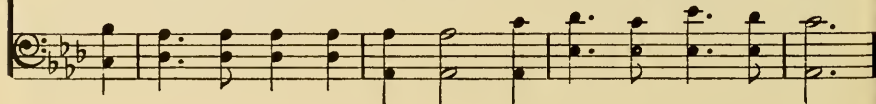
Am Ie - su a'i o - gon - iant, A'i rhy - fedd gar - iad Ef;
 Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love;



'Rwy'n car - u d'weyd yr han - es, Hen han - es car - iad drud,
 I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;

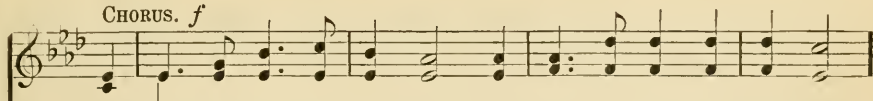
*cres.*

Mae'n llan - w'n dy - mun - iad - au, Mae'n holl - ol ddwyn fy mryd.
 It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else can do.

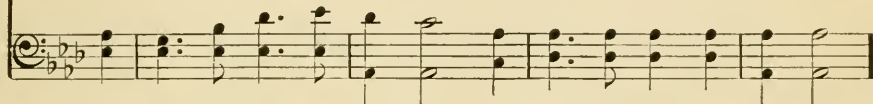


Children's and Young People's Tunes.

CHORUS. *f*



'Rwy'n car - u d'weyd yr han - es, Ac yn y nef yn gyn - es
I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,



Caf dd'weyd yr hen, hen han - es, Am Ie - su a'i werth-fawr waed.
To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



2

mf 'Rwy'n caru d'weyd yr hanes,
Mae'r rhai yn awr a'i gwyr,
Mewn syched eto'n gwrando,
Heb flino foren a hwyr;
cres A phan yr af i'r nefoedd,
Y newydd, newydd gan
f A fydd yr hen, hen hanes
Oedd anwyl i'm o'r blaen.—Cydgan.

(Cyf.) *Walcyn Wyn.*

2

mf I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best,
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
cres And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
f 'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.—Chorus.

Crist, y Graig, Sy'n Dal!—Christ, the Rock, Stands Fast.

E. S. Lorenz.

mf Moderato con moto.

1. Blin - ir f'en - aid beu - nydd gan am - heu - on cās;
 1. In my soul oft ris - es, bring - ing pain and woe,

Ofn - i 'rwyf na ddeu - ais o fewn rhwym - yn gras;
 The a - larm - ing ques - tion, "Am I saved or no?"

Ond y gair ddug i - mi brof - iad pêr ei flās,
 Then the Word brings com - fort, it doth full - y show,

cres.
 Os yw'm ffydd yn sigl - o, Crist, y Graig, sy'n dal!
 Tho' my faith may wa - ver, Christ, the Rock, stands fast!

Children's and Young People's Tunes.

f CHORUS.

Y Graig sy'n dal, y Graig sy'n dal! Os yw'm ffydd yn
The Rock stands fast, the Rock stands fast! Tho' my faith may

sigl - o, Crist, y Graig, sy'n dal! Y Graig, sy'n dal, y
wa - ver, Christ, the Rock, stands fast! The Rock stands fast, the

Graig, sy'n dal! Mol - iant fo i Dduw, Crist, y Graig, sy'n dal!
Rock stands fast! Glo - ry be to God! Christ, the Rock, stands fast!

2 *mf* Tra fo storm yn curo ar fy ngobaith cu,
Tra tentasiwn denol yn creu digter du,
f Bloeddio wnaf, er oînan ac amheuan' lu,
"Os yw'm ffydd yn siglo, Crist, y Graig, sy'n dal!"—Cydgan.

(Cyf.) Watcyn Wyn.

2 *mf* While life's storm is raging, heaping up hope's wrecks,
While delights allure and sore temptations vex,
f I will cry, though fears and doubts my soul perplex,
"Though my faith may waver, Christ, the Rock, stands fast!"—Chorus.

E. S. Lorenz.

O! am Ras i Garu Iesu.—O! for Grace to Love My Saviour.

L. J. Roberts, M. A.

mf Tenderly. ♩ = 84

1. O! am ras i gar-u Ie-su, Ac i wrand-aw ar Ei lais—
 1. O! for grace to love my Sav-iour, And give ear un-to His voice,

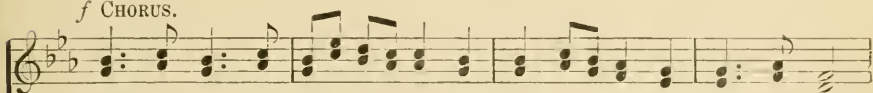
I roi parch i'w orch-ym-yn-ion, Ac i wneyd pob peth a gais!
 And to do what-e'er He asks us—That would make our Lord re-joice.

p Gwyl-iwn wneuthur dim i'w ddig-io, *pp* Gan ei fod yn un mor fwyn.
 Let us try to please Him ev-er, He is ten-der and so kind;

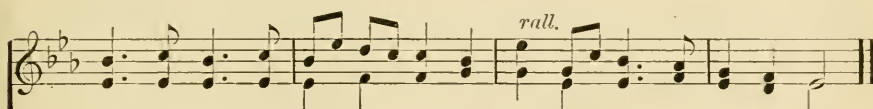
rall. Gan ei fod i ni yn Fug-ail, Bydd-wn nin-au idd-o'n ŵyn.
 For He is our watch-ful Shep-herd, And all stray ones seeks to find.

Children's and Young People's Tunes.

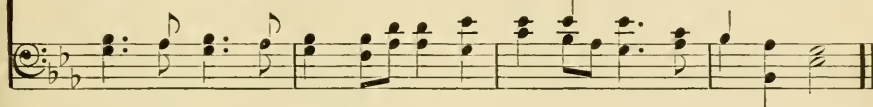
f CHORUS.



O! am ras i gar - u le - su, Ac i wrand-aw ar Ei lais—
O! for grace to love my Sav-iour, And give ear un - to His voice,



I roi parch i'w orch-ym - yn - ion, Ac i wneyd pob peth a gais.
And to do what - e'er He asks us—That would make our Lord re-joice.



2 *mf* O! mae Iesu'n well na'r cyfan,
Yn y byd, ac yn y nef;
Ar ddeng mil y mae'n rhagori—
Rhosyn Saron ydyw Ef;

cres Fe all ddod i galon plentyn,
A bod yno'n byw o hyd,

f A rhoi i ni fwy llawenydd,
Na holl bethau goreu'r byd.—Cydgan.

Eben Fawdd.

2 *mf* Blessed Jesus, He is greater,
Than all others, e'en in bliss;
He excels where'er you meet Him,
He the Rose of Sharon is:

cres He is greater than the angels—
Yet He died for you and me;

f He will never let you perish,
He is King eternally.—Chorus.

(Trans) I. W. P.

Fy Ngwardwr.—My Redeemer.

J. McGranahan.

mf Cantabile. ♩ = 84

1. Can - af fawl i fy Ngwar-ed - wr, Can - af am y car - iad fu
 1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won - drous love to me;

Ar y croes-bren gar - w'n diodd-ef Dros un eu - og fel my - fi.
 On the cru - el cross He suf-ered, From the curse to set me free.

CHORUS.

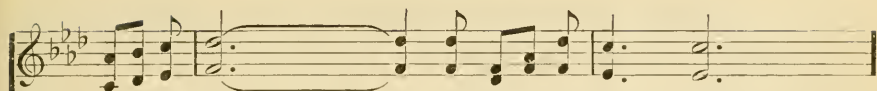
Can - af fawl i fy Ngwar-ed - wr,
 Sing, oh! sing of my Re - deem - er,
 Can - af fawl i fy Ngwar-ed - wr, Can - af fawl i fy Ngwar-ed - wr,
 Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er,

Can - af am
 With His blood.....

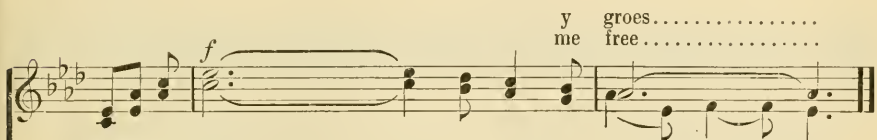
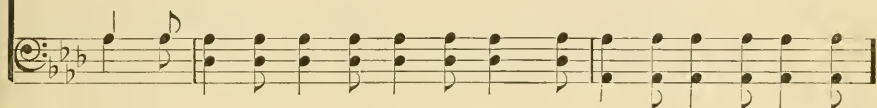
Can - af am Ei ang - eu loes, Ei ang - eu loes:.....
 With His blood He pur-chased me, He pur-chased me;.....
 Can - af am Ei ang - eu loes, Ei ang - eu loes;
 With His blood..... He pur-chased me, He pur-chased me;

Can - af am Ei ang - eu loes, Can - af am Ei ang - eu loes;
 With His blood He pur-chased me, With His blood He pur-chased me;

Children's and Young People's Tunes.

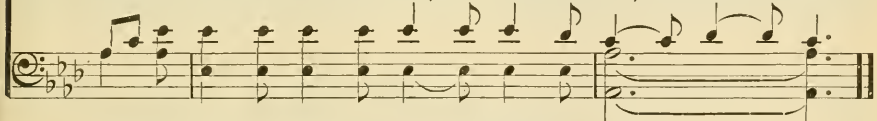


Can - af am..... yr iach - awd - wr - iaeth,
On the cross..... He sealed my par - don,
Can - af am yr iach-awd-wr-iaeth, Can - af am yr iach-awd-wr - iaeth,
On the cross He sealed my par - don, On the cross He sealed my par - don,



y groes.....
me free.....

Sydd yn haedd - - - iant gwaed y groes, gwaed y groes.
Paid the debt..... and made me free, and made me free.
Sydd yn haedd-iant gwaed y groes, yn haedd-iant gwaed.. y.... groes.
Paid the debt and made me free, and made me free, and made me free.



Sydd yn haedd-iant gwaed y groes, gwaed y groes.....
Paid the debt and made me free, and made me free.....

2 *f* Canaf am y waredigaeth,
Ddygodd i golledig rai;
Canaf am yr Iachawdwriaeth,
Ac am drefn i faddeu bai.—Cydgan.

(Cyf.) *Walcyn Wyn.*

2 *f* I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.—Chorus.

Diogel yn Mreichiau'r Iesu.—Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

W. H. Doane.

mf Allegro ma non troppo. ♩ = 92

1. Diog - el yn mreich-iau'r Ie - - su, Ar bwys Ei fyn - wes fad,
 1. Safe in the arms of Je - - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—

Ca f'en - aid yn - o gys - god, A hyf - ryd es - mwyth - ad:
 There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

p
 Ust! dyn - a sain tel - yn - au, Llais yr ang - yl - aidd gôr,..
 Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,..

cres. *f*
 Ddaw dros y nef - ol fryn - iau, Ddaw dros y gris - ial fôr.....
 O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.....

Children's and Young People's Tunes.

CHORUS.

Diog - el yn mreich-iau'r Ie - - su, Ar bwys Ei fyn - wes fad,
Safe in the arms of Je - - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,

cres. Ca f'en - aid yn - o gys - god, A hyf - ryd es - mwyth - ad.
rall. There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

2 *mf* Iesu, fu farw droswyf,
Fydd noddfa f'enaidd byth;
cres Iê, yn Nghraig yr oesoedd
Yn ddiogel gwnaf fy nyth:
Yma ar hyd yr hinos
Disgwyl yn dawel wnafl
Disgwyl nes gwawrio arnaf
Ddydd o dragwyddol haf.—Cydgan.
(Cyf.) *Elfed.*

2 *mf* Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me:
cres Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Hear let me wait in patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.—Chorus.
F. J. Crosby.

Yn Berl yn Nghoron Iesu.—A Pearl in the Crown of Jesus.

L. J. Roberts, M. A.

Moderato. ♩ = 92

1. Yn berl yn ngho - ron Ie - su Dy - mun - af byth gael bod,
1. A pearl in the crown of Je - sus, Up - on His throne of grace,

Yn ddis - glaer mewn go - gon - iant, Yn can - u idd - o glod.
To spark - le there in splen - dor, And sing Him songs of praise;

O fewn y bur bar - ad - wys, Yn un - o, gy - da'r llw,
To live for aye in heav - en, U - nit - ed with the throng,

Yn an - them bêr hy - fryd - ol Yr iawn a Chal - far - i.
Which, whilst on earth did ren - der Their thanks to Him in song.

Children's and Young People's Tunes.

f CHORUS. *Tempo.*

Yn berl yn ngho-ron Ie-su Dy-mun - af byth gael bod,
A pearl in the crown of Je-sus, Up-on His throne of grace,

Yn ddis-glaer mewn go-gon-iant Yn can-u idd-o glod,
To spark-le there in splen-dor, And sing Him songs of praise;

Yn ddis-glaer mewn go-gon-iant Yn can-u idd-o glod.
To spark-le there in splen-dor, And sing Him songs of praise.

2

mf Yn berl yn nghoron Iesu,
Rhyfeddol fydd y fraint!
A syllu ar ei Berson
Yn nghwmni myrdd o saint;
Y goron ddrain a wisgodd,
Bu farw ar Galfari;
cres Trwy hyn enillodd goron
O berl ac aur i mi.—Cydgan.

285—2.

Ehedydd Ceulan.

2

mf A pearl in the crown of Jesus:
What wondrous life 'twill be,
Among the saints and angels
Forevermore, with Thee.
The crown of thorns they gave Him
Upon Mount Calvary—
cres His precious blood hath made it
A golden crown to me.—Chorus.

(*Trans.*) I. W. P.

Tonau 'r Plant a'r Bobl Ieuainc.

Neb fel Iesu.—None Like Jesus.

Daniel Protheroe.

mf $\text{♩} = 84$ *cres.*

1. Clyw-som fod yr Ie-su'n ca - ru plant Ei oes; Cy-merth yn Ei
 1. Gen - tle Shep-herd, lit - tle ones are dear to Thee, Gath-ered in Thine

cres.

freich-iau ar Ei ffordd i'r Groes; Deu - wn nin - au a - to, ac fe'n
 arms, and car - ried lov - ing - ly: Sweet - ly, fond - ly, safe - ly tend - ed

dim.

der - byn ni, . . . Mwyn-ach yw Ei gar - iad we - di Cal - far - i.
 free from harm; From all want and dan - ger bear them in Thine arm.

2 *mf* Os mai bychain ydym, nesaf y'm i'r nef,
 Teyrnas i rai bychain yw Ei deyrnas Ei;
cres Pwyswn ar Ei fynwes yn moreuddydd oes,
 Wedi cael Ei fendith, hawdd fydd dwyn Ei groes.

3 *mf* Cyn i bechod bywyd wywo'n tegwch ni,
 Carwn Ei a gollodd gynt Ei waed yn lli;
cres Bwriwn ein coronau'n ieuainc wrth Ei draed,
f Cawn ryw ddydd delynu i ganu am Ei waed.
Eifion Wyn.

2 *mf* Tender Shepherd, never leave them go astray,
 By Thy look of love direct them in Thy way;
cres Thus direct them, and protect them lest they fall,
 For with Thee is safety over dangers all.

3 *mf* Taught to lisp Thy praises which on earth they sing,
 Both with lips and hearts unfeignéd offerings bring;
cres Then with all the saints in glory may they be
f Singing praises to the Lord eternally.

(Adapted) J. Keble.

Canwn ar y Daith.—We will Sing on Life's Journey.

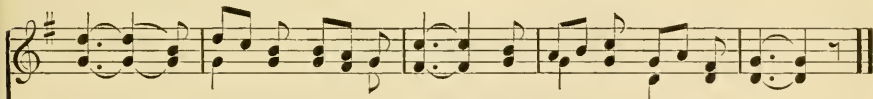
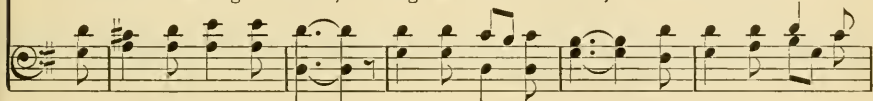
Haydn.

mf Allegretto. ♩. = 72

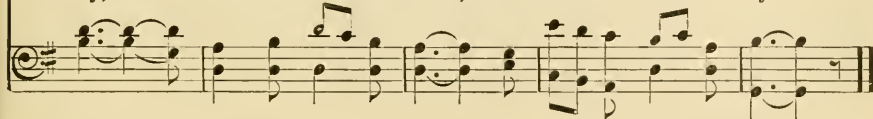
1. Can - wn ar y daith Wrth fyn - ed drwy y byd; Can - wn wrth ein gwaith
 1. We will sing a song, While thro' the world we go; As we march a - long,



Ryw new-ydd gân o hyd: Dil - yn gwaith y nef.. Mae mil o gerdd-i
 Our hearts with song o'er-flow; Sing we of God's love, The love of Cal - va -



mân; Di - oleh idd - o Ef... Am waith yn llawn o gân.
 ry;. Thanks to Him a - bove, For life e - ter - nal - ly.



2

mp O! mor felus fydd
 Cael cwrdd ar ben y daith,
 Draw yn ngwlad y dydd,
cres I ddyblu'r gân a'r gwaith:
 Canu fydd y gwaith,
f A'r gwaith fydd byth yn gân,
 Draw ar ben y daith
 O fewn y nefoedd lân.

Walcyn Wyn

2

mp When the journey's o'er,
 And we all happy are,
 On that beautiful shore,
 Where death will never mar;
cres We will sing a song,
 A song of Christ and love,
f United with the throng
 Eternally above.

(Trans.) I. W. P.

Clyw! Iesu, Clyw!—Hear! O Jesus, Hear!

D. C. Williams, Mus. Doc.

Moderato. ♩ = 92.

1. Ar-glwydd Dduw, ar - graff - a, Ar fy nghal-on i, Mor ofn - ad - wy
1. Clear - ly show, O Je - sus, On my lit - tle heart, What it is to

yd - yw Pech - u'n D'er - byn Di; Dang - os bob dryg - ion - i
sin, and Live from Thee a - part. Show us ev - 'ry e - vil

Yn ei liw ei hun; Rhag ein twyll-o gan-ddo, Gwar-ed ni bob un.
In its own true light, That we may not fail Thee, Guard us with Thy might.

CHORUS.

O Ie - su, dir - ion Ie - su, Cyf - aill pawb - wyt Ti; Rhag pob
O Je - sus, gen - tle Je - sus, Friend of all..... Thou art; 'Gainst all

Children's and Young People's Tunes.

chwant an - nuw - iol Cad - w, cad - w ni, Cad - w, cad - w ni.
e - - vil, guard and take me to Thy heart, Take me to Thy heart.

After last verse only.

Clyw, O clyw!
Hear, O hear!

Lento. *rall. dim.* *pp*

Clyw!.....
Hear!.....

Ie - su, clyw!
Je - sus, hear!

Clyw!.....
hear!.....

Clyw, O clyw!
Hear, O hear!

Ie - su, clyw!.....
Je - sus, hear!.....

2

mf Oriau gwanwyn roddi
 Ini hau yr hâd;
 Ond daw'n amser medi
 Arnom heb nacâd;
cres Cadw'n dwylaw'n onest,
 A'n calonau'n bur,
 Rhag i ini'n ddiystyr
 Hau tragwyddol gur.—Cydgan.

Elfed.

2

mf Springtime and the sowing,
Comes when winter's flown:
Then comes time to harvest
That, which we have sown.
cres Keep us from all evil,
Help us throughout life,
Lest we sow, unknowing,
Everlasting strife.—Chorus.

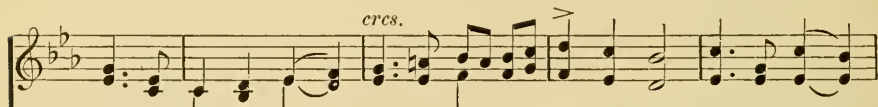
(Trans.) I. W. P.

Gweddi'r Wŷn.—The Children's Prayer.

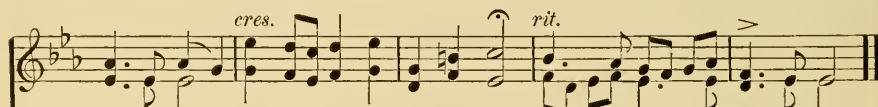
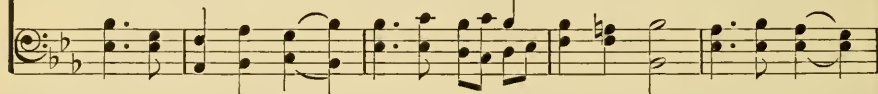
J. Benjamin, A. C.

mf Tenderly. ♩ = 96

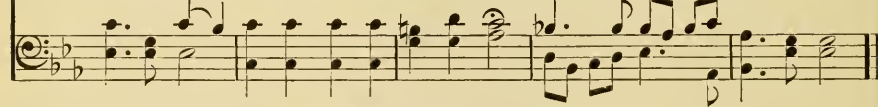
1. Ie - su an - wyl, fu - gail mwyn, Der-byn ni, Dy dyn - er wŷn, Gad in'
 1. Ho - ly Je - sus, ev - 'ry day Keep us in the nar - row way; And, when



ddod i'th gy - nes gôl, .. Cad - w ni rhag crwy-dro'n fiol; Trwy ein hoes,
 earth - ly things are past, Bring our ran-somed souls at last Where they need no



Heb un loes, Cad - w'n gol-wg ar Dy groes, Cad - w'n gol - wg ar Dy groes.
 star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo-ry hide, Where no clouds Thy glo - ry hide.



2 *mf* Iesu anwyl, cofia'th wŷn,
 Buost farw er ein mwyn,
 Rhag pob ofnau cadw ni,
 Dod in' le o fewn Dy dŷ;

cres Yn y nef,
 Ag un llef,
f Byth ni ganwn "Iddo Ef."

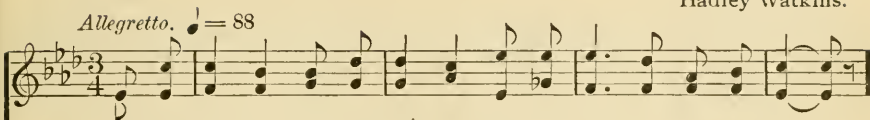
Gwmryn.

2 *mf* In the heavenly country bright.
 Need they no created light;
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
 Thou its Sun which goes not down;
 There forever
 May we sing,
f Hallelujahs to our King.

William C. Dix.

Lleisian Plant.—Children's Voices.

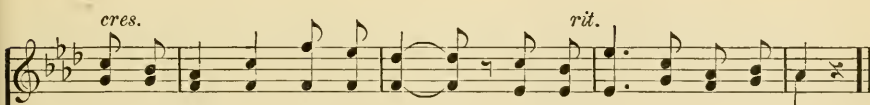
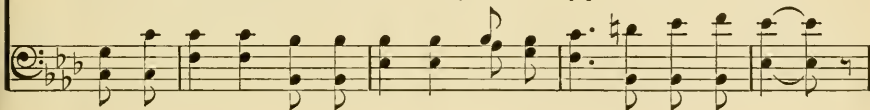
Hadley Watkins.

Allegretto. ♩ = 88

1. Lleis-iau plant sy'n per-aidd ga-nu Gylch yr or-sedd yn y nef:
 1. Chil-dren's voi-ces sweet-ly sing-ing, Round the great white throne of Him,



Duw a'u gal-wodd i'w fol-ian-u A mwyn-hau Ei gwm-ni Ef:
 Who hath called them from their la-bors, To en-joy their rest with Him:



Ar-glwydd, ty-ner, wyt i ni,— Ga-lw plant i'th fo-li Di!
 "Gen-tle Je-sus, meek and mild, Thou dost love a lit-tle child."



2

mf Tra yn canu byddwn ufudd,
 Byddwn dynner, byddwn bur:
 Ceisiwn rinwedd, mynwn grefydd—
 Hyn a'n dwg i'r nef yn wir.
mp Arglwydd, tyner wyt i ni—
cres Galw plant i'th foli Di.

Hawen.

2

mf Little children, sweetly singing,
 As in heaven, so on the earth;
cres Let us gather round His altar,
 Here to prove to Him our worth:
 "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
 Thou dost love a little child."

(Trans.) I. W. P.

Yr Oen Difai.—The Sinless Lamb.

L. O. Emerson.

f *Con moto.* ♩ = 100

1. O ! can - ed holl del - yn - au'r byd I en - w'r Oen di - fai:
 1. We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song To Him, who bore the cross;

Mae Ei yn car - u pawb er - ioed, Heb gar - u heddw'n llai.
 For with His stripes we heal - ed are, Yet we for - get the loss.

mf CHORUS. *cres.*

Yr Oen di - fai, yr Oen di - fai—O can - wn Ei glod y - nghyd:
 The guilt - less Lamb—the sin - less Lamb—We'll praise Him for - ev - er - more;

mf

Yr Oen di - fai, yr Oen di - fai Fu far - w dros y byd.
 The guilt - less Lamb—the sin - less Lamb—For love, the cross He bore.

2
mf Oldeued plant y gwledydd draw
 I ganu gyda ni;

f A boed un gân yn llanw'r byd—
 Y gân am Galfari.—Cyddgan.

2
mf May children from all distant climes
 Unite with us in song;

And may His death on Calvary
cres Inspire the world-wide throng.—Chorus.

Elfed.

{Trans.} I. W. P

Nid Oes Neb rhy Fach i'th Garu.—None too Young to Love Thee.

mf Andante moderato. ♩ = 92

D. Emlyn Evans.

1. Nid oes neb rhy fach i'th gar - u, Neb rhy fach i gân - u'th glod;
 1. There is none too young to love Thee, None too young to sing Thy praise,

Neb rhy fach i'th was - an - ae - thu, Neb rhy fach i'th win - llan ddod.
 None too young to ev - er serve Thee, Nor to reach Thy throne of grace.

Add - fwyn Ie - su, an - wyl Ie - su, Yn Dy waith gâd i - ni fod;
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Shep - herd, tru - ly, In Thy serv - ice let us be,—

Add - fwyn Ie - su, an - wyl Ie - su, Yn Dy waith gâd i - ni fod.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Shep - herd, tru - ly, In Thy serv - ice let us be.

mf Dysg ni, os cawn fyw flynyddau,
 I Dy garu'n well o hyd;
mp Neu, os marw wnawn yn foreu,
cres Derbyn ni i'th fynwes glyd;
f Addfwyn Iesu, anwyl Iesu,
 Cadw ni'n Dy waith i gyd.

Elfed.

mf Teach us all throughout life's journey,
 E'er to seek the things above;
mp But if death should early meet us,
cres Take us to Thine arms of love.
f Blesséd Jesus, Shepherd, truly,
 In Thy service let us be.

(Trans.) D. P.

Canu o Hyd.—My Heart's Ever Singing.

Daniel Protheroe.

mf $\text{♩} = 108$

1. Mae'n rhaid i mi gan - u o hyd,— o hyd, Can's teg-wch yr
 1. My heart's ev - er sing - ing to Thee, to Thee, For Thou, bless-ed

Ie - su a aeth a'm bryd. Mor hy - fryd yw sein - io Ei
 Je - sus, my theme will be. How glo - rious to sing forth Thy

cres.

En - w glân, Mae pob sill yn deff - ro Rhyw nef - ol gân.
 praise a - bove; For - ev - er Thy name will re - sound in love.

2

mf O Iesu! fy Iesu!
 Mor ber ydyw'r sain,
 Hawdd iawn yw Dy garu
 Dan goron ddrain.
cres O Iesu bendigaid,
 Gogoniant y Nef:
f Ceidwad fy naid
 A'm Duw yw Ef.

2

mf My Jesus! my Jesus!
 How sweet is the strain,
 To love Thee, and praise Thee
 In endless refrain.
cres O blesséd Redeemer,
 In glory, my Friend,
f My soul's Holy Saviour,
 My God to the end.

Dy Ryfedd Gariad.—Thy Wondrous Love.

I. W. Prosser.

Moderato espress. ♩ = 84

1. Gwanwyn ddaeth, a'i flod - au Wen - ant dan ein troed;.. Swyn - ol yw can-
 1. Springtime and its flow - ers Smile on all a - round;.. In the leaf-y

CHORUS. *Tempo.*

iad - au A - dar yn y coed... Gweld Dy ry - fedd gar - iad Di
 wood - land Songs of birds a - bound.. Gaz - ing on Thy love so free,

Ym mhob peth, fo'n gwneud i ni, Nef - ol Dad, Dy fo - li, Dy fo - - li.
 We will ev - er wor-ship Thee, Heav'nly King, most Ho - ly, most Ho - - ly.

2

mf Canu am Dy gariad
 Wna seintiau glan;
cres A holl leisiau'r cread
f Unant yn y gan.—Cyddgan.

H. Penmaen.

2

mf All the saints in glory
 Ever sing Thy love;
cres And all earth re-echoes
f Forth the song above.—Chorus.

(Trans.) D. P.

Per Hosanna.—Sweet Hosanna.

I. W. Prosser.

mf Moderato. ♩ = 96

1. Rhowch blant bych-ain, fawl i'r Ie - su, Syl - wi arn - och mae o'r nef;
1. Let us sing of Christ our Sav-iour, Fol - low Him to realms a - bove;

Cen - wch am ei iach - awd - wr - iaeth, Cen - wch fawl i'w en - w Ef;
And in shouts of tri - umph hail Him— Son of God, and King of love.

mf CHORUS. Tempo. *p*

Per Ho - san - na, Per Ho - san - na, I fab Daf - ydd rhowch ar gan;
Sweet Ho - san - na, Sweet Ho - san - na, To the Son of God give praise;

Per Ho - san - na, Per Ho - san - na, I fab Daf - ydd rhowch ar gan.
Sweet Ho - san - na, Sweet Ho - san - na, To the Son of God give praise.

2

mf Rhowch, blant bychain, fawl i'r Iesu,
Dysgwch ganu iddo 'nawr;

cres Canmol, diolch a chlodfori

f Ydyw gwaith y nefoedd fawr.—Cydgan.

Rev. M. H. Jones, B. A.

2

mf Hail Him, Lord of Lords most glorious
Over earth and all its throng;

cres Serve Him, laud Him, King victorious;

f Join the everlasting song.—Chorus.

(Trans.) I. W. P.

Tonau 'r Plant a'r Bohl Ieuainc.

Wŷn Bach Iesu Grist.—Little Lambs of Christ.

W. A. Ogden.

mf Allegretto. ♩ = 104

1. Wŷn bach Ie - su Grist a Duw, O mor hy - fryd ŷm yn byw,
1. Lit - tle Lambs of Christ are we, Just as hap - py as can be,

Pan yn ga - lw, 'Fe a'n clyw— Mor dda yw Duw.
For we love and cher - ish Thee— Thou God of grace.

CHORUS.

Ie - su sy'n ein car - u ni, Prof-wyd hyn ar Gal - far - i,
Je - sus loves us, you and me, Died for us on Cal - va - ry,

cres. Pan Ei waed a roes yn lli'— *f* Mor dda yw Duw.
Died that we may all be free; Thou God of grace.

2

mf Cân ddiolchgar ydyw'r gân,
Plant sy'n dilyn Iesu glân,

cres Genym ni mae calon lân—
Mor dda yw Duw.—Cydgan.

J. Rhys Jones.

2

mf If we call on Thee at night,
Us to watch till morning bright,
cres Do not leave us from Thy sight—

f Thou God of Grace.—Chorus.

(Trans.) I. W. P.

Mi Hoffffwn Wel'd yr Iesu.—I'd Like to See the Saviour.

Sol. Watkins, F.T.S.C.

mf Allegretto. ♩ = 96

1. Mi hoff - wn wel'd yr Ie - su, A'r pres - eb lle bu'n dlawd,
1. I'd like to see the Sav - iour In Beth - le'm at His birth,

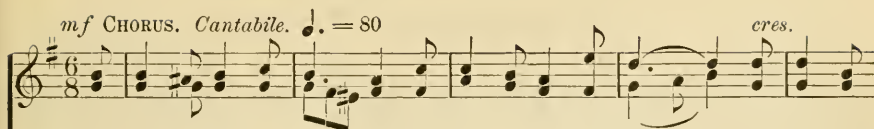
A gwrn - do'r ser yn can - u, Mor ber - aidd ar eu rhawd:
And hear the an - gels sing - ing His wel - come to our earth;

Mi hoff - wn wel'd y doeth - ion, Yn plyg - u ger Ei fron,
I'd love to see the wise men Bring treas - ures from a - far,

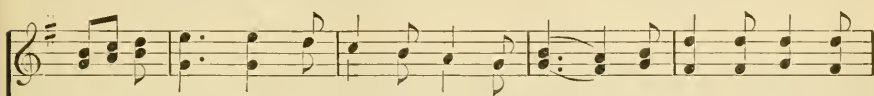
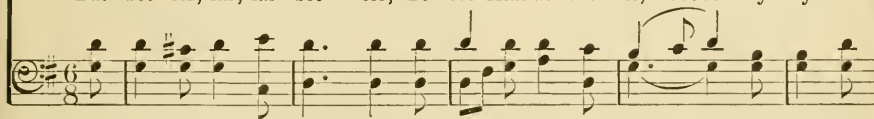
cres.
Yn nghyd a'r llu ang - yl - ion, Fu'n gwein-i ar - no'n llon....
Their new - born King to hon - or, Di - rect - ed by His star:..

Children's and Young People's Tunes.

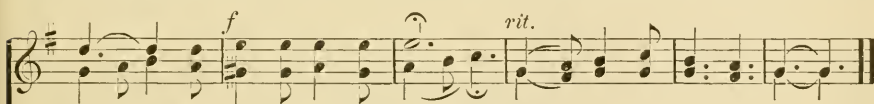
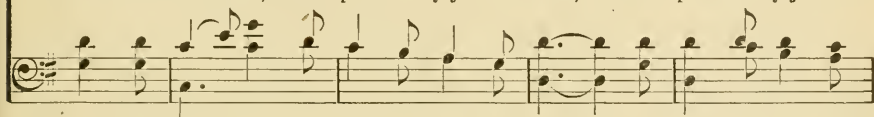
mf CHORUS. *Cantabile*. $\text{♩} = 80$



Ond gwell gan-mil o weith - iau, Fydd syl - u ar Ei wedd,.... Am byth yn
But bet - ter, far, far bet - ter, To see Him as He is, By myr-iad



mb lith y saint - iau, Mewn gwlad tu draw i'r bedd... Mewn gwlad tu draw i'r
saints sur - round - ed, In per - fect joy and bliss,... In per - fect joy and



bedd,... Mewn gwlad tu draw i'r bedd.... Mewn gwlad tu draw i'r bedd.
bliss,... In per - fect joy and bliss,... In... per - fect joy and bliss.



2

2

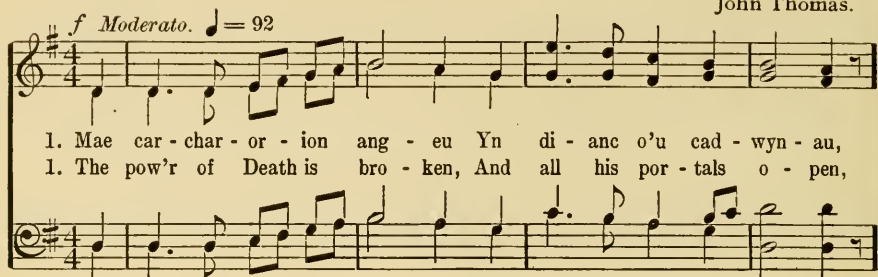
mf Mi hoffwn wel'd yr Iesu
Yn rhodio'n daer ni,
A'i weled yn croesawu
Rhai bychain fel myfi:
cres Mi hoffwn edrych arno
Yn rhoddi llwyr wellhad,
I'r cleifion ddeuent ato
Yn lluoedd o bob gwlad.
Cyddgan—Ond gwell, etc.

mf I'd like to watch my Saviour
Feed multitudes with bread,
And see Him heal the sick folks,
And bring to life the dead;
cres And feel His gentle fingers
Laid on my head in love,
And know He's interceding
For me in heaven above.
Chorus—But better, etc.

Ar Ei Ben Bo'r Goron.—Crown Him.

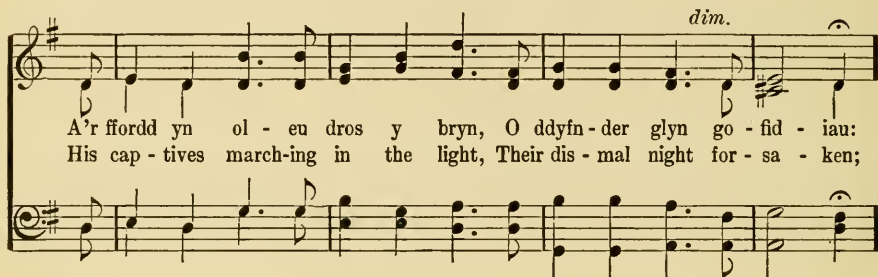
John Thomas.

f *Moderato.* $\text{♩} = 92$



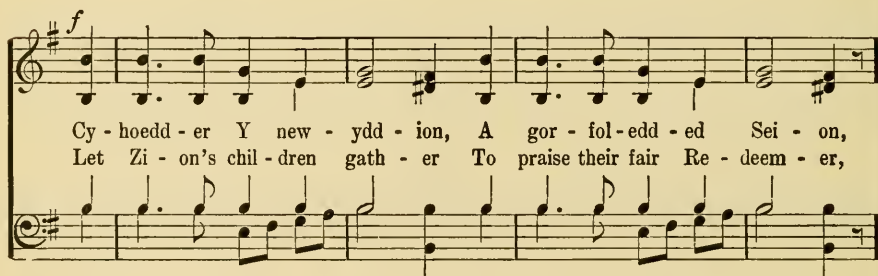
1. Mae car - char - or - ion ang - eu Yn di - anc o'u cad - wyn - au,
 1. The pow'r of Death is bro - ken, And all his por - tals o - pen,

dim.

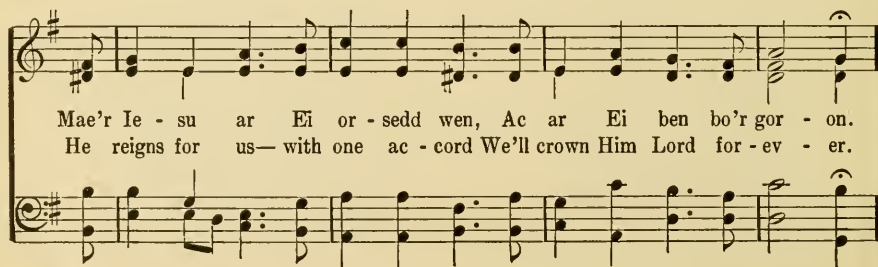


A'r ffordd yn ol - eu dros y bryn, O ddyfn - der glyn go - fid - iau:
 His cap - tives march - ing in the light, Their dis - mal night for - sa - ken;

f



Cy - hoedd - er Y new - ydd - ion, A gor - fol - edd - ed Sei - on,
 Let Zi - on's chil - dren gath - er To praise their fair Re - deem - er,



Mae'r Ie - su ar Ei or - sedd wen, Ac ar Ei ben bo'r gor - on.
 He reigns for us— with one ac - cord We'll crown Him Lord for - ev - er.

Children's and Young People's Tunes.

Ar Ei ben..... bo'r gor - on, Ar Ei ben..... bo'r gor - on,
Crown Him Lord..... for - ev - er, Crown Him Lord..... for - ev - er,

mf CHORUS.

2 *mf* Dylinaf yn Ei lwybrau,
A chanaf yn fy nagrau,
cres Mae mwy na digon yn yr Iawn
f I faddeu'n llawn fy meiau;
Er dued yw fy nghalon,
Mae'r Iesu'n dal yn ffyddlon,
Eiriolwr yw tuhwnt i'r llen,
Ac ar Ei ben bo'r goron.—Cyddgan.

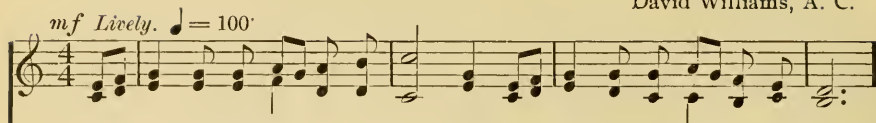
An.

2 *mf* We'll follow in His teaching,
Through tears we'll go rejoicing,
cres He from the curse has set us free
When on the tree atoning;
f Black sin no more can sever
Our heart from Jesus' power,
He pleads for us—with one accord
We'll crown Him Lord forever.—Chorus.

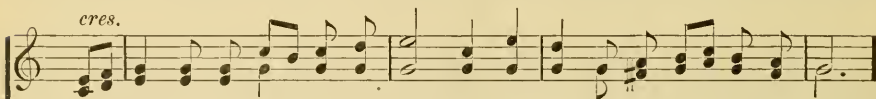
Tonau 'r Plant a'r Bobl Ieuainc.

Canu o Hyd yn y Nefoedd.—The Children Enlisted.

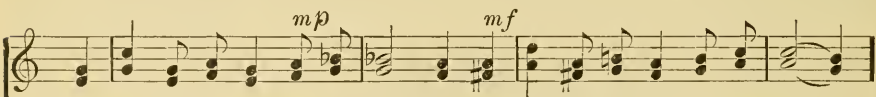
David Williams, A. C.

mf Lively. $\text{♩} = 100'$ 

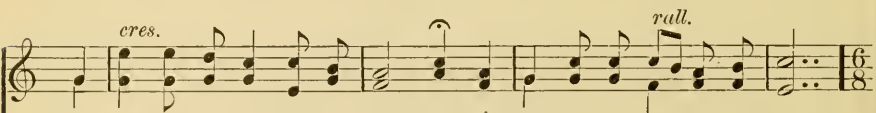
1. Cyd - un - wn blant bych-ain i gan - u, Am Ie - su Gwar-ed - wr y byd,
 1. U - nite, lit - tle chil-dren, in sing - ing of Je - sus, the joy of the world;

*cres.*

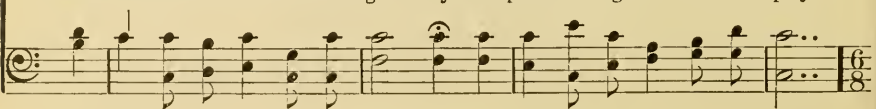
E - fe yw yr un sydd yn haedd - u Ein di - olch a'n mol - iant i gyd,
 Our thanks and our prais - es re - sound - ing! Our flags and our ban - ners un - furl'd!

*mp**mf*

O'i wir-fodd gwyn-eb - odd Gal - far - ia, A rhodd - i Ei fyw - yd wnaeth Ef,..
 He will - ing - ly climbed up to Cal - v'ry, His own life there loy - al - ly lay,..

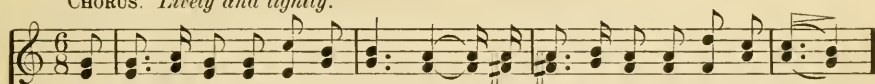
*cres.**rall.*

Fel gall - ai plant bych-ain yn dyr - fa Gael can - u o hyd yn y nef.
 That all lit - tle chil - dren in glo - ry His prais - es might ev - er dis - play.

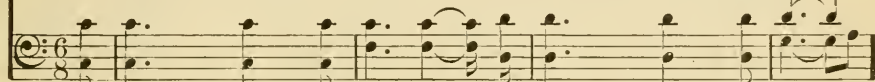


Children's and Young People's Tunes.

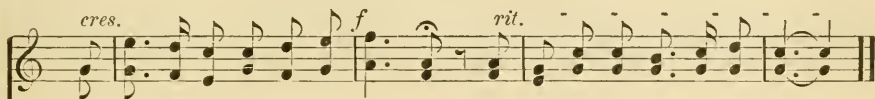
CHORUS. *Lively and lightly.*



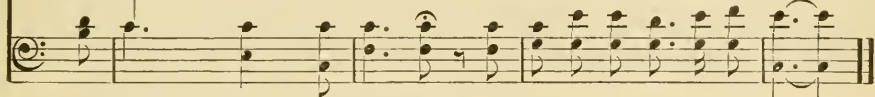
Am hy - ny cyd-un - wn i gan - u... Am Ie - su Gwar-ed-wr y byd—
U - nite, lit - tle chil-dren, in sing - ing... Of Je - sus, the joy of the world!



Ni gan - - wn am Ie - su... Gwar-ed - - wr y byd,—
We'll all sing of Je - sus,.. The joy of the world!—



E - fe yd-yw'r Un sydd yn haedd - u. Ein di-olch a'n mol-iant i gyd.
Our thanks and our prais-es re-sound - ing! Our flags and our ban-ners un - furled!



E - fe sydd yn haedd - u.
Our prais - - es re - sound - ing!

2 *mf* Cydunwn blant bychain i ganu

Tra bydd ein calonau yn iach;

'Does dim yn fwy hoff gan yr Iesu

Na gwrando caniadau rhai bach.

Ac os try ein canu yn wyllo

Gan ruad y dymestl gref,

cres Fe sychir ein dagrau wrth gofio

f Cawn ganu o hyd yn y nef.—Cydgan.

Iago Blaenrhondda.

2 *mf* Unite, little children, in singing

While health in all hearts doth appear;

There's nothing to Jesus more pleasing

Than little ones' voices to hear;

And then if our songs turn to weeping,

Though rough be the tempest and wild;

cres Our tears are removed by remembering

f The songs of the Heavenly Child.—Chorus.

(Trans.) Rev. H. W. Griffith.

Tonau 'r Plant a'r Bohl Jenainc.

Hosanna iddo Ef.—Hosanna to the King.

David Evans, Mus. Doc.

mf Andante. ♩ = 84

1. Ho - san - na gwyd yn awr At or-sedd Duw Ei hun, Dis-
 1. Ho - san - na we will raise, To the great throne a - bove; The

gyn - odd Ie - su mawr I drig - o gyd - a dyn; Ac ar y
 Son of God we'll praise, Who dwells with us in love; And in the

ffordd a gerdd-odd Ef Mae porth a - gor - ed nef... y nef.
 way that Je - sus trod We'll find the por - tals of... our God.

CHORUS. *Piu mosso.* ♩ = 96

Ar ol yr Ie - su 'r awn,... Ym-deith-iwn tu - a'r nef,
 We'll fol - low Christ our Hope,... Wher-e'er He leads the way,

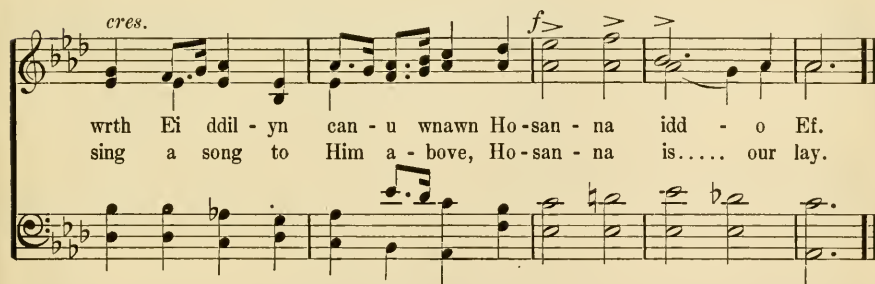
Children's and Young People's Tunes.



Ac wrth Ei ddil - yn can - u wnawn Ho - san - na idd - o Ef,
We'll sing a song to Him a - bove, Ho - san - na is our lay,



Ho - san - na idd - o Ef, Ho - san - na idd - o Ef, Ac
Ho - san - na is our lay, Ho - san - na is our lay, We'll
Ho - san - - - - na, Ho - san - - - - na,
Ho - san - - - - na, Ho - san - - - - na,
Ho - san - na idd - o Ef, Ho - san - na idd - - o Ef,
Ho - san - na is our lay, Ho - san - na is our lay,



cres. wrth Ei ddil - yn can - u wnawn Ho - san - na idd - o Ef.
f sing a song to Him a - bove, Ho - san - na is..... our lay.

2

mf Addewid Iesu mawr
Gyflawnwyd dros y lli;
A'i ysbryd sydd yn awr
Yn aros gyda ni;
f Hosanna bur i Frenin nef,
Hosanna byth i'w enw Ef.—Cyddgan.

Dyfed.

2

mf The promises made clear,
Fulfilled on Calvary:
His Spirit still is near,
To guard both you and me.
f Hosanna to the King above,
Forever to the King of love.—Chorus.

(Trans.) I. W. P.

Dilyn Iesu—Follow Jesus.

E. D. Lloyd.

mf Cantabile. ♩. = 76

1. Blent - yn bych - an, e - drych, gwel.. Gar - iad.... Ie - - su;
 2. Lit - tle chil - dren, look, and see the love of.... Je - - sus;

Clyw Ei eir - ian fel y mêl Yn dy - fer - u;
 Hear His words so sweet and free, Spo - ken for.... us:

Er ein mwyn y daeth i lawr, Rhod - iodd fyd y cys - tudd mawr,
 For our sake He came be - low— For our sake His head did bow,—

Dae - ar go - baith yw yn awr, Drwy yr Ie - - su.
 Wore the thorn - crown on His brow,— Our Lord Je - - sus.

Children's and Young People's Tunes.

mf *f*

Blent - yn bych - an, câr Dy Dduw, Ceis - ia d'or - eu byth i fyw
 Lit - tle chil - dren, show your love, Al - ways look to Him a - bove,

rit. *mf* *dim.*

Fel yr Ie - - su,..... Fel yr Ie - - su.
 Be like Je - - sus,..... Be like Je - - sus.

2 *mf* Blentyn, os am grefydd bur,
 Dilyn Iesu;
 Un a ddeil dan bwysau cur,
 Dilyn Iesu;
cres Byth cei fod dan gysgod clyd
 Haeddiant mawr Ei aberth drud,
 Tecach, glanach fydd dy bryd,—
 Gyda'r Iesu.
f Blentyn bychan, drwy dy oes,
 Rho dy ysgwydd dan y groes,
 Gyda'r Iesu.

J. Rhys Jones.

2 *mf* Children, for a purer life,
 Follow Jesus;
 This will help you through all strife—
 Follow Jesus:
cres He will always shelter you—
 Sacrificed His life for you—
 He will always succor you—
 Be with Jesus.
f Come, my child—whate'er the loss,
 Fight the fight, and bear the cross
 With our Jesus.

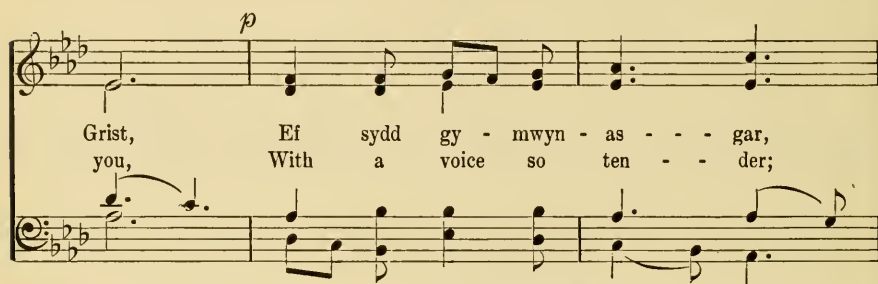
(Trans) I. W. P.

Blant Bach Tlws y Ddaear.—Little Children from the Earth.

William Rigby, Mus. Doc.

mf Moderato. ♩ = 80

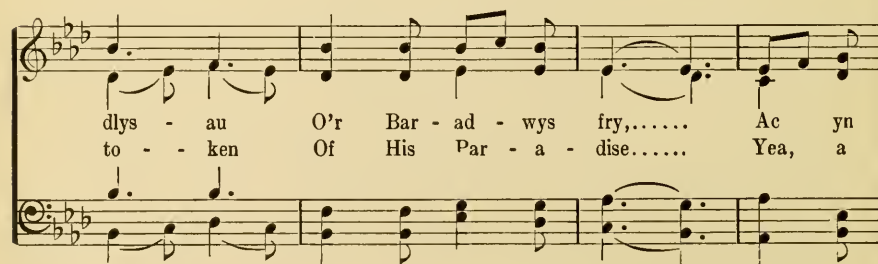

1. Blant bach tlws y ddae - ar, Dewch at Ie - su
1. Lit - tle chil - dren, heark - en, Je - sus is call - ing



Grist, Ef sydd gy - mwyn - as - - - gar,
you, With a voice so ten - - - der;



I rai tru - ain, trist; Chwi gewch gan - ddo
He's a friend so true; He will bring a



dllys - au O'r Bar - ad - wys fry,..... Ac yn
to - - ken Of His Par - a - dise..... Yea, a

Children's and Young People's Tunes.

nydd y dydd - iau, Chwi gewch go - ron gu,
crown all gold - en, On that day of days,

cres. *ff* *rit.*

Ac yn nydd y dydd - iau, Chwi gewch go - ron gu.
Yea, a crown all gold - en, On that day of days.

2 *mf* Yna wedi darfod
Ar y ddaear hon,
Cawn fod yn Ei wyddfod
Yn y nefoedd lon;
cres Yna'i wasanaethu
Mewn llawenydd gawn,
f Diolch byth a chanu
Iachawdwriaeth lawn.

J. Rhys Jones.

2 *mf* When our life is ended,
And our journey's o'er,
We shall in His presence
Dwell forevermore;
cres Then to serve Him truly
And in joy abound,
Singing praises ever
To a Saviour crowned.

(Trans.) I. W. P.

Caru'r Iesu.—Loving Jesus.

Daniel Protheroe.

mf Moderato. ♩ = 92

1. Rho nerth i'th gar - u'n fwy, O Ar-glwydd Ie - su, Rho nerth i'th
1. Give grace to love Thee more, Bless - ed Re - deem - er; Give grace to

gar - u'n fwy, Hyn yw fy ngwedd - i; 'R hyn geis - iaf byth tra bwy,
love Thee more, My prayer re - mem - ber; Here whilst on earth I live,

Yw nerth i'th gar-u'n fwy, Yw nerth i'th gar-u'n fwy, O Ar-glwydd Ie - su.
Grace from Thy boun-ty give, Grace from Thy bounty give, Bless-ed Re - deem-er.

2

mf Os rhaid cael cwpan llawn
O ddyfroedd chwerw,
A chario croes sydd fawr
Hyd ddydd fy marw;
cres Mi gana' am danynt hwy,
Os gwnant fi garu'n fwy,
Yr Arglwydd Iesu.

(Efel.) Parch Thos. Levi.

2

mf And if my cup be full,
Yea, full of sorrow;
And if my anguish grows,
Yea, till "the morrow"—
cres Yet, Thee I will adore,
Give grace to love Thee more,
Blesséd Redeemer.

(Trans.) I. W. P.

Barlleniadau

CYNWYSIAD

| | | | |
|----|--|----------------------|-----|
| 1 | Ffordd y Duwiol a Ffordd yr Annuwiol | <i>Psalm</i> | 1 |
| 2 | Breniniaeth Crist | " | 2 |
| 3 | Hanes yr Hwn mae Duw yn Rhan Iddo | " | 16 |
| 4 | Gogoniant Duw mewn Natur, Moesoldeb a Gras | " | 19 |
| 5 | Y Dwyfol Fugail | " | 23 |
| 6 | Croesawiad i Frenin Gogoniant | " | 24 |
| 7 | Yr Hyn yw Duw i'r Sawl a Ymddiried Ynddo | " | 27 |
| 8 | Syched Enaid am Dduw | " | 42 |
| 9 | Duw yn Noddfa | " | 46 |
| 10 | Gogoniant Duw yn Ei Dy | " | 48 |
| 11 | Gweddi'r Edifeiriol | " | 51 |
| 12 | Hawddgarwch Seion | " | 84 |
| 13 | Bywyd Dwyfol a Dynol | " | 90 |
| 14 | Diogelwch y Credadyn | " | 91 |
| 15 | Daioni Duw i'r Duwiol | " | 92 |
| 16 | Mawl i Dduw am Ei Ddaioni | <i>Psalmau 100,</i> | 117 |
| 17 | Bendithio'r Arglwydd | <i>Psalm</i> | 103 |
| 18 | Rhagluniaeth Ddwylol | " | 104 |
| 19 | Rheol Ymarweddiad | " | 119 |
| 20 | Duw yn Geidwad | " | 121 |
| 21 | Cri o'r Dyfnder | " | 130 |
| 22 | Ystyriaeth o Hollbresenoldeb Duw yn Arwain i Hunan - Ymchwiliad | " | 139 |
| 23 | Dyddordeb Duw yn y Duwiol | " | 145 |
| 24 | Duw yn Unig i Hyderu Arno | " | 146 |
| 25 | Gras yn Gwahodd | <i>Esaiah</i> | 55 |
| 26 | Yr Ymgawdoliad | <i>Ioan</i> | 1 |
| 27 | Y Gwynfydau | <i>Matthew</i> | 5 |
| 28 | Yr Ysryd Glan | <i>Ioan</i> | 16 |
| 29 | Rheol Gweinyddiad y Farn | <i>Matthew</i> | 25 |
| 30 | Hyder Cariad | <i>Rhufeiniaid</i> | 8 |
| 31 | Psalm Cariad | <i>I Corinthiaid</i> | 13 |
| 32 | Geiriau Olaf y Beibl | <i>Datguddiad</i> | 22 |

1. Ffordd y Duwiol a Ffordd yr Annuwiol

Psalm 1

Gwyn ei fyd y gwr ni rodia yng nghyngor yr annuwiolion, ac ni saif yn ffordd pechaduriaid, ac nid eistedd yn eisteddfa gwatwarwyr.

On *sydd* a'i ewyllys y'ngyfraith yr ARGLWYDD; ac yn myfrio yn ei gyfraith ef ddydd a nos.

Ac efe a fydd fel pren wedi ei blannu ar lân afonydd dyfroedd, yr hwn a rydd ei ffrwyth yn ei bryd; a'i ddalen ni wywa; a pha beth bynnag a wnel, efe a lwydda.

Nid felly *y bydd* yr annuwiol; ond fel mân us yr hwn a chwal y gwynt ymaith.

Am hynny yr annuwiolion ni safant yn y farn, na phechaduriaid y'ngghyn-nulleidfa y rhai cyfiawn.

Canys yr ARGLWYDD a edwyn ffordd y rhai cyfiawn: ond ffordd yr annuwiolion a ddifethir.

2. Breniniaeth Crist

Psalm 2

Paham y terfysga y cenhedloedd, ac y myfyria y bobloedd beth ofer?

Y mae brenhinoedd y ddaear yn ymosod, a'r pennaethiaid yn ymgynghori ynghyd, yn erbyn yr ARGLWYDD, ac yn erbyn ei Grist ef, *gan ddywedyd*,

Drylliwn eu rhwymau hwy, a thafiwn eu rheffynnau oddi wrthym.

Yr hwn sydd yn preswyllo yn y nefoedd a chwardd: yr ARGLWYDD a'u gwatwar hwynt.

Yna y llefara efe wrthynt yn ei lid, ac yn ei ddigllonrwydd y dychryna efe hwynt.

Minnau a osodais fy Mrenhin ar Sion fy mynydd sanctaidd.

Mynegaf y ddeddf: dywedodd yr ARGLWYDD wrthyf, *Fy Mab ydwyf* ti; myfi heddyw a'th genhedlais.

Gofyn i mi, a rhoddaf y cenhedloedd yn etifeddiaeth i ti, a therfynau y ddaear i'th feddiant.

Drylli hwynt â gwialen haiarn; maluri hwynt fel llestr pridd.

Gan hynny yr awr hon, frenhinoedd, byddwch synhwyrol: barnwyr y ddaear, cymmerwch ddysg.

Gwasanaethwch yr ARGLWYDD mewn ofn, ac ymlawenhêwch mewn dychryn.

Cusenwch y Mab, rhag iddo ddigio, a'ch difetha chwi o'r ffordd, pan gynneuo ei lid ef ond ychydig. Gwyn eu byd pawb a ymddiriedant ynddo ef.

3. Hanes yr Hwn mae Duw yn Rhan Iddo

Psalm 16

Cadw fi, O DDUW: canys ynot yr ymddiriedaf.

Fy enaid, dywedaist wrth yr ARGLWYDD, *Fy Arglwydd ydwyf* ti: fy nâ nid *yw* ddim i ti:

On *i'r saint sydd* ar y ddaear, a'r rhai rhagorol, yn y rhai *y mae* fy holl hyfrydwch.

Gofidiau a amlhânt i'r rhai a frysiant *ar ol duw* dieithr: eu diod-offrwm o waed nid offrymmaf fi, ac ni chymmeraf eu henwau yn fy ngwefusau.

Yr ARGLWYDD *yw* rhan fy etifeddiaeth i a'm phiol: ti a gynheli fy nghoel-bren.

Y llinynnau a syrthiodd i mi mewn *lleoedd* hyfryd; i'e, y mae i mi etifeddiaeth dëg.

Bendithiaf yr ARGLWYDD, yr hwn a'm cynghorodd: fy arennau hefyd a'm dysgant y nos.

Gosodais yr ARGLWYDD bob amser ger fy mron: am *ei fod* ar fy neheulaw, ni'm hysgogir.

O herwydd hynny llawenychodd fy nghalon, ac ymhyfyrododd fy ngogoniant; fy nghnawd hefyd a orphwys mewn gobaith.

Canys ni adewi fy enaid yn uffern; ac ni oddefi i'th Sanct weled llygredigaeth.

Dangosi i mi lwybr bywyd: digonol-rwydd llawenydd *sydd* ger dy fron, ar dy ddeheulaw *y mae* digrifwch yn dragywydd.

4. Gogoniant Duw mewn Natur, Moesoldeb a Gras

Psalm 19

Y nefoedd *sydd* yn datgan gogoniant Duw; a'r ffurfafen *sydd* yn mynegi gwaith ei ddwyllaw ef.

Dydd i ddydd a draetha ymadrodd, a nos i nos a ddengys wybodaeth.

Nid *oes* iaith nac ymadrodd, *lle* ni chlybuwyd eu lleferydd hwynt.

Eu llinyn a aeth trwy yr holl ddaear, a'u geiriau hyd eithafoedd byd: i'r haul y gosododd efe babell ynddynt;

Yr hwn *sydd* fel gwr priod yn dyfod allan o'i ystafell: *ac* a ymlawenhâ fel cawr i redeg gyrfa.

O eithaf y nefoedd *y mae* ei fynediad ef allan, a'i amgylchiad hyd eu heithafoedd hwynt: ac nid ymgudd dim oddi wrth ei wres ef.

Cyfraith yr ARGLWYDD *sydd* berffaith, yn troi yr enaid: tystiolaeth yr ARGLWYDD *sydd* sicr, ac yn gwneuthur y gwirion yn ddoeth.

Deddfau yr ARGLWYDD *sydd* uniawn, yn llawenhâu y galon: gorchymyn yr ARGLWYDD *sydd* bur, yn goleuo y llygaidd.

Ofn yr ARGLWYDD *sydd* lân, yn parhâu yn dragywydd; barnau yr ARGLWYDD *ydnyt* wirionedd, cyfiawn *ydnyt* i gyd.

Mwy dymunol *ânt* nag aur, i.e. nag aur coeth lawer: melysach hefyd na'r mêl, ac na diferiad diliau mêl.

Ynddynt hwy hefyd y rhybuddir dy was: o'u cadw *y mae* gwobr lawer.

Pwy a ddeall *ei* gamweddau? glanhâ fi oddi wrth *fy meiau* cuddiedig.

Attal hefyd dy was oddi wrth *beckodau* rhyfygus; na arglwyddiaethont arnaf: yna y'm perffeithir, ac y'm glanhêir oddi wrth anwiredd lawer.

Bydded ymadroddion fy ngenau, a myfyrdod fy nghalon, yn gymmeradwy ger dy fron, O ARGLWYDD, fy nghraig a'm prynwr.

5. Y Dwyfol Fugail

Psalm 23

Yr ARGLWYDD *yw* fy Mugail; ni bydd eisieu arnaf.

Efe a wna i mi orwedd mewn porfeydd gwelltog: efe a'm tywys ger llaw y dyfroedd tawel.

Efe a ddychwel fy enaid: efe a'm harwain ar hyd llwybrau cyfiawnder er mwyn ei enw.

Ië, pe rhodiwn ar hyd glyn cysgod angau, nid ofnaf niwed: canys *yr wyl* ti gyd â mi; dy wialen a'th ffon a'm cysurant.

Ti a arlwyi ford ger fy mron y'ngŵydd fy ngwrthwynebwyr: iraist fy mhen âg olew; fy phiol *sydd* lawn.

Daioni a thrugaredd yn ddïau a'm canlynant holl ddyddiau fy mywyd: a phreswyliaf yn nhŷ yr ARGLWYDD yn dragywydd.

6. Croesawiad i Frenin y Gogoniant

Psalm 24

Eiddo yr ARGLWYDD y ddaear, a'i chyflawnder; y byd, ac a breswylia ynddo.

Canys efe a'i seiliodd ar y moroedd, ac a'i sicrhodd ar yr afonydd.

Pwy a esgyn i fynydd yr ARGLWYDD? a phwy a saif yn ei le sanctaidd ef?

Y glân *ei* ddwyllaw, a'r pur *ei* galon; yr hwn ni ddyrchafodd ei feddwl at wagedd, ac ni thyngodd i dwyllo.

Efe a dderbyn fendith gan yr ARGLWYDD, a chyflawnder gan DDUW ei iachawdwriaeth.

Dyma genhedlaeth y rhai a'i ceisiant ef, y rhai a geisiant dy wyneb di, O Jacob.

O byrth, dyrchefwch eich pennau; ac ymddyrchefwch, ddrysau tragywyddol; a Brenhin y gogoniant a ddaw i mewn.

Pwy *yw* y Brenhin gogoniant hwn? yr ARGLWYDD nerthol a chadarn, yr ARGLWYDD cadarn mewn rhyfel.

O byrth, dyrchefwch eich pennau; ac ymddyrchefwch, ddrysau tragywyddol; a Brenhin y gogoniant a ddaw i mewn.

Pwy *yw* y Brenhin gogoniant hwn? yr ARGLWYDD y lluoedd, efe *yw* Brenhin y gogoniant.

7. Yr Hyn yw Duw i'r Sawl a Ymddiried Ynddo

Psalm 27

Yr ARGLWYDD *yw* fy ngoleuni a'm hiachawdwriaeth; rhag pwy yr ofnaf? yr ARGLWYDD *yw* nerth fy mywyd; rhag pwy y dychrynaf?

Pan nesaodd y rhai drygionus, *sef* fy ngwrthwynebwyr a'm gelynion, i'm herbyn, i fwytta fy nghnawd, hwy a dramgyddasant ac a syrthiasant.

Pe gwersyllai llu i'm herbyn, nid ofna fy nghalon: pe cyfodai câd i'm herbyn, yn hyn mi a fyddaf hyderus.

Un *peth* a ddeisyfais i gan yr ARGLWYDD, hynny a geisiaf; *sef* caffael trigo yn nhŷ yr ARGLWYDD holl ddyddiau fy mywyd, i edrych ar brydferthwch yr ARGLWYDD, ac i ymofyn yn ei deml.

Canys yn y dydd blin y'm cuddia o fewn ei babell: yn nirgelfa ei babell y'm cuddia; ar graig y'm cyfyd i.

Ac yn awr y dyrcha efe fy mhen goruwch fy ngelynion o'm hamgylch: am hynny yr aberthaf yn ei babell ef ebyrth gorfoledd; canaf, i.e. canmolaf yr ARGLWYDD.

Clyw, O ARGLWYDD, fy lleferydd *pan* lefwyf: trugarhâ hefyd wrthyf, a gwranddo arnaf.

Pan ddywedaist, Ceisiwch fy wyneb; fy nghalon a ddywedodd wrthyf, Dy wyneb a geisiaf, O ARGLWYDD.

Na chuddia dy wyneb oddi wrthyf; na fwrw ymaith dy was mewn sorriant: fy nghymmorth fuost; na âd fi, ac na wrthod fi, O DDUW fy iachawdwriaeth.

Pan *yw* fy nhad a'm mam yn fy ngwrthod, yr ARGLWYDD a'm derbyn.

Dysg i mi dy ffordd, ARGLWYDD, ac arwain fi ar hyd llwybrau uniondeb, o herwydd fy ngelynion.

Na ddyro fi i fynu i ewyllys fy ngelynion: canys gau dystion, a *rhai* a adroddant drawsder, a gyfodasant i'm herbyn.

Diffygiaswn, pe na chredaswn weled daioni yr ARGLWYDD yn nhir, y rhai byw.

Disgwyl wrth yr ARGLWYDD: ymwrola, ac efe a nertha dy galon: disgwyl, meddaf, wrth yr ARGLWYDD.

8. Syched Enaid am Dduw

Psalm 42

Fel y brefa yr hydd am yr afonydd dyfroedd, felly yr hiraethia fy enaid am danat ti, O DDUW.

Sychedig yw fy enaid am DDUW, am y Duw byw: pa bryd y deuf ac yr ymddangosaf ger bron Duw?

Fy nagrau oedd fwyd i mi ddydd a nos, tra dywedant wrthyf bob dydd, Pe le y mae dy DDUW?

Tywalltwn fy enaid ynof, pan gofiwn hynny: canys aethwn gyd â'r gynnull-eidfa, cerddwn gyd â hwynt i dy Dduw, mewn sain cân a moliant, *fel* tyrfa yn cadw gwyl.

Paham, fy enaid, y'th ddarostyngir, ac yr ymderfysgi ynof? gobeithia yn Nuw: oblegid molianaf ef etto, *am* iachawdwriaeth ei wynebryd.

Fy Nuw, fy enaid a ymddarostwng ynof: am hynny y cofiaf di, o dir yr Iorddonen, a'r Hermoniaid o fryn Misar.

Dyfinder a eilw ar ddyfinder, wrth swm dy bistylloedd di: dy holl donnau a'th lifeiriaint a aethant drosaf fi.

Etto yr ARGLWYDD a orchymyn ei drugaredd liw dydd, a'i gân *fydd* gyd â mi liw nos; *sef* gweddi ar DDUW fy einioes.

Dywedaf wrth DDUW fy nghraig, Paham yr anghofiaist fi? paham y rhodiaf yn alarus trwy orthrymder y gelyn?

Megis â chleddyf yn fy esgyrn y mae fy ngwrthwynebwr yn fy ngwaradwyddo, pan ddywedant wrthyf bob dydd, Pa le y mae dy DDUW?

Paham y'th ddarostyngir, fy enaid? a phaham y terfysgi ynof? ymddiried yn Nuw: canys etto y molianaf ef, *sef* iachawdwriaeth fy wyneb, a'm Duw.

9. Duw yn Noddfa

Psalm 46

Duw *sydd* noddfa a nerth i ni, cym-morth hawdd ei gael mewn cyfyngder.

Am hynny nid ofnwn pe symmudai y ddaear, a phe treiglid y mynyddoedd i gael y môr:

Er rhuo a therfysgu o'i ddyfroedd, *er* crynu o'r mynyddoedd gan ei ymchwydd ef.

Y mae afon, a'i ffrydiau a lawenhânt ddinas Duw; cyssegr preswylfeydd y Goruchaf.

Duw *sydd* yn ei chanol; nid ysgog hi: Duw a'i cynnorthwya yn fore iawn.

Y cenhedloedd a derfysgasant, y teyrn-asoedd a ysgogasant: efe a roddes ei lef, toddodd y ddaear.

Y mae ARGLWYDD y lluoedd gyd â ni; *y mae* Duw Jacob yn amddiffynfa i ni.

Deuwch, gwelwch weithredoedd yr ARGLWYDD; pa anghyfannedd-dra a wnaeth efe ar y ddaear.

Gwna i ryfeloedd beidio hyd eithaf y ddaear; efe a ddryllia y bwa, ac a dyrr y waywffon, efe a lysg y cerbydau â than.

Peidiwch, a gwybyddwch mai myfi *sydd* DDUW: dyrchefir fi ym mysg y cenhedloedd, dyrchefir fi ar y ddaear.

Y mae ARGLWYDD y lluoedd gyd â ni; amddiffynfa i ni *yw* Duw Jacob.

10. Gogoniant Duw yn Ei Dy

Psalm 48

Mawr *yw* yr ARGLWYDD, a thra molianus, yn ninas ein Duw ni, *yn* ei fynydd sanctaidd.

Tegwch bro, llawenydd yr holl ddaear, *yw* mynydd Sion, *yn* ystlysau y gogledd, dinas y Brenhin mawr.

Duw yn ei phalasau a adwaenir yn amddiffynfa.

Canys wele, y brenhinoedd a ymgynnullasant, aethant heibio ynghyd.

Hwy a welsant, felly y rhyfeddasant; brawychasant, *ac* aethant ymaith ar ffrwst.

Dychryn a ddaeth arnynt yno, *a* dolur, megis gwraig yn esgor.

A gwynt y dwyrain y drylli longau y môr.

Megis y clywsom, felly y gwelsom yn ninas ARGLWYDD y lluoedd, yn ninas ein DUW ni: DUW a'i sicrhâ hi yn dragwydd.

Meddylasom, O DDUW, am dy drugaredd y'nghanol dy deml.

Megis *y mae* dy enw, O DDUW, felly *y mae* dy fawl hyd eithafoedd y tir: cyflawn o gyfiawnder yw dy ddeheulaw.

Llawenyched mynydd Sion, *ac* ymhyfyryded merched Judah, o herwydd dy farnedigathau.

Amgylchwch Sion, *ac* ewch o'i hamgylch hi; rhifwch ei thyrau hi.

Ystyriwch ei rhagfuriau, edrychwch ar ei phalasau; fel y mynegoch i'r oes a ddelo ar ol.

Canys y DUW hwn *yw* ein DUW ni byth *ac* yn dragwydd: efe a'n tywys ni hyd angau.

11. Gweddi'r Edifeiriol

Psalm 51

Trugarha wrthyf, O DDUW, yn ol dy drugarowgrwydd: yn ol lliaws dy dosturiaethau, dilea fy anwireddau.

Golch fi yn llwyr-ddwys oddi wrth fy anwiredd, a glanhâ fi oddi wrth fy mhechod.

Canys yr wyf yn cydnabod fy nghamweddau: a'm pechod *sydd* yn wastad ger fy mron.

Yn dy erbyn di, dydi dy hunan, y pechais, *ac* y gwneuthum y drwg *hwn* yn dy olwg: fel y'th gyfiawnhâer pan leferych, *ac* y byddit bur pan farnech.

Wele, mewn anwiredd y'm lluniwyd; *ac* mewn pechod y beichiogodd fy mam arnaf.

Wele, ceraist wirionedd oddi mewn: a pheri i mi wybod doethineb yn y dirgel.

Glanhâ fi âg isop, a mi a lanhêir: golch fi, a byddaf wynnach na'r eira.

Pâr i mi glywed gorfoledd a llawenydd: *fel* y llawenycho yr esgryn a ddrylliaist.

Cuddia dy wyneb oddi wrth fy mhechodau, a dilea fy holl anwireddau.

Crea galon lân ynof, O DDUW; *ac* adnewyddfa yspryd uniawn o'm mewn.

Na fwrw fi ymaith oddi ger dy fron; *ac* na chymmer dy yspryd sanctaidd oddi wrthyf.

Dyro drachefn i mi orfoledd dy iachawdwriaeth; *ac a'th* hael yspryd cynnal fi.

Yna y dysgaf dy ffyrdd i rai anwir; a phechaduriaid a droir attat.

Gwared fi oddi wrth waed, O DDUW, DUW fy iachawdwriaeth: *a'm* tafod a gân yn llafar am dy gyfiawnder.

ARGLWYDD, agor fy ngwefusau, a'm genau a fynega dy foliant.

Canys ni chwennychi aberth; pe amgen, mi a'i rhoddwn: poeth-offrwm ni fynni.

Aberthau DUW *dydynt* yspryd drylliedig: calon ddrylliog gystuddiedig, O DDUW, ni ddirmygi.

Gwna ddaioni yn dy ewyllysgarwch i Sion: adeilada furiau Jerusalem.

12. Hawddgarwch Seion

Psalm 84

Mor hawddgar *yw* dy bebyll di, O ARGLWYDD y lluoedd!

Fy enaid a hiraetha, i.e, *ac* a flysia am gynteddau yr ARGLWYDD: fy nghalon a'm cnawd a waeddant am y DUW byw.

Aderyn y tô hefyd a gafodd dŷ, a'r wennol nyth iddi, lle y gesyd ei chwyion; *sef* dy allorau di, O ARGLWYDD y lluoedd, fy Mrenhin, a'm DUW.

Gwyn fyd preswylwyr dy dŷ: yn wastad y'th foliannant.

Gwyn *ei* fyd y dyn *y mae* ei gadernid ynot; *a'th* ffyrdd yn eu calon:

Y rhai yn myned trwy ddyffryn Bacha a'i gwnant yn flynnon: a'r gwlaw a leinw y llynau.

Ant o nerth i nerth; ymddengys *pob* un ger bron Duw yn Sïon.

O ARGLWYDD DDUW y lluoedd, clyw fy ngweddi: gwranddo, O DDUW Jacob!

O DDUW ein tarian, gwel, ac edrych ar wyneb dy Enneiniog.

Canys gwell *yw* diwrnod yn dy gyn-teddau di na mil: dewiswn gadw drws yn nhŷ fy Nuw, o flaen trigo ym mhebyll annuwioldeb.

Canys haul a tharian *yw* yr ARGLWYDD DDUW: yr ARGLWYDD a rydd ras a gogoniant: ni attal efe ddim daioni oddi wrth y rhai a rodiant yn berffaith.

O ARGLWYDD y lluoedd, gwyn fyd y dyn a ymddiried ynot.

13. Bywyd Dwyfol a Dynol

Psalm 90

Ti, ARGLWYDD, fuost yn breswylfa i ni ym mhob cenhedlaeth.

Cyn gwneuthur y mynyddoedd, a llunio o honot y ddaear, a'r byd; ti hefyd *wyt* DDUW, o dragywyddoldeb hyd dragywyddoldeb.

Troi ddyn i ddinystyr; a dywedi, Dychwelwch, feibion dynion.

Canys mil o flynyddoedd *ydynt* yn dy olwg di fel doe, wedi yr êl heibio, ac *fel* gwyliadwriaeth nos.

Dygi hwynt ymaith megis â llifeiriant; y maent *fel* hŷn: y bore *y maent* fel llysieuyn a newidir.

Y bore y blodeua, ac y tyf; prydawn y torrir ef ymaith, ac y gwywa.

Canys yn dy ddiw y difethwyd ni, ac yn dy lidiowgrwydd y'n brawychwyd.

Gosodaist ein hanwiredd ger dy fron, ein dirgel *bechodau* y'ngoleuni dy wyneb.

Canys ein holl ddyddiau ni a ddarfu-ant gan dy ddigofaint di: treuliasom ein blynyddoedd fel chwedl.

Yn nyddiau ein blynyddoedd *y mae* deng mlynedd a thri ugain: ac os o gryfder *y cyrheuddir* pedwar ugain mlynedd, etto eu nerth *sydd* boen a blinder; canys ebrwydd y derfydd, a ni a ehedwn ymaith.

Pwy a edwyn nerth dy sorriant? canys *fely mae* dy ofn, *y mae* dy ddigter.

Dysg *i ni* felly gyfrif ein dyddiau, fel y dygom *ein* calon i ddoethineb.

Dychwel, ARGLWYDD, pa hyd? ac edifarhâ o ran dy weision.

Diwalla ni yn fore â'th drugaredd; fely gorfoleddom ac y llawenychom dros ein holl ddyddiau.

Llawenhâ ni yn ol y dyddiau y cystuddiaist ni, a'r blynyddoedd y gwelsom ddrygyd.

Gweler dy waith tu ag at dy weision, a'th ogoniant tu ag at eu plant hwy.

A bydded prydferthwch yr ARGLWYDD ein Duw arnom ni: a threfna weithred ein dwylaw ynom ni; iê, trefna waith ein dwylaw.

14. Diogelwch y Credadyn

Psalm 91

Yr hwn sydd yn trigo yn niregelwch y Goruchaf, a erys yng nghysgod yr Hollalluog.

Dywedaf am yr ARGLWYDD, Fy noddfa a'm hamddiffynfa *ydyw*: fy Nuw; ynddo yr ymddiriedaf.

Canys efe a'th wareda di o fagl yr heliwr, ac oddi wrth haint echryslawn.

A'i asgell y cysgoda efe trosot, a than ei adenydd y byddi diogel: ei wirionedd *fydd* darian ac astalch *i ti*.

Nid ofni rhag dychryn nos; *na* rhag y saeth *a* ehedo y dydd:

Na rhag yr haint *a* rodio yn y tywyllwch; *na* rhag y dinystr *a* ddinystrio ganol dydd.

Wrth dy ystlys y cŵmp mil, a deng mil wrth dyddleulaw: *ond* ni ddaw yn agos attat ti.

Yn unig ti a ganfyddi â'th lygaid, ac a weli dâl y rhai annuwiol.

Am i ti wneuthur yr ARGLWYDD fy noddfa, *sef* y Goruchaf, yn breswylfa i ti;

Ni ddigwydd i ti niwed, ac ni ddaw pla yn agos i'th babell.

Canys efe a orchymyn i'w angelion am danat ti, dy gadw yn dy holl ffyrdd.

Ar *eu* dwylaw y'th ddygant rhag taro dy droed wrth garreg.

Ar y llew a'r asp y cerddi: y cenaw llew a'r ddraig a fethri.

Am iddo roddi ei serch arnaf, am hynny y gwaredaf ef: dyrchafaf ef, am iddo adnabod fy enw.

Efe a eilw arnaf, a mi a'i gwrandawaf: mewn ing y *byddaf* fi gyd âg ef, y gwaredaf, ac y gogoneddaf ef.

Digonaf ef â hir ddyddiau; a dangosaf iddo fy iachawdwriaeth.

15. Daioni Duw i'r Duwiol

Psalm 92

Da *yw* moliannu yr ARGLWYDD, a chanu *mawl* i'th enw di, y Goruchaf:

A mynegi y bore am dy drugaredd, a'th wirionedd y nosweithiau;

Ar ddegtant, ac ar y nabl; *ac* ar y delyn yn fyfyriol.

Canys llawenychaist fi, O ARGLWYDD, â'th weithred: y'ngwaith dy ddwyllaw y gorfoleddaf.

Mor fawredig, O ARGLWYDD, yw dy weithredoedd! dwfn iawn yw dy feddyliau.

Gwr annoeth ni ŵyr, a'r ynyd ni ddeall hyn.

Pan flodeuo y rhai annuwiol fel y llysieun, a blaguro holl weithredwyr anwiredd; *hynny sydd* i'w dinystrio byth bythoedd.

Tithau, ARGLWYDD, *wyt* ddyrchafedig yn dragywydd.

Y cyfiawn a flodeua fel palmwydden; *ac* a gynnydda fel cedrwydden yn Libanus.

Y rhai a blannwyd yn nhŷ yr ARGLWYDD, a flodeuant y'nghynteddoedd ein Duw.

Ffrwythant etto yn *eu* henaint; tirlion ac iraidd fyddant:

I fynegi mai uniawn *yw* yr ARGLWYDD fy nghraig; ac nad *oes* anwiredd ynddo.

16. Mawl i Dduw am Ei Ddaioni

Psalmau 100-117

Cenwch yn llafar i'r ARGLWYDD, yr holl ddaear.

Gwasanaethwch yr ARGLWYDD mewn llawenydd: deuwch o'i flaen ef â chân.

Gwybyddwch mai yr ARGLWYDD *sydd* DDUW: efe a'n gwnaeth, ac nid ni ein hunain: ei bobl ef *ydym*, a defaid ei borfa.

EWCH i mewn i'w byrth ef â diolch, *ac* i'w gynteddau â mawl: diolchwch iddo, a bendithiwch ei enw.

Canys da *yw* yr ARGLWYDD: ei drugaredd *sydd* yn dragywydd; a'i wirionedd hyd genhedlaeth a chenhedlaeth.

Molwch yr ARGLWYDD, yr holl genhedloedd: clodforwch ef, yr holl bobloedd.

O herwydd ei drugaredd ef tu ag attom ni sydd fawr: a gwirionedd yr ARGLWYDD *a bery* yn dragywydd. Molwch yr ARGLWYDD.

17. Bendithio'r Arglwydd

Psalm 103

Fy enaid, bendithia yr ARGLWYDD; a chwbl sydd ynof, ei enw sanctaidd ef.

Fy enaid, bendithia yr ARGLWYDD; ac nac anghofia ei holl ddoniau ef:

Yr hwn sydd yn maddeu dy holl anwireddau; yr hwn sydd yn iachâu dy holl lesgedd:

Yr hwn sydd yn gwaredu dy fywyd o ddistryw: yr hwn sydd yn dy goroni â thrugaredd ac â thosturi:

Yr hwn sydd yn diwallu dy enau â daioni; *fel* yr adnewyddir dy ieuengctid fel yr eryr.

Yr ARGLWYDD sydd yn gwneuthur cyfiawnder a barn i'r *rhai* gorthrymmedig oll.

Hysbysodd ei ffyrdd i Moses; ei weithredoedd i feibion Israel.

Trugarog a graslawn *yw* yr ARGLWYDD; hwyrfrydig i lid, a mawr o drugarow-grwydd.

Nid byth yr ymryson efe: ac nid byth y ceidw efe *ei ddigofaint*.

Nid yn ol ein pechodau y gwnaeth efe â ni; ac nid yn ol ein hanwireddau y talodd efe i ni.

Canys cyfuwch ag *yw* y nefoedd uwchlaw y ddaear, y rhagorodd ei drugaredd ef ar y *rhai* a'i hofnant ef.

Cyn belled ag *yw* y dwyrain oddi wrth y gorllewin, y pellhaodd efe ein camweddau oddi wrthym.

Fel y tosturia tad wrth *ei* blant, *felly* y tosturia yr ARGLWYDD wrth y *rhai* a'i hofnant ef.

Canys efe a edwyn ein defnydd ni: cofia mai llwch *ydym*.

Dyddiau dyn *sydd* fel glaswelltyn: megis blodeuyn y maes, *felly* y blodeua efe.

Canys y gwynt a â drosto, ac ni bydd mwy o hono; a'i le nid edwyn ddim o hono ef mwy.

Ond trugaredd yr ARGLWYDD *sydd* o dragywyddoldeb hyd dragywyddoldeb, ar y *rhai* a'i hofnant ef; a'i gyfiawnder i blant *eu* plant;

I'r sawl a gadwant ei gyfammod ef, ac a gofiant ei orchymynion i'w gwneuthur.

18. Rhagluniaeth Ddwyfol

Psalm 104

Fy enaid, bendithia yr ARGLWYDD. O ARGLWYDD fy NUW, tra mawr ydwy; gwisgaist ogoniant a harddwch.

Yr hwn wyt yn gwisgo goleuni fel dill-edyd: *ac* yn taenu y nefoedd fel llên.

Yr hwn sydd yn gosod tylathau ei ystafelloedd yn y dyfroedd; yn gwneuthur y cymylau yn gerbyd iddo; *ac* yn rhodio ar adenydd y gwynt.

Yr hwn sydd yn gwneuthur ei genhadon yn ysprydion; a'i weinidogion yn dân ffamillyd.

Yr hwn a seiliodd y ddaear ar ei sylfeini, *fel* na symmudo byth yn dragywydd.

Toaist hi â'r gorddynder, megis *â* gwisg: y dyfroedd a safent goruwch y mynyddoedd.

Gan dy gerydd di y ffoisant: rhag swm dy daran y prysurasant ymaith.

Gan y mynyddoedd yr ymgodant: ar hyd y dyffrnoedd y disgynant, i'r lle a seiliaist iddynt.

Gosodaist derfyn, fel nad elont drosodd; fel na ddychwelont i orchuddio y ddaear.

Yr hwn a yrr y ffynhonnau i'r dyffrnoedd, *y rhai* a gerddant rhwng y brynau.

Diodant holl fwystfilod y maes: yr asynod gwylltion a dorrant eu syched.

Adar y nefoedd a drigant ger llaw iddynt, *y rhai* a leisiant oddi rhwng y cangau.

Y mae efe yn dyfrhâu y brynau o'i ystafelloedd: y ddaear a ddigonir o ffrwyth dy weithredoedd.

Y mae yn peri i'r gwellt dyfu i'r anifeiliaid, a llysiau i wasanaeth dyn: fel y dycco fara allan o'r ddaear:

Dyn a â allan i'w waith, ac i'w orchwyl hyd yr hwyr.

Mor lliosog yw dy weithredoedd, O ARGLWYDD! gwnaethost hwynt oll mewn doethineb: llawn yw y ddaear o'th gyfoeth.

Gogoniant yr ARGLWYDD fydd yn dragywydd: yr ARGLWYDD a lawenycha yn ei weithredoedd.

Efe a edrych ar y ddaear, a hi a gryna: efe a gyffwrdd â'r mynyddoedd, a hwy a fygant.

Canaf i'r ARGLWYDD tra fyddwyf fyw: canaf i'm Duw tra fyddwyf.

Bydd melus fy myfyrdod am dano: mi a lawenychaf yn yr ARGLWYDD.

Darfydded y pechaduriaid o'r tir, na fydded yr annuwiolion mwy. Fy enaid, bendithia di yr ARGLWYDD. Molwch yr ARGLWYDD.

19. Rheol Ymarweddiad

Psalm 119

Gwyn fyd y rhai perffaith *eu* ffordd, y rhai a rodiant yng nghyfraith yr ARGLWYDD.

Gwyn fyd y rhai a gadwant ei dystiolaethau ef; *ac* a'i ceisiant ef â'u holl galon.

Y rhai hefyd ni wnant anwiredd, hwy a rodiant yn ei ffyrdd ef.

Ti a orchymynaist gadw dy orchymynion yn ddyfal.

O am gyfeirio fy ffyrdd i gadw dy ddeddfau!

Yna ni'm gwaradwyddid, pan edrychwn ar dy holl orchymynion.

Clodforaf di âg uniondeb calon, pan ddysgwyf farnedigaethau dy gyfiawnder.

Cadwaf dy ddeddfau; O na âd fi yn hollol.

Pa fodd y glanhâ llangc ei lwybr? wrth ymgadw yn ol dy air di.

A'm holl galon y'th geisiais: na âd i mi gyfeiliorni oddi wrth dy orchymynion.

Cuddiais dy ymadroddion yn fy nghalon, fel na phechwn i'th erbyn.

Ti, ARGLWYDD, *wyt* fendigedig: dysg i mi dy ddeddfau.

A'm gwefusau y treuthais holl farnedigaethau dy enau.

Bu mor llawen gennyf ffordd dy dystiolaethau, a'r holl olud.

Yn dy orchymynion y myfyriaf, ac ar dy lwybrau yr edrychaf.

Yn dy ddeddfau yr ymddigrifaf: nid anghofiaf dy air.

20. Duw yn Geidwad

Psalm 121

Dyrchafaf fy llygaid i'r mynyddoedd, o'r lle y daw fy nghymmorth.

Fy nghymmorth *a ddaw* oddi wrth yr ARGLWYDD, yr hwn a wnaeth nefoedd a daear.

Ni âd efe i'th droed lithro: ac ni huna dy geidwad.

Wele, ni huna ac ni chwsg ceidwad Israel.

Yr ARGLWYDD *yw* dy geidwad: yr ARGLWYDD *yw* dy gysgod ar dy ddeheulaw.

Ni'th dery yr haul y dydd, na'r lleuad y nos.

Yr ARGLWYDD a'th geidw rhag pob drwg: efe a geidw dy enaid.

Yr ARGLWYDD a geidw dy fynediad a'th ddyfodiad, o'r pryd hwn hyd yn dragywydd.

21. Cri o'r Dyfnder

Psalm 130

O'r dyfnder y llefais ârnat, O ARG-LWYDD.

ARGLWYDD, clyw fy llefain; ystyried dy glustiau wrth lef fy ngweddïau.

Os creffi ar anwireddau, ARGLWYDD, O ARGLWYDD, pwy a saif?

Ond *y mae* gyd â thi faddeuant, fel y'th ofner.

Disgwyliaf am yr ARGLWYDD, disgwyl fy enaid, ac yn ei air ef y gobeithiaf.

Fy enaid *sydd yn disgwyl* am yr ARGLWYDD yn fwy nag *y mae* y gwylwyr am y bore; *yn fwy nag y mae* y gwylwyr am y bore.

Disgwylid Israel am yr ARGLWYDD; o herwydd *y mae* trugaredd gyd â'r ARGLWYDD, ac aml ymwared gyd âg ef.

Ac ete a wared Israel oddi wrth eu holl anwireddau.

22. Ystyriaeth o Hollbrenoldeb Duw yn Arwain i Hunan-Ymchwiliad

Psalm 139

ARGLWYDD, chwiliaist, ac adnabuost fi.

Ti a adwaenost fy eisteddiad a'm cyfodiad: dealli fy meddwl o bell.

Amgylchyni fy llwybr a'm gorweddïa; a hysbys wyt *yn* fy holl ffordd.

Canys nid *oes* air ar fy nhafod, ond wele, ARGLWYDD, ti a'i gwyddost oll.

Amgylchynaist fi yn ol ac ym mlaen, a gosodaist dy law arnaf.

Dyma wybodaeth ry ryfedd i mi: uchel yw, ni fedraf oddi wrthi.

I ba le yr âf oddi wrth dy yspryd? ac i ba le y ffoaf o'th wŷdd?

Os dringaf i'r nefoedd, yno *yr wyt* ti: os cyweiriaf fy ngwely yn uffern, wele di *yno*.

Pe cymmerwn adenydd y wawr, a *phe* trigwn yn eithafoedd y môr:

Yno hefyd y'm tywysai dy law, ac y'm daliai dy ddeheulaw.

Pe dywedwn, Dïau y tywyllwch a'm cuddiai; yna y byddai y nos yn oleuni o'm hamgylch.

Ni thywylla y tywyllwch rhagot ti; ond y nos a oleua fel dydd: un ffunud *yw* tywyllwch a goleuni *i ti*.

Clodforaf di; canys ofnadwy a rhyfedd y'm gwnaed: rhyfedd *yw* dy weithredoedd; a'm henaid a wŷr *hynny* yn dda.

Am hynny mor werthfawr yw dy feddyliau gennyf, O Dduw! mor fawr yw eu swm hwynt!

Pe cyfrifwn hwynt, amlach ydynt na'r tywod: pan ddeffrôwyf, gyd â thi yr ydwyf yn wastad.

Chwilia fi, O Dduw, a gwybydd fy nghalon: prawf fi, a gwybydd fy meddyliau;

A gwel a *oes* ffordd annuwiol gennyf, a thywys fi yn y ffordd dragywyddol.

23. Dyddordeb Duw yn y Duwiol

Psalm 145

Dyrchafaf di, fy NUW, O Frenhin; a bendithiaf dy enw byth ac yn dragywydd.

Beunydd y'th fendithiaf; a'th enw a folaf byth ac yn dragywydd.

Mawr *yw* yr ARGLWYDD, a chanmoladwy iawn; a'i fawredd *sydd* anchwiliadwy.

Graslawn a thrugarog *yw* yr ARGLWYDD; hwyrfrydig i ddig, a mawr *ei* drugaredd.

Daionus *yw* yr ARGLWYDD i bawb: a'i drugaredd *sydd* ar ei holl weithredoedd.

Dy holl weithredoedd a'th glodforant, O ARGLWYDD; a'th saint a'th fendithiant.

Dy frenhiniaeth di *sydd* frenhiniaeth dragwyddol: a'th lywodraeth a *bery* yn oes oesoedd.

Yr ARGLWYDD sydd yn cynnal y rhai oll a syrthiant, ac sydd yn codi pawb a ddarostyngwyd.

Llygaid pob peth a ddisgwyliant wrthyt; ac yr ydwyt yn rhoddi eu bwyd iddynt yn ei bryd;

Gan agoryd dy law, a diwallu pob peth byw *a'th* ewyllys da.

Cyfiawn *yw* yr ARGLWYDD yn ei holl ffyrdd, a sanctaidd yn ei holl weithredoedd.

Agos *yw* yr ARGLWYDD at y rhai oll a alwant arno, at y rhai oll a alwant arno mewn gwirionedd.

Efe a wna ewyllys y rhai a'i hofnant: gwrendy hefyd eu llefain, ac a'u hachub hwynt.

Yr ARGLWYDD sydd yn cadw pawb a'i carant ef; ond yr holl rai annuwiol a ddifetha efe.

Traetha fy ngenau foliant yr ARGLWYDD: a bendithied pob cnawd ei enw sanctaidd ef byth ac yn dragwydd.

24. Duw yn Unig i Hyderu Arno

Psalm 146

Molwch yr ARGLWYDD. Fy enaid, mola di yr ARGLWYDD.

Molaf yr ARGLWYDD yn fy myw: canaf i'm Duw tra fyddwyf.

Na hyderwch ar dywysogion, *nac* ar fab dyn, yr hwn nid *oes* iachawdwriaeth ynddo.

Ei anadl a â allan, efe a ddychwel i'w ddaear: y dydd hwnnw y derfydd am ei *holl* amcanion ef.

Gwŷn *ei* fyd yr hwn *y mae* Duw Jacob yn gymmorth iddo, *sydd* a'i obaith yn yr ARGLWYDD ei DDUW:

Yr hwn a wnaeth nefoedd a daear, y môr, a'r hyn oll *y sydd* ynddynt: yr hwn sydd yn cadw gwirionedd yn dragwydd:

Yr hwn sydd yn gwneuthur barn i'r rhai gorthrymmedig, yn rhoddi bara i'r newynog. Yr ARGLWYDD sydd yn gollwng y carcharorion yn rhydd.

Yr ARGLWYDD sydd yn agoryd *llygaid* y deillion: yr ARGLWYDD sydd yn codi y rhai a ddarostyngwyd: yr ARGLWYDD sydd yn hoffi y rhai cyfiawn.

Yr ARGLWYDD sydd yn cadw y ddeithriaid: efe a gynnal yr amddifad a'r weddw; ac a ddadymchwel ffordd y rhai annuwiol.

Yr ARGLWYDD a deyrnasa byth, *sef* dy DDUW di, Sion, dros genhedlaeth a chenedlaeth. Molwch yr ARGLWYDD.

25. Gras yn Gwahodd

Esaiah, 55

O deuwch i'r dyfroedd, bob un y mae syched arno, i'e, yr hwn nid *oes* arian ganddo; deuwch, prynwch, a bwyttêwch; i'e, deuwch, prynwch win a llaeth, heb arian, ac heb werth.

Paham y gweriwch arian am *yr hyn* nid *ydyw* fara? a'ch llafur am *yr hyn* nid yw yn digoni? gan wrandaw gwrandêwch arnaf fi, a bwyttêwch *yr hyn sydd* dda; ac ymhyfryded eich enaid mewn braser.

Gogwyddwch eich clust, a deuwch attaf; gwrandêwch, a bydd byw eich enaid: a mi a wnaf gyfammod tra-gwyddol â chwi, *sef* sicr drugareddau Dafydd.

Wele, rhoddais ef yn dyst i'r bobl, yn flaenor ac yn athraw i'r bobloedd.

Wele, cenedl nid adweini a elwi, a chenhedloedd ni'th adwaenai di a red attat, er mwyn yr ARGLWYDD dy DDUW, ac o herwydd Sanct Israel: canys efe a'th ogoneddodd.

Ceisiwch yr ARGLWYDD, tra y galler ei gael ef; gelwch arno, tra fyddo yn agos.

Gadawed y drygionus ei ffordd, a'r gwr anwir ei feddyliau; a dychweled at yr ARGLWYDD, ac efe a gymmer drugaredd arno; ac at ein Duw ni, o herwydd efe a arbed yn helaeth.

Canys nid fy meddyliau i *yw* eich meddyliau chwi, ac nid eich ffyrdd chwi *yw* fy ffyrdd i, medd yr ARGLWYDD.

Canys *fel*: y mae y nefoedd yn uwch na'r ddaear, felly uwch *yw* fy ffyrdd i na'ch ffyrdd chwi, a'm meddyliau i na'ch meddyliau chwi.

Canys *fel* y disgyn y gwlaw a'r eira o'r nefoedd, ac ni ddychwel yno, eithr dyfrhâ y ddaear, ac a wna iddi darddu a thyfu, fel y rhoddo had i'r hauwr, a bara i'r bwyttâwr:

Felly y bydd fy ngair, yr hwn a ddaw o'm genau: ni ddychwel attaf yn wag; eithr efe a wna yr hyn a fynnwyf, ac a lwydda *yn y peth* yr anfonais ef o'i blegid.

Canys mewn llawenydd yr ewch allan, ac mewn hedd y'ch arweinir; y mynyddoedd a'r brynau a floeddiant ganu o'ch blaen, a holl goed y maes a gurant ddwyllaw.

Yn lle drain y cyfyd ffynnidwydd, yn lle mieri y cyfyd myrtwydd: a *hyn* fydd i'r ARGLWYDD yn enw, ac yn arwydd tragywyddol *yr hwn* ni thorrir ymaith.

26. Yr Ymgawdoliad

S. Ioan, 1

Yn y dechreuad yr oedd y Gair, a'r Gair oedd gyd â Duw, a Duw oedd y Gair.

Hwn oedd yn y dechreuad gyd â Duw.

Trwyddo ef y gwnaethpwyd pob peth; ac hebddo ef ni wnaethpwyd dim a'r a wnaethpwyd.

Ynddo ef yr oedd bywyd; a'r bywyd oedd oleuni dynion.

Hwn ydoedd y gwir Oleuni, yr hwn sydd yn goleuo pob dyn a'r y sydd yn dyfod i'r byd.

Yn y byd yr oedd efe, a'r byd a wnaethpwyd trwyddo ef; a'r byd nid adnabu ef.

At ei eiddo ei hun y daeth, a'r eiddo ei hun nis derbyniasant ef.

Ond cynnifer ag a'i derbyniasant ef, efe a roddes iddynt allu i fod yn feibion i DDUW, *sef* i'r sawl a gredant yn ei enw ef:

Y rhai ni aned o waed, nac o ewyllys y cnawd, nac o ewyllys gwr, eithr o DDUW.

A'r Gair a wnaethpwyd yn gnawd, ac a drigodd yn ein plith ni, (ac ni a welsom ei ogoniant ef, gogoniant megis yr Unig-anedig oddi wrth y Tad,) yn llawn gras a gwirionedd.

Ac o'i gyflawnder ef y derbyniasom ni oll, a gras am ras.

Ni welodd neb DDUW erioed: yr unig-anedig Fab, yr hwn sydd ym mynwes y Tad, hwnnw a'i hysbysodd *ef*.

Canys felly y carodd Duw y byd, fel y rhoddodd efe ei unig-anedig Fab, fel na choller pwy bynnag a gredo ynddo ef, ond caffael o hono fywyd tragywyddol.

27. Y Gwynfydau

S. Matthew, 5

A phan welodd *yr Iesu* y tyrfaoedd, efe a esgynodd i'r mynydd: ac wedi iddo eistedd, ei ddisgyblion a ddaethant atto.

Ac efe a agorodd ei enau, ac a'u dysgodd hwynt, gan ddyweddy,

Gwŷn eu byd y tlodion yn yr yspryd: canys eiddynt yw teyrnas nefoedd.

Gwŷn eu byd y rhai sydd yn galaru: canys hwy a ddiddenir.

Gwŷn eu byd y rhai addfwyn: canys hwy a etifeddant y ddaear.

Gwŷn eu byd y rhai sydd arnynt newyn a syched am gyfiawnder: canys hwy a ddiwellir.

Gwŷn eu byd y rhai trugarogion: canys hwy a gânt drugaredd.

Gwŷn eu byd y rhai pur o galon: canys hwy a welant DDUW.

Gwŷn eu byd y tangnefeddwyr: canys hwy a elwir yn blant i DDUW.

Gwŷn eu byd y rhai a erlidir o achos cyfiawnder: canys eiddynt yw teyrnas nefoedd.

Gwŷn eich byd pan y'ch gwaradwyddant, ac y'ch erlidiant, ac y dywedant bob drygair yn eich erbyn er fy mwyn i, a hwy yn gelwyddog.

Byddwch lawen a hyfryd: canys mawr yw eich gwobr yn y nefoedd: oblegid felly yr erlidiasant hwy y prophwydi a fu o'ch blaen chwi.

28. Yr Ysbryd Glan

S. Ioan, 14:25-26; 16:5-15; S. Luc, 24:49

Y pethau hyn a ddywedais wrthyich, a mi yn aros gyd â chwi.

Eithr y Diddanydd, yr Yspryd Glân, yr hwn a enfyn y Tad yn fy enw i, efe a ddysg i chwi yr holl bethau, ac a ddwg ar gof i chwi yr holl bethau a ddywedais i chwi.

Ac yn awr yr wyf yn myned at yr hwn a'm hanfonodd, ac nid yw neb o honoch yn gofyn i mi, I ba le yr wyt ti yn myned?

Eithr am i mi ddywedyd y pethau hyn i chwi, tristwch a lanwodd eich calon.

Onid yr wyf fi yn dywedyd gwirionedd i chwi; Buddiol yw i chwi fy myned i ymaith: canys onid âf fi, ni ddaw y Diddanydd atoch: eithr os mi a âf, mi a'i hanfonaf ef atoch.

A phan ddêl, efe a argyhoedda y byd o bechod, ac o gyfiawnder, ac o farn:

O bechod, am nad ydynt yn credu ynof fi;

O gyfiawnder, am fy mod yn myned at fy Nhad, ac ni'm gwelwch i mwyach;

O farn, oblegid tywysog y byd hwn a farnwyd.

Y mae gennyf etto lawer o bethau i'w dywedyd i chwi, ond ni ellwch eu dwyn yr awr hon.

Onid pan ddêl efe, *sef* Yspryd y gwirionedd, efe a'ch tywys chwi i bob gwirionedd: canys ni lefara o hono ei hun; ond pa bethau bynnag a glywo, a lefara efe: a'r pethau sydd i ddyfod, a fynega efe i chwi.

Efe a'm gogonedda i: canys efe a gymmer o'r eiddof, ac a'i mynega i chwi.

Yr holl bethau sydd eiddo y Tad, ydynt eiddof fi: o herwydd hyn y dywedais, mai o'r eiddof fi y cymmer, ac y mynega i chwi.

Ac wele, yr ydwyf fi yn anfon addewid fy Nhad arnoch: eithr arhoswch chwi yn ninas Jerusalem, hyd oni wisger chwi â nerth o'r uchekder.

29. Rheol Gweinyddiad y Farn

S. Matthew, 25:31-46

A Mab y dyn, pan ddêl yn ei ogoniant, a'r holl angelion sanctaidd gyd âg ef, yna yr eistedd ar orsedd-faingc ei ogoniant.

A chyd-gesglir ger ei fron ef yr holl genhedloedd: ac efe a'u didola hwynt oddiwrt h eu gilydd, megis y didola y bugail y defaid oddi wrth y geifr:

Ac a esyd y defaid ar ei ddeheulaw, ond y geifr ar yr aswy.

Yna y dywed y Brenhin wrth y rhai ar ei ddeheu-law, Deuwch, chwi fendigedigion fy Nhad, etifeddwch y deyrnas a barottöwyd i chwi er seiliad y byd.

Cansy bûm newynog, a chwi a roisoch i mi fwyd: bu arnaf syched, a rhoisoch i mi ddiod: bûm ddiëithr, a dygasoch fi gyd â chwi:

Noeth, a dilladasoch fi: bûm glaf, ac ymwelsoch â mi: bûm yn ngharchar, a daethoch attaf.

Yna yr ettyb y rhai cyfiawn iddo, gan ddywedyd, ARGLWYDD, pa bryd y'th welsom yn newynog, ac y'th borthasom? neu yn sychedig, ac y rhoisom i ti ddiod?

A pha bryd y'th welsom yn ddiëithr, ac y'th ddygasom gyd â ni? neu yn noeth, ac y'th dilladasom?

A pha bryd y'th welsom yn glaf, neu yn ngharchar, ac y daethom attat?

A'r Brenhin a ettyb, ac a ddywed wrthynt, Yn wir meddaf i chwi, Yn gymmaint a'i wneuthur o honoch i un o'r rhai hyn fy mrodyr lleiaf, i mi y gwnaethoch.

Yna y dywed efe hefyd wrth y rhai a fyddant ar y llaw aswy, Ewch oddi wrthyf, rai melldigedig, i'r tân tragwyddol, yr hwn a barottöwyd i ddiabol ac i'w angelion.

Cansy bûm newynog, ac ni roisoch i mi fwyd: bu arnaf syched, ac ni roisoch i mi ddiod:

Bûm ddiëithr, ac ni'm dygasoch gyd â chwi: noeth, ac ni'm dilladasoch: yn glaf, ac yn ngharchar, ac ni ymwelsoch â mi.

Yna yr atebant hwythau hefyd iddo, gan ddywedyd, ARGLWYDD, pa bryd y'th welsom yn newynog, neu yn sychedig, neu yn ddiëithr, neu yn noeth, neu yn glaf, neu yn ngharchar, ac ni weiniasom i ti?

Yna yr ettyb efe iddynt, gan ddywedyd, Yn wir meddaf i chwi, Yn gymmaint ag nas gwnaethoch i'r un o'r rhai lleiaf hyn, nis gwnaethoch i minnau.

A'r rhai hyn a ânt i gospedigaeth dragwyddol: ond y rhai cyfiawn i fywyd tragwyddol.

30. Hyder Cariad

Rhufeiniaid, 8:31-39

Beth gan hynny a ddywedwn ni wrth y pethau hyn? Os yw Duw trosom, pwy a all fod i'n herbyn?

Yr hwn nid arbedodd ei brïod Fab, ond a'i traddododd ef trosom ni oll; pa wedd gyd âg ef hefyd na ddyry efe i ni bob peth?

Pwy a rydd ddim yn erbyn ethol-edigion Duw? Duw yw yr hwn sydd yn cyfiawnhâu:

Pwy yw yr hwn sydd yn damnio? Crist yw yr hwn a fu farw, i.e. yn hytrach, yr hwn a gyfodwyd hefyd; yr hwn hefyd sydd ar ddeheulaw Duw, yr hwn hefyd sydd yn erfyn trosom ni.

Pwy a'n gwahana ni oddi wrth gariad Crist? ai gorthrymder, neu ing, neu ymlid, neu newyn, neu noethni, neu enbydrwydd, neu gleddyf?

Megis y mae yn ysgrifenedig, Er dy fwyn di yr ydys yn ein lladd ni ar hyd y dydd; cyfrifwyd ni fel defaid i'r lladdfa.

Eithr yn y pethau hyn oll yr ydym ni yn fwy na choncwerwyr, trwy yr hwn a'u carodd ni.

Cansy y mae yn ddiogel gennyf, na all nac angau, nac einioes, nac angelion, na thywysogaethau, na meddiannau, na phethau presennol, na phethau i ddyfod,

Nac uchder, na dyfnder, nac un creadur arall, ein gwahanu ni oddi wrth gariad Duw, yr hwn sydd yng Nghrist Iesu ein Harglwydd.

31. Psalm Cariad

I Corinthiaid, 13

Pe llefarwn â thafodau dynion ac angelion, ac heb fod gennyf gariad, yr wyf fel efydd yn seinio, neu symbal yn tingcian.

A phe byddai gennyf brophwydoliaeth, a gwybod o honof y dirgelion oll, a phob gwybodaeth; a phe bai gennyf yr holl ffydd, fel y gallwn symmudo mynyddoedd, ac heb gennyf gariad, nid wyf fi ddim.

A phe porthwn y tlodion â'm holl ddâ, a phe rhoddwn fy nghorph i'm llosgi, ac heb gariad gennyf, nid yw ddim llesâd i mi.

Y mae cariad yn hir-ymaros, yn gymmwynasgar; cariad nid yw yn cefigennu; nid yw cariad yn ymfrostio, nid yw yn ymchwyddo,

Nid yw yn gwneuthur yn anweddaidd, nid yw yn ceisio yr eiddo ei hun, ni chythruddir, ni feddwl ddrwg;

Nid yw lawen am anghyfiawnder, ond cyd-lawenhâu y mae â'r gwirionedd;

Y mae yn dioddef pob dim, yn credu pob dim, yn gobeithio pob dim, yn ymaros â phob dim.

Cariad byth ni chwyp ymaith: eithr pa un bynnag ai prophwydoliaethau, hwy a ballant; ai tafodau, hwy a beidiant; ai gwybodaeth, hi a ddiiflanna.

Canys o ran y gwyddom, ac o ran yr ydym yn prophwydo.

Eithr pan ddelo yr hyn sydd berffaith, yna yr hyn sydd o ran a ddileir.

Pan oeddwn fachgen, fel bachgen y llefarwn, fel bachgen y deallwn, fel bachgen y meddyliwn: ond pan aethum yn wr, mi a rois heibio bethau bachgenaid.

Canys gweled yr ydym yr awrhon trwy ddrych, mewn dammeg; ond yna, wyneb yn wyneb: yn awr yr adwaen o ran; ond yna yr adnabyddaf megis y'm hadwaenir.

Yr awrhon y mae yn aros ffydd, gobaith, cariad, y tri hyn; a'r mwyaf o'r rhai hyn yw cariad.

32. Geiriau Olaf y Beibl

Datguddiad, 22:1-5; 12; 11; 14; 17

Ac efe a ddangosodd i mi afon bur o ddwfr y bywyd, disglair fel grisial, yn dyfod allan o orsedd-faingc Duw a'r Oen.

Y'nghanol ei heol hi, ac o ddau tu yr afon, yr oedd pren y bywyd, yn dwyn deuddeg rhyw ffrwyth, bob mis yn rhoddi ei ffrwyth: a dail y pren oedd i iachâu y cenhedloedd:

A phob melldith ni bydd mwyach: ond gorsedd-faingc Duw a'r Oen a fydd ynddi hi; a'i weision ef a'i gwasanaethant ef,

A hwy a gânt weled ei wyneb ef; a'i enw ef a fydd yn eu talcennau hwynt.

Ac ni bydd nos yno: ac nid rhaid iddynt wrth ganwyll, na goleuni haul; oblegid y mae yr ARGLWYDD DDUW yn goleuo iddynt: a hwy a deyrnasant yn oes oesoedd.

Ac wele, yr wyf yn dyfod ar frys; a'm gwobr sydd gyd â mi, i roddi i bob un fel y byddo ei waith ef.

Yr hwn sydd anghyfiawn, bydded anghyfiawn etto; a'r hwn sydd frwnt, bydded frwnt etto; a'r hwn sydd gyfiawn, bydded gyfiawn etto; a'r hwn sydd sanctaidd, bydded sanctaidd etto.

Gwŷn eu byd y rhai sydd yn gwneuthur ei orchymynion ef, fel y byddo iddynt ffrwyth y mhren y bywyd, ac y gallont fyned i mewn trwy y pyrth i'r ddinas.

Ac y mae yr Ysryd a'r brïodasferch yn dywedyd, Tyred. A'r hwn sydd yn clywed, dywedyd, Tyred. A'r hwn sydd a syched arno, deued. A'r hwn sydd yn ewyllysio, cymmered ddwfr y bywyd yn rhad.

Responsive Readings

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1. The Joy of Worship

Psalm 96

O sing unto the LORD a new song: sing unto the LORD, all the earth.

Sing unto the LORD, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

For the LORD *is* great, and greatly to be praised: he *is* to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the nations *are* idols: but the LORD made the heavens.

Honour and majesty *are* before him: strength and beauty *are* in his sanctuary.

Give unto the LORD, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the LORD glory and strength.

Give unto the LORD the glory *due unto* his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

Say among the heathen *that* the LORD reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

Let the field be joyful, and all that *is* therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice

Before the LORD: for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth: he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

2. The Place of Worship

Psalm 84

How amiable *are* thy tabernacles, O LORD of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the LORD: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, *even* thine altars, O LORD of hosts, my King, and my God.

Blessed *are* they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed *is* the man whose strength *is* in thee; in whose heart *are* the ways of *them*.

Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.

They go from strength to strength, *every one of them* in Zion appeareth before God.

O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

For a day in thy courts *is* better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the LORD God *is* a sun and shield: the LORD will give grace and glory: no good *thing* will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O LORD of hosts, blessed *is* the man that trusteth in thee.

3. The Requirements of Worship

Psalm 15

LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.

In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the LORD. *He that* sweareth to *his own* hurt, and changeth not.

He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Habakkuk, 2

But the LORD *is* in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him.

Isaiah, 57

For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name *is* Holy; I dwell in the high and holy *place*, with him also *that is* of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.

Micah, 6

Wherewith shall I come before the LORD, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old?

Will the LORD be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?

He hath shewed thee, O man, what *is* good; and what doth the LORD require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

John, 4

But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.

God *is* a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship *him* in spirit and in truth.

4. The Majesty of God

Isaiah, 40

Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?

Who hath directed the Spirit of the LORD, or *being* his counsellor hath taught him?

With whom took he counsel, and *who* instructed him, and taught him in the path of judgment, and taught him knowledge, and shewed to him the way of understanding?

Behold, the nations *are* as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing.

And Lebanon *is* not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering.

All nations before him *are* as nothing: and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity.

To whom then will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare unto him?

Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning? have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth?

It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof *are* as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in:

That bringeth the princes to nothing; he maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.

Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these *things*, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that *he is* strong in power; not one faileth.

Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the LORD, and my judgment is passed over from my God?

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, *that* the everlasting God, the LORD, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? *there is* no searching of his understanding.

He giveth power to the faint; and to *them that have* no might he increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:

But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew *their* strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; *and* they shall walk, and not faint.

5. The Wisdom of God

Psalm 139

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known *me*.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted *with* all my ways.

For *there is* not a word in my tongue, *but*, lo, O LORD, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge *is* too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot *attain* unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou *art* there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou *art there*.

If I take the wings of the morning, *and* dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light *are* both alike *to thee*.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God: depart from me therefore, ye bloody men.

For they speak against thee wickedly, *and* thine enemies take *thy* name in vain.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

And see if *there be* any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

6. The Graciousness of God

Psalm 103

Bless the LORD, O my soul: and all that is within me, *bless* his holy name.

Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good *things*; *so that* thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The LORD executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The LORD *is* merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep *his* anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, *so* great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, *so* far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth *his* children, *so* the LORD pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we *are* dust.

As for man, his days *are* as grass: as a flower of the field, *so* he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the LORD *is* from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

7. The Nativity

Magnificat, Luke, 1

And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord,

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy *is* his name.

And his mercy *is* on them that fear him from generation to generation.

He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from *their* seats, and exalted them of low degree.

He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of *his* mercy;

As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever.

Benedictus, Luke, 1

Blessed *be* the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people,

And hath raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David;

As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began:

That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us;

To perform the mercy *promised* to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant;

The oath which he sware to our father Abraham,

That he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear,

In holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.

And thou, child shalt be called the prophet of the Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the LORD to prepare his ways;

To give knowledge of salvation unto his people by the remission of their sins,

Through the tender mercy of our God; whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us,

To give light to them that sit in darkness and *in* the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.

8. Glory of the Cross

Romans, 5

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ:

By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.

For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.

But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him.

For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son; much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.

And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.

Isaiah, 53

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were *our* faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he *was* wounded for our transgressions, *he was* bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace *was* upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the LORD hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither *was any* deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the LORD to bruise him; he hath put *him* to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see *his* seed, he shall prolong *his* days, and the pleasure of the LORD shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him *a portion* with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

9. Triumph of the Resurrection

Romans, 1

Concerning his Son Jesus Christ our Lord, which was made of the seed of David according to the flesh;

And declared *to be* the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead:

By whom we have received grace and apostleship, for obedience to the faith among all nations, for his name.

I Corinthians, 15

If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.

For since by man *came* death, by man *came* also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming.

Then *cometh* the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power.

For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet.

The last enemy *that* shall be destroyed *is* death.

For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith, All things are put under *him*, *it is* manifest that he is excepted, which did put all things under him.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal *must* put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where *is* thy sting? O grave, where *is* thy victory?

The sting of death *is* sin; and the strength of sin *is* the law.

But thanks *be* to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethern, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abound-

ing in the work of the LORD, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the LORD.

10. Prayer for Protection

Psalm 27

The LORD *is* my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the LORD *is* the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, *even* mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this *will* I be confident.

One *thing* have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the LORD, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the LORD.

Hear, O LORD, *when* I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, LORD, will I seek.

Hide not thy face *far* from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the LORD will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O LORD, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living.

Wait on the LORD: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the LORD.

11. Prayer in Trouble

Psalms 42

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where *is* thy God?

When I remember these *things*, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and *why* art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him *for* the help of his countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the LORD will command his lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night his song *shall be* with me, *and* my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where *is* thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, *who is* the health of my countenance, and my God.

12. Prayer of Penitence

Psalms 51

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin *is* ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done *this* evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, *and* be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden *part* thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness; *that* the bones *which* thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me *with thy* free Spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Psalm 32

Blessed *is he whose* transgression *is* forgiven, *whose sin is* covered.

Blessed *is the man unto whom the* LORD imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit *there is* no guile.

13. The Gift of the Spirit

John, 16

It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

Of sin, because they believe not on me;

Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more;

Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.

Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, *that* shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come.

He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew *it* unto you.

All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall shew *it* unto you.

Acts, 1

But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

Galatians, 5

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,

Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.

14. Beatitudes

Psalm 1

Blessed *is the man that* walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight *is* in the law of the LORD; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

Matthew, 5

Blessed *are the poor in spirit*: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed *are they that* mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed *are the meek*: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed *are they which* do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed *are the merciful*: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed *are the pure in heart*: for they shall see God.

Blessed *are the peacemakers*: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed *are they which* are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed *are ye, when men* shall revile you, and persecute *you*, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great *is* your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

15. Shepherd Care

Psalms 23

The LORD *is* my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou *art* with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

John, 10

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

But he that is a hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth; and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep.

The hireling fleeth, because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep.

I am the good shepherd, and know my *sheep*, and am known of mine.

As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep.

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, *and* one shepherd.

Hebrews, 13

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant,

Make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom *be* glory for ever and ever. Amen.

16. The More Excellent Way

I Corinthians, 13

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become *as* sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have *the gift of* prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor*, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, *and* is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth; but whether *there be* prophecies, they shall fail; whether *there be* tongues, they shall cease; whether *there be* knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these *is* charity.

17. Our Reasonable Service

Romans, 12

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, *which is* your reasonable service.

And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what *is* that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think *of himself* more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:

So we, *being* many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, *let us prophesy* according to the proportion of faith;

Or ministry, *let us wait* on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching;

Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation: he that giveth, *let him do it* with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another;

Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer;

Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.

Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but *rather* give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance *is* mine; I will repay, saith the LORD.

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

18. The Joy of Salvation

Romans, 8

There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:

That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

For they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit, the things of the Spirit.

For to be carnally minded *is* death; but to be spiritually minded *is* life and peace.

Because the carnal mind *is* enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God.

But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

And if Christ *be* in you, the body *is* dead because of sin; but the Spirit *is* life because of righteousness.

But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you.

Therefore, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh.

For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.

For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with *him*, that we may be also glorified together.

19. National Thanksgiving

Psalms 147

Praise ye the LORD: for *it is* good to sing praises unto our God; for *it is* pleasant; and praise is comely.

The LORD doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by *their* names.

Great *is* our LORD, and of great power: his understanding *is* infinite.

The LORD lifteth up the meek: he casteth the wicked down to the ground.

Sing unto the LORD with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God:

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.

The LORD taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.

Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace *in* thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment *upon* earth: his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, *and* the waters flow.

He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation: *and as for his judgments, they have not known them.* Praise ye the LORD.

20. National Penitence

Hosea, 4

Hear the word of the LORD, ye children of Israel: for the LORD hath a controversy with the inhabitants of the land, because *there is* no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land.

By swearing, and lying, and killing, and stealing, and committing adultery, they break out, and blood toucheth blood.

Amos, 5

Forasmuch therefore as your treading *is* upon the poor, and ye take from him burdens of wheat: ye have built houses of hewn stone, but ye shall not dwell in them; ye have planted pleasant vineyards, but ye shall not drink wine of them.

For I know your manifold transgressions and your mighty sins: they afflict the just, they take a bribe, and they turn aside the poor in the gate *from their right*.

I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies.

Though ye offer me burnt offerings and your meat offerings, I will not accept *them*; neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts.

Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols.

But let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream.

Psalms 79

O remember not against us former iniquities: let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us; for we are brought very low.

Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of thy name: and deliver us, and purge away our sins, for thy name's sake.

Wherefore should the heathen say, Where *is* their God? let him be known among the heathen in our sight *by* the revenging of the blood of thy servants *which is* shed.

Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee; according to the greatness of thy power preserve thou those that are appointed to die;

And render unto our neighbours sevenfold into their bosom their reproach, wherewith they have reproached thee, O Lord.

So we thy people and sheep of thy pasture will give thee thanks for ever: we will shew forth thy praise to all generations.

21. Missionary

Psalms 72

Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son.

He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment.

The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness.

He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure, throughout all generations.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers *that* water the earth.

In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.

For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and *him* that hath no helper.

He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: prayer also shall be made for him continually; *and* daily shall he be praised.

There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: *and they* of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and *men* shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

Blessed *be* the LORD God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

And blessed *be* his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled *with* his glory; Amen, and Amen.

22. Gospel Invitation

Isaiah, 55

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for *that which is* not bread? and your labour for *that which* satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye *that which is* good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, *even* the sure mercies of David.

Behold, I have given him *for* a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

Behold, thou shalt call a nation *that* thou knowest not, and nations *that* knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the LORD thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the LORD while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

For my thoughts *are* not your thoughts, neither *are* your ways my ways, saith the LORD.

For *as* the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater:

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper *in the thing* whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap *their* hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the LORD for a name, for an everlasting sign *that* shall not be cut off.

23. Immortality

I Peter, 1

Blessed *be* the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,

To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you,

Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations:

That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ:

Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see *him* not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory:

Receiving the end of your faith, *even* the salvation of *your* souls.

II Corinthians, 4

For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward *man* is renewed day by day.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding *and* eternal weight of glory;

While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen *are* temporal; but the things which are not seen *are* eternal.

For we know that, if our earthly house of *this* tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

John, 14

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if *it were* not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, *there* ye may be also.

24. Future

Matthew, 25

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth *his* sheep from the goats:

And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

For I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, LORD, when saw we thee a hungered, and fed *thee*? or thirsty, and gave *thee* drink?

When saw we thee a stranger, and took *thee* in? or naked and clothed *thee*?

Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done *it* unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done *it* unto me.

Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

For I was a hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

I was a stranger and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

Then shall they also answer him, saying, LORD, when saw we thee a hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did *it* not to one of the least of these, ye did *it* not to me?

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

